







# Râja-Yoga Messenger

*An Illustrated Magazine*

*Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth*

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

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# RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XV, No. 1

JANUARY 1919

## THE CHILD AND THE YEAR

BY CELIA THAXTER

**S**AID the child to the youthful year:  
"What hast thou in store for me,  
O giver of beautiful gifts! what cheer,  
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring  
Their treasures: the winter's snows,  
The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring,  
And the summer's perfect rose.

"Wouldst know this last, best gift?  
'Tis a conscience clear and bright,  
A peace of mind which the soul can lift  
To an infinite delight.

"All these and more shall be thine,  
Dear child,— but the last and best  
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,  
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Truth, patience, courage, and love,  
If thou unto me canst bring,  
I will set thee all earth's ills above,  
O child! and crown thee a king!"

—Selected

## THE RÂJA-YOGA MOTTO — 'NOW!'



HIS year seems to be a year of new beginnings — a time when we need to keep awake to our highest possibilities, or great opportunities will slip by and we shall not recognise them. Our watchword should be, 'Keep awake!' — awake to the needs of others, awake to our own needs, and awake to the promptings of our divine nature, that we may be ever living in the present. Many old people live in the past; they love to sit around a glowing fire and tell stories of their childhood days, and there are others who spend a great deal of time gossiping about the affairs of only yesterday. But the young people are the ones who should feel this great urge of the twentieth century. The great Law has challenged the younger generation to do something more than has ever been done before, to rise above the successes or failures of yesterday and live ever in the present. It is the only way — and surely there are evidences enough about us every day that show the reason for such an alertness.

There are strongly-marked contrasts in the faces one sees today. Some are

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listless, with no apparent aim in life; their faces brighten occasionally with intense excitement, but soon lapse into their usual apathy. Some are negative and careless, forgetful and absent-minded, and perhaps indifferent; sometimes there is a vacancy in the face which is startling.

On the other hand, everyone has noticed how restless and dissatisfied many young people are. Even during their school life, they are always wishing it were over; when they become men and women, they wish they were young and could go to school again; they grow old before their time, and are dissatisfied with their lives even then.

There are many causes for these conditions. But one of the most vital is that men and women have no knowledge of the duality of their nature. Another lies in their inability to live ever in the present. Still another most potent cause is the lack of concentration, which is shown on every hand. Under these conditions there is no chance for our intuitions to brighten and be of service to us. Not until a positive effort is made to do everything that comes our way *at the time it is given*, do we free our minds and intuition for greater service.

We all have a great desire to be of some service in the world. Perhaps one of the greatest ways is to get over the habit of procrastinating. 'Procrastination is the thief of time' is an old truism, and it is impossible to help others until we have made a very great effort to realize what it means to be always ahead, always on time. From this realization comes a certain freedom, enabling us to give to our work a spur which otherwise would be impossible. After all, it is not what our duties are, but the way we do them and what we put into them, that counts.

Then there is a growth on the inside, a spiritual growth: the consciousness that you are straight with the world and with yourself strengthens and builds up the character on a strong and true basis. There comes a self-command, a balance and understanding, an insight into human nature that is made manifest in a most marvelous way to those who really take hold and endeavor to get over the habit of procrastinating.

An effort of this kind is bound to have its effect; others feel our interest, our enthusiasm, and in many cases try to follow our example. Yet the way this effort affects others depends largely upon our own attitude of mind. Sometimes we try very hard and think we are doing our very best, but we have a 'goody-goody' air about us that antagonizes those around us, instead of *inspiring* them. Others, when they make an attempt to live a life of activity and interest, are so eager that all should join in their good feelings that they overstep the mark and try the nagging process, which is never successful.

Earnestness is at the root of the matter! Those who earnestly endeavor to find the light, and who when they do find it are filled with its deeper significance, become radiant with joy and understanding. They are the ones who inspire us! May we all learn to be true and devoted helpers of the race! In the light of Theosophy we are all destined to be such; and though it may perhaps sound strange,



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*Lomalind Photo & Engraving Dept*

### THE BUILDINGS OF THE RAJA-YOGA COLLEGE ARE SURROUNDED BY BEAUTIFUL PARKED GROUNDS

because so simple, nevertheless it is a fact that when the habit of procrastinating is faced and overcome, we break our own fetters, step out of our own prison-house, live in the sunlight of a new day. Then comes the power to help others, and we are ready. The Law opens many doors to humanity's helpers, because they have become a great spiritual power for the forces of light.

The Râja-Yoga motto is 'Now,' and the children of the Râja-Yoga School are all radiant with this great spiritual light. They are alive and awake to the needs of the present moment, and never lose a chance of trying to do more and be more to the Cause they love so well. They have learned the value of being on time, of not putting things off till tomorrow.

Think of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge — what a great spiritual force for good they have radiated over the world! They never ceased to serve; they labored night and day to keep the light burning; they never put off their work till tomorrow — no indeed! They felt the great responsibility they were carrying. Their hearts were aglow with the needs of the hour, and they longed to be of greater service. Now we have our present Leader, Katherine Tingley, who as friend and helper has carried on the work her predecessors so gloriously began. She seeks in every way to inspire those about her to be true to themselves, to be more active and enthusiastic, to live in the present and kill the great thief of time — procrastination. A glowing example is she to us! STUDENT

## A QUAINI ENGLISH VILLAGE



N the west coast of North Devon, England, tucked away in a cleft in the rocks, and surrounded on three sides by beautiful wooded cliffs overlooking the sea, is the little fishing village of Clovelly. It has been there for centuries. Kingsley mentions it a number of times in *Westward Ho*, which so delightfully describes occurrences in that part of the country in the early sixteenth century. Some twenty years or so ago, by making friends with some of the old folks there one could get them to talk in the many an interesting coming that had never been in the story-books.

From the point at where the town begins, to the beach at the bottom, is a descent of four hundred feet, with a steep incobble-paved street is that horses and vehicles cannot possibly be used. Any necessary hauling is done on sleds, or on the back of a donkey.

The cottages, built on the sides of the ravine, are of a quaint, irregular shape, with little verandas and all decorated with a profusion of flowers. Over the roofs of the cottages climb great rosebushes, with their loads of blossoms.



This is a street of stairs.

One can walk through the woods along the edge of the cliff for a long way, or one can go down to the beach and walk along under the cliff. In calm weather one can take a rowboat and view from the ocean the little town which the great wooded cliff seems to be 'holding in its lap.'

The scene in the picture is a little side street which is nothing more or less than a cobblestone stairway. At the top, one comes out into a little wooded glen on the cliff, with beautiful vistas of the sea through the ivy-draped trees.

The great pride of the town is the life-saving station. In the boathouse at the edge of the small stone pier one can see the very boat which has carried the brave crew out over the stormy waves, saving many a life, together with all the equipment of oilskin coats, ropes, and rockets, all ready at a moment's notice.

Perhaps the man who is showing the station will point to a newspaper-clipping framed on the wall, describing a recent rescue; from the way he calls your attention to it you can tell that he recalls it very vividly, as one of that very crew.

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Adjoining the village is a beautiful park with roads winding through the trees — great, splendid trees which have been growing there for centuries, many with ivy-draped trunks. I remember, during a stroll through the park, coming upon a little ravine where a bunch of tall, wild pink foxgloves were blooming, lighted by a beam of the afternoon sun through a break in the trees. The pink heather was blooming along the roadside, also. A little later a shower caught us, and the kind people at the lodge sheltered us during the rain and treated us to home-made 'stone beer' (a sort of sarsaparilla ale) and sugar cookies, which were greatly appreciated, I can assure you, by travelers who had been sightseeing for nearly a year in foreign lands, and were still six thousand miles from home.

One wonders if on a return visit one would find Clovelly much the same — if the New Inn would still be fresh and sweet with its snow-white curtains before the quaint low windows and about the beds, and if the wonderful collection of hundreds of rare pieces of china still adorns the walls. I rather think we should find it much the same, for in these quiet villages of old England life goes on pretty much the same, year after year. And we from the New World, where life is so full of change, find rest and refreshment in a visit to quaint, old villages. E.

## THE BALLOT IN ANCIENT GREECE

L YING in one of the table cases in the Greek section of the British Museum is a small fragment of an old terra-cotta jar which, though insignificant and unpretentious in appearance, is, as a relic, fully as valuable and worthy of consideration as the more attractive-looking objects which surround it. It is, in fact, nothing more or less than an ancient Greek ballot — a bit of broken crockery — an *ostrakon*, which evidently played a part in some important political crisis of the day.

Ostracism, which was a very ancient practice, was, as we know, revived by the great Athenian administrator Kleisthenes, and remained in common use as a political power for about a century, when it gradually lost favor among the Demos, and fell into disuse.

The *ostrakon* in question was found on the site of ancient Naukratis, and it bears the name *Teos*. We do not know who Teos was, but we can easily conceive of him as being some over-ambitious politician or influential capitalist who became too powerful to please his democratic fellow-citizens, and whose quiet removal from the city was deemed necessary for the welfare of the state.

In any case, the associations which surround this small potsherd make it a very valuable relic, only equalled in historic interest by the *ostraka* in the Museum of Athens bearing the names of Megakles, Themistokles and Xanthippos. S.



## ON THE DUALITY OF HUMAN LIFE

### I



FOR lovers of Truth there is unlimited hope of gradually understanding the mysteries of life. On the other hand, for those whose conception of the truth is tinged with man-made teachings, and for those who have lost faith in the heart-doctrine and are absorbed in materialism — the veneer of so-called 'life' — there is needed a knowledge of the duality in man. This knowledge will awaken that sleeping spot in their natures which will recognise the ray from the Eternal, Divine Light — that something described by Mme Blavatsky as the force in one's nature which "knows without being told" — the conscious life of divinity, the link which makes us all one great family.

Because there is the divine in our natures which unites us, it follows that all are obligated to help each other. Those who have strengthened their Higher natures must help those who are weaker, otherwise there will always be a weak link somewhere in the great chain. Theosophists are taught that there is a duality in human nature, that the Higher or the thinking Ego grows towards the Spiritual Life, and the lower nature controls the desires and passions, and this shuts out the light.

When once this fact is realized, the door is opened and the pilgrim is ready to really live and learn the mysteries of life. Passing from one experience to another, happy and then unhappy, we have the pilgrim awakening and growing stronger little by little. He is then ready to hear the Higher voice when it says: 'Come, you have heard my voice once, you have recognised the difference between right-doing and wrong-doing, therefore you have learned the first step — to live to benefit mankind. Arise! Go forward to the goal, the goal of Self-conquest, the real, the beautiful. Cultivate faith and have confidence in yourself. Trust in the Eternal Law, the law which justly rules the world. You have trusted the Higher once, therefore you have the power to trust again. When once you have found that force, you will find other forces waiting to help you and guide you along the path. Trust gives you strength to accomplish anything which is undertaken, and it stands by one when even friends and the most loved ones fail. The opportunity is yours to live and understand Life's duties.'

Life's duties are outlined by H. P. Blavatsky in the following quotation:

"To sacrifice his own comfort, and to work for others if they are unable to work for themselves. To give all that which is wholly his own and can benefit no one but himself if he selfishly keeps it from others. To do his duty by all men, and especially by those to whom specific responsibilities are due.

"To control and conquer, through the Higher, the lower self. To purify himself, inwardly and morally; to fear no one and nought, save the tribunal of his own conscience. Never to do a thing by halves; *i.e.*, if he thinks it is the right thing to do, let him do it openly and boldly, and, if wrong, never touch it at all."

D. M.



### THE FROST

*THE Frost looked forth, one still, clear night,  
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight;  
So through the valley and over the height  
In silence I'll take my way."*

*Then he went to the mountain, and  
powdered its crest,  
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs  
he drest  
With diamonds and pearls, and over  
the breast  
Of the quivering lake he spread*

*A coat of mail, that it need not fear  
The downward point of many a spear  
That he hung on its margin, far and near,  
Where a rock could rear its head.*

*He went to the windows of those who slept,  
And over each pane like a fairy crept:  
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,  
By the light of the moon were seen*

*Most beautiful things. There were  
flowers and trees,  
There were beavies of birds and swarms  
of bees,  
There were cities, thrones, temples and  
towns, and these  
All pictured in silver sheen! Selected*





## AN ODE

BY JOSEPH ADDISON

**T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.  
Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display;  
And publishes, to every land,  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets, in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What though nor real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.— Selected

JOSEPH ADDISON



HE principle of action and reaction is a simple but fundamental law which makes itself felt on all planes. It is to be observed in social life, just as in physical existence; in the pages of history, as in the records of the laboratory.

Its historical aspect is plainly seen in the conditions prevalent at the time of the Restoration in England. The strong hand of Cromwell and his Roundhead party caused the pendulum of social life to swing in the direction of purer moral standards. But that hand raised the pendulum to a point of fanaticism beyond its normal arc of oscillation, with the result that on the removal of support it swung back to an equal extreme in the opposite direction, bringing about the loose and impure morals of Charles II's reign. In the period of reaction

men led a glamorous existence of superficial shallowness, which while impure and unhealthy, was yet congenial to the distempered tastes of the time. Until the reaction had spent itself, little could be done to lift society. And even when the tide had begun to turn, few would listen to a voice which should call them away from the pleasant path of indulgence to the hard and narrow way of a righteous life. He was most useful and efficient who, seeing the evils of the time, could depict those evils to society in a light which should render them either repulsive or ridiculous, and at the same time inspire men with a wish to live more nobly.

Such a man was Joseph Addison, and such the reforms undertaken by him. He was possessed of a nature kindly, genial and pure, endowed with a brilliant mind and high literary talents. Many before and since have possessed a nature such as his, but few have possessed his talents as well; and fewer still, with or without such talents, have thought to enlist the warmth of a genial and kindly disposition in the work of uplifting society. Addison's keen sense of the ridiculous led him to cultivate satire; but he differed from his contemporary humorists in that his natural temperament robbed that satire of any poison of malice.

Born in 1672, in Wiltshire, at the rectory of his father, Lancelot Addison, Dean of Lichfield, his early years were passed in several schools of that district. At the age of fifteen he went to Oxford, and two years later was entered at Queen's College on a recommendation of skill in Latin versification. He took a master's degree at twenty-one, and at twenty-seven won a fellowship, which he held for twelve years.

His literary efforts first found expression in poetry, beginning with a composition addressed to Dryden. This was followed by numerous translations from Latin authors, showing ability but no marked talent for poetic composition.

From 1699 to 1703 Addison traveled on the continent, so widening his experience of life and increasing his literary knowledge and culture that on his return his works immediately began to reveal a maturity of skill and genius. His greatest production of this period was his tragedy of *Cato*, written for the most part in France; whilst his *Letter from Italy*, of a slightly later date, is regarded as by far the best of his poems. While in Germany he wrote a *Dialogue on Medals*, which was characterized by great vivacity of style and by some of the gay humor to be so fully revealed by the author in later works.

The years from 1704 to 1710, generally considered as constituting the second era of Addison's literary life, were mostly taken up with public affairs, in which he rose steadily in prominence. Despite the fact that his intense natural modesty disqualified him utterly as a speaker, yet what his spoken word could not achieve was more than amply fulfilled by the power of his pen; and through his writings he became an authority and a favorite in the highest circles. In the course of his lifetime he rose from a poet of moderate ability, occupying a garret up three flights of stairs, to Secretary of State, with the Holland House as his home.

In 1709, whilst Addison was in Dublin, discharging the office of secretary

## JOSEPH ADDISON

to the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, an event occurred which was to be the means of revealing to the world his true genius. In *The Life and Writings of Addison* Macaulay says:

"The time had come when he was to prove himself a man of genius, and to enrich our literature with compositions which will live as long as the English language."

In the spring of 1709 Steele published the first number of *The Taller*, little thinking what a future his venture held — indeed, merely launching the work as an experiment. But the experiment caught the eye of Addison, who, detecting in it the handiwork of his boon companion Steele, immediately set himself to aid that friend in his enterprise. And so powerful was his aid that Steele declared, "I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him. . . . The paper was advanced indeed."

Macaulay expresses the opinion that when Addison sent across St. George's Channel his first contributions to *The Taller*, he was not aware of the extent of his own powers:

"He was the possessor of a vast mine, rich with a hundred ores. But he had been acquainted only with the least precious part of his treasures, and had hitherto contented himself with producing sometimes copper and sometimes lead, intermingled with a little silver. All at once, and by mere accident, he had lighted on an inexhaustible vein of the finest gold.

"The mere choice of and arrangement of his words would have sufficed to make his essays classical. . . . If we wish to find anything more vivid than Addison's best portraits, we must go either to Shakespeare or to Cervantes."

Addison had the delicious faculty of drawing mirth from the manifold idiosyncracies of human nature and the trivial events of daily life, and of awakening the sense of humor in others. In his satires he has been compared to Voltaire and Swift. But the comparison is to his advantage; for while he is their peer in wit and humor, he is vastly their superior in one great feature — his wit lacks the heartlessness of cynicism and the sting of malice, and is exalted in its grace, nobility and moral purity. He wrote to cheer, to uplift, to purify, and the loftiness of his motive permeated and enriched the genius which served it. In an age when immorality was the rule, he stepped into the world of literature and created a new standard. He offered to the tainted palate of the age a feast of pure and wholesome truth, garnished with mirth and merriment springing bright and sparkling from the pure fountain of his own genius. He clothed vice in its true colors, and its aspect became distasteful; he decked the dandy in all his frills and foibles, and the figure became ridiculous; he dispelled the fatal delusion of the age that there existed a link between genius and profligacy, and through his efforts more

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than anything else helped to banish that profligacy from the life of the time.

*The Taller* ran until March, 1711, being then replaced by *The Spectator*, which appeared every week-day until December, 1712. Its crude outlines were taken in hand by Addison, who created among other features the celebrated Sir Roger de Coverley. The paper became a feature in every household, and attained a circulation of nearly four thousand copies. Upon the imposition of the stamp tax, which proved fatal to most journals, *The Spectator* doubled its price and still continued to yield large profits to the State and its authors.

*The Guardian*, which appeared on the withdrawal of *The Spectator*, was never so great a success, and received less aid from Addison, who was now engaged in the stage production of *Cato*, which scored a veritable triumph.

In June, 1714, there appeared the first number of an eighth volume of *The Spectator*; the paper continued to appear for about six months, during which time were published essays by Addison which have been declared the finest in the English language.

But the work which is held by Macaulay to exhibit the strongest mark of Addison's genius and to do the greatest honor to his moral character, was *The Freeholder*, which first appeared in 1715.

With the publication of this paper we reach the close of Addison's literary career, the remaining four years of his life being occupied with political matters. Addison died on the seventeenth of June, 1719, in his forty-eighth year, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, amidst the genuine sorrow and heartfelt tributes of the greatest men of his time. By his life he made the lives of many of his fellows better and happier; by his writings he helped to purify and uplift the England of his day. His name must ever live as that of a man versed in the noble art of letters, and skilled in the nobler Art of Life.

STUDENT

## GALVANIZED IRON

THE galvanized iron of commerce consists of steel sheets covered with a coating of spelter or zinc. The object of the process is to render the steel immune from oxidation. An unprotected sheet of steel exposed to the weather would rust and decay rapidly: covered with spelter, it will withstand climatic and atmospheric influences for years without deterioration.

The word 'galvanized' has no real significance in this connection, for galvanizing plays no part in the deposition of spelter upon the steel, and the term seems to have been applied originally because spelter and iron form a galvanic couple.

Under modern practice, after leaving the rolling mill the steel sheets, in order to remove any scale which may be adhering to them, are pickled in a mixture of hydrochloric or sulphuric acid and water, and are then passed through a bath of molten spelter, from which they emerge completely coated.

T. B. M.



## CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF SWEDEN

*Written for the Children and Young People at Point Loma*

*by O. S.*

### CHAPTER III: GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS



It is a remarkable fact that most of the great kings of Sweden were mere boys or youths when they came into power and received full responsibility for the government of the realm. It seems as if, during certain critical periods, the law governing the life of the nation worked so quickly that human vehicles hardly had time to grow up before they were forced by outer or inner conditions to step forward and do the decisive act. Is there any other country in the world's history where boys between fifteen and eighteen have been entrusted with the highest power, have conducted wars, and have exercised compelling authority not only over the common people but also over experienced counselors and foreign diplomats, as was the case with Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XI, and Charles XII? Can the advent of such characters be explained without admitting that the need of these souls was so imperative for the nation that limits of time and years and other natural conditions had to be suspended? It was hardly a condition that could be called fortunate for the nation, for the immaturity of the personal instruments caused indeed much apparently unnecessary suffering; but it was a most brilliant historical spectacle; there are few chapters in the history of Sweden more fascinating than those dealing with the careers of these boy-kings.

Fortunately, in the case of Gustavus Adolphus the youthfulness of the King did not involve any adventurous actions or lack of political judgment. He had been most carefully prepared for his royal duties by a wise father and able tutors. At ten years of age he was introduced into the state council by King Charles IX, that he might familiarize himself with the routine of the government. At thirteen he received petitions and conversed officially with the foreign ministers. At fifteen he administered his duchy of Vestmanland, and opened the Riksdag with a speech from the throne. To quote from Nesbit Bain's excellent characterization of Gustavus Adolphus:

"Indeed, from 1610 he may be regarded as his father's co-regent. In all martial and chivalrous accomplishments he was already an adept, and when a year later he succeeded to supreme power his superior ability was as uncontested as it was incontestable, while a singularly winning exterior and a peculiar charm of manner, the index of a noble heart, predisposed all men in his favor."

Gustavus assumed royal power in December, 1611, a few days after he had reached his eighteenth year. One of the first acts of the King was to appoint as his Chancellor of State Axel Oxenstjerna, who, though only ten years older than Gustavus, had been one of his tutors; and from this time onward Oxenstjerna

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stands at Gustavus' side as an inspiring friend and experienced helper, carrying upon his shoulders most of the actual burden of administration. The King and the Chancellor were in many ways of opposite temperaments, but this did not make their co-operation less harmonious: on the contrary, each supplied the other with the qualities he lacked. It is told that the impetuous monarch once grew impatient with the judicial prudence of the minister, and exclaimed: "If my heat did not put a little life into your coldness, we should all freeze up." To which the Chancellor calmly replied: "And if my coldness did not assuage Your Majesty's heat, we should all burn up." Whereupon the King laughed and admitted that indeed he had too little patience and too much temper.

In general European history Gustavus Adolphus is rightly regarded as the greatest warrior of his time, but it should be remembered that his genius manifested itself no less prominently in the home administration. His chief care, whether he was at home or abroad, was always the welfare of his people. For this purpose he co-operated very closely with the representatives of the Riksdag, and a most confidential relationship was established between the ruler and his subjects. They supported him with their money and their lives; they marched with him cheerfully and bravely in all his battles; and since his death they have cherished his memory most reverently.

Among the many improvements introduced by Gustavus Adolphus in the government may be mentioned the establishment of superior courts of appeal in Sweden and Finland, where the judges were paid by salaries and not by fees; the reorganization in a more efficient form of the University of Upsala, where, among other things, a new medical faculty was established; and the granting of legal power in the state to the Riksdag, with which several newly-formed departments of the government were required to co-operate. This last of itself marks a momentous turning-point in Swedish history; while in every other European country except England the ancient popular system of representation by estates was about to disappear altogether, in Sweden under Gustavus Adolphus it had become an integral part of the Constitution.

Gustavus had hardly taken control of the government before he was forced into wars with the three mightiest neighbors of Sweden — Denmark, Russia and Poland. The war with Denmark, which he inherited from his father, was carried on with varying success until peace was concluded in 1613, with some advantage for Sweden.

The war against Russia was prosecuted with great vigor, particularly under the great general Jacob de la Gardie, who led the Swedish armies and conquered Ingria, Novgorod, and a good part of northwestern Russia. Peace was concluded at Stolbova in 1617, Sweden receiving the eastern provinces of Finland and some of the Baltic provinces, so that Russia no longer had any outlet to the west of Europe.

The struggles between Sweden and Poland originated partly in religious differ-

ences. Sigismund III of Poland, it will be remembered, was the son of John III of Sweden and a Polish princess. He occupied the throne of Sweden from 1592 to 1599, when he was deposed and succeeded by his uncle Charles X, the father of Gustavus Adolphus, because of his efforts to introduce Catholicism into Sweden.

Sigismund was encouraged in his claim to the Swedish crown by the Catholic countries of Austria and Spain. Gustavus Adolphus, on the other hand, had formed a defensive alliance with the Protestant republic of the Netherlands, and maintained friendly relations with England, the Hanse cities, and the Protestant states of Germany. Although Gustavus Adolphus repeatedly defeated the Polish armies, and conquered all the northern provinces of Poland, the war dragged on for about eight years, because Sigismund refused to make peace until 1629.

The many battles fought by Gustavus in Poland gave him an experience, the value of which was incalculable in warfare. He was always personally in the thickest of the fight, encouraging his soldiers by his own example, winning their confidence and love, so that they followed him through every hardship. He was several times wounded, and with difficulty escaped being captured. Once, for instance, an enemy had caught him by his sword-belt, but the King loosened the belt and thus escaped. The whole war was a preparatory school, fitting him for the great operations which he was soon to undertake in Germany against the greatest generals of the age — Tilly, Wallenstein and others.

In 1630 Gustavus Adolphus decided to go with a Swedish army to Germany, to help the Protestants of that country against the oppression of the Emperor Ferdinand II, who was the head of the Catholic party and resided in Vienna. Germany was at that time divided into several small kingdoms and duchies, some of them Protestant and some Catholic; but the latter were much the stronger, and united with the Emperor, whose plan was to make the whole of Germany subservient to the Pope. Gustavus Adolphus understood that if this were accomplished it might become a great menace not only to Sweden, but to all the countries of northern Europe. Therefore he thought it safest to go over to Germany and fight the Catholic armies there, before they had gone any farther. His aim was, not to eradicate the Catholic church in Germany, but to establish full religious freedom, so that everybody could follow the religion he wanted, and also to assure the independence of his own country.

Before leaving Sweden he summoned before him the members of the Riksdag and took a moving farewell of them, declaring that the war was undertaken not for personal glory or selfish motives, but for the relief of the members of their own faith and because of the danger threatening the realm from the Emperor, who, unless he could be checked, would soon attack Sweden.

When the Emperor heard that Gustavus Adolphus had come over with an army, he laughed and called the new enemy "The Snow-King from the North." However, he was soon to learn that Gustavus Adolphus was of harder material.

The first great battle, fought at Breitenfeld in 1631, proved a glorious victory for the Swedish King, and raised Sweden to the rank of a great power. It marked an epoch in the war, which had been going on for years before Gustavus Adolphus took part in it. More than that, it marked an epoch in European history, because by this victory religious freedom and liberty of conscience were assured to the nations of Europe.

After this victory the King marched through a good part of Germany, winning smaller battles on the way and making good friends with the Germans. The Swedish army was not dreaded like that of the Emperor, because it was so well disciplined; the soldiers did not rob and burn or commit outrages against the civil population. Their great success in a foreign land was due largely to their excellent discipline. Gustavus conquered several cities in south Germany, but finally he had to march towards the north again. On the sixth day of November, 1632, a great battle was fought at Lützen; and in the midst of the battle the King — who as usual was in the most dangerous place — was shot. But when this became known his soldiers, instead of losing courage, rallied and won the battle through an heroic effort.

"For a moment Sweden reeled beneath the shock of this terrible catastrophe. In the flower of his age and vigor — he was but thirty-eight — the great monarch had been cut off, and his successor was a girl six years old. The Emperor and the Catholics openly rejoiced. Sweden's friends, indeed Sweden's own statesmen, feared that Gustavus' work had finished with him; but it was only for a moment. The world was quickly to perceive that the Hero-King had bequeathed to his country not only a difficult task, but also the men capable of performing it. Foremost among these leaders of the people was the Chancellor, Axel Oxenstjerna. Indispensable even while Gustavus was still alive, all eyes turned instinctively towards him now that Gustavus was dead. He did not seek pre-eminence; it was thrust upon him by the unanimous voice of his country. Overwhelmed as he was personally by the great calamity, not for an instant did he lose his presence of mind. Recognising that his proper place was in Germany to keep Sweden's allies in heart and to control Sweden's foreign policy, all the threads of which were in his hands, he exhorted the government at home to be steadfast and united."

Gustavus Adolphus had only one child — a daughter named Christina, who was, as already observed, only six years old at her father's death. The government was taken care of by Axel Oxenstjerna, Per Brahe, and three others of the highest officials of the state, until 1644, when Christina, at the age of eighteen years, became recognised as the ruler of the country. During this intermission period the government was excellently administered by Oxenstjerna, the greatest statesman of Sweden. He had a firm grasp not only of the inner conditions, but also of the general politics of Europe. His country's welfare was his sole object.



## HISTORY OF SWEDEN

"All his efforts were directed towards procuring for the Swedish crown adequate compensation for its sacrifices; and he worked for this object with a patience, tenacity and disinterestedness which excited the admiration of



friends and foes alike. Richelieu, baffled by an astuteness superior to his own, declared that the Swedish Chancellor was an inexhaustible source of well-matured counsels. Mazarin said that if all the diplomatists of Europe were in a boat together, they would unhesitatingly entrust the rudder to Oxenstjerna. It was a fortunate thing for Sweden that her destinies at this critical period were in the hands of so great a statesman."

In this most difficult work, Oxenstjerna was admirably seconded by some of the great generals educated in the schools of Gutavus Adolphus, such as Gustavus Horn, John Banér, and Lennart Torstensson. These generals won some important battles during the years which elapsed before peace was finally concluded, in

## HISTORY OF SWEDEN

1648. Through this memorable Peace of Westphalia, which terminated the Thirty Years' War, Sweden was finally recognised as one of the great powers in Europe, and this increased authority was perhaps even more important than the added territory which Sweden acquired along the southern shores of the Baltic. And the principle for which Gustavus had fought, namely, full religious freedom, was completely vindicated, the Protestants of Germany receiving equal rights with the Catholics.

Gustavus Adolphus may be called the greatest genius in the history of Sweden. He lives in the hearts of the people and in the records of the country surrounded by a peculiar light that seems to radiate from his noble heart and from an unusually pure and lofty character. His whole life was an heroic epic. It has something of the ring of great poetry, though poetry in action; and it is all permeated with an unfading sunshine. If Gustavus Vasa stands in the history of Sweden as a father of the people, a patriarch of Odin's type, Gustavus Adolphus must rather be compared to Balder, the god of light and beauty, the great liberator from all oppressing forces of darkness and selfishness.

Christina was indeed a highly cultured and intelligent woman, but she lacked balance and was most capricious. She lavished the money of the country on keeping up a magnificent court, and she gave away to noblemen whom she wanted to please most of the landed estates under her control. The poor people in the country again had a hard time, and the general good order which Oxenstjerna had introduced was more and more disturbed.

Finally, in 1654 the Queen got tired of reigning in Sweden. She thought it altogether too small a task for her, and she had become too much interested in the Catholic religion. So she abdicated and went to Rome, where she lived for many years in a splendid palace, amidst wonderful art treasures and in a circle of the most learned men—and without any feeling of self-reproach for what she had done to destroy the great work of her illustrious father.

Christina's successor was a cousin of hers, a German prince, who was elected King of Sweden under the name of Charles X Gustavus. He reigned from 1654 to 1660. The first thing he had to do was to take back a great part of those landed estates which Christina had given to individual noblemen, so that the Crown should have sufficient income with which to support the army and the civil administration. This was carried out with the help of able ministers.

But Charles X was personally most interested in carrying on the wars against Poland, Russia and Denmark. He had evidently great love of glory and adventure, and took to the sword rather than to arbitration. This to a certain extent proves that although he was a statesman as well as a soldier, his statesmanship was not of the same ideal and strictly moral type as that of Axel Oxenstjerna or Gustavus Adolphus. His accomplishments as a warrior were most brilliant. He marched several times through Poland; conquered Warsaw, its capital; and forced the Polish king to renounce his claim to the crown of Sweden, which had

been maintained ever since the time of Sigismund. And he wrested from Russia the important province of Livonia, which completed the Swedish control of the Baltic Sea.

When peace had been declared with Poland and Russia, Charles marched against Denmark. He made a very daring march from the south, over the frozen strait which separates the Danish islands from the mainland. This bold enterprise, planned by the great general Eric Dahlberg, was one of the most hazardous undertakings that have ever been attempted by an army. The ice of the frozen straits was so thin that some of the horsemen actually fell through; but the main part of the army reached safely the great island on which the capital of Denmark, Copenhagen, is situated. When the Danes saw that their capital was in danger, they hastened to make peace; and through the treaty which was then signed, Sweden received the southern provinces of the Scandinavian peninsula. But besides these new provinces of Skåne, Halland, and Blekinge, Sweden had extensive possessions on the southern coast of the Baltic, thus controlling an area much larger than ever before or since.

Sweden was now at the height of her political expansion and influence. It has been claimed, not without reason, that this expansion of Sweden was a political mistake.

"But the effort to maintain such an empire intact stimulated a strenuousness, and a vigilance, and a sense of duty, a spirit of enterprise and self-sacrifice, which produced the whole series of monarchs, statesmen and heroes, the like of which the world has seldom seen. Had Sweden been able from the first to live within her natural boundaries, her material prosperity might perhaps have been far greater and her material sufferings far less; but her history would have lacked that quality of greatness which always waits upon true heroism, and morally she herself would have been poorer."

*(To be continued)*

## THE MARKET-PLACE OF GUATEMALA CITY



HOUGH it is only ten o'clock, the sun beats down with almost noon-day force; the glare of whitewashed walls is dazzling, and people who find it necessary to go out take the shady side of the street. There through the portico comes Doña María Gonzales, a handsome and gracious dark-eyed lady, with her dainty little niece. Of course she is delighted to meet me, and before I know it I have been embraced and gently kissed. She laughs when I tell her that I am on my way to the market merely for pleasure. She has much to say about last night's reception at Señor Siera's,

## MARKET-PLACE OF GUATEMALA CITY

and about her sister's trip to the wonderful, far-away city of New York. At last she bids me *adiós* and *hasta la vista*.

In Guatemala no young lady ever goes out without her servant, and so it is that I turn to my maid, Juana, and bid her quicken her step. The market is almost in the center of the city, being only one or two blocks from the great cathedral. Now we see its thick, pale-pink walls, which inclose an open, paved space as large as two or three city blocks. All along the outer walls are countless small shoe and dry-goods stores.

After making our way through the brightly-dressed throng on the sidewalks, we at last reach one of the four large iron gates which open into the passages leading into the enormous court. What a medley of sound, and color, and odor! The hum of human voices becomes a roar; the sight is bewildered and fascinated by colors of every hue; and as I turn from the fragrant roses at the flower-stall, I catch a whiff of oranges and then the smell of leather.

No longer do I lead, but follow my maid, who knows the way. I pull her bright green shawl and bid her walk more slowly, that I may examine this display of lace, and those soft ribbons, and that gay-figured dress-goods. We then turn away from the stalls which line the inner walls of the market. Standing in the shade of a large pillar, I gaze for some moments on the endless display of fruits and vegetables, over which hover dark, barefooted or sandalled Indians — the men with large *sombreros* and bright sashes, the women with black plaits twisted around their heads, wearing white or red sleeveless waists embroidered with bright-colored cottons, and having as skirts a generous amount of bright-colored cloth closely wrapped around them. These Indian sellers have brought their heavy-laden donkeys over the forest-fringed highways in the cold gray morning. Some of them have pitched their own canopies in the unroofed court, while others, disdaining the heat, are unmindful of anything but making good bargains.

Here are bunches and bunches of bananas; some are tiny and have a peculiar taste of their own; others have glossy red skins, are short and thick, and pink inside; the skins of the ripest long yellow ones have turned almost black, which proves that they are 'just right.' There are stands heaped with *mangos de corazón* and *mangos amarillos*, stacks of sugar-cane, and piles of oranges, delicious brown *nísperos*, tamarinds, pomegranates, cocoanuts, and many other fruits. Everywhere are baskets of vegetables — enormous heads of cauliflower, lettuce and cabbages, large potatoes, onions, squashes, and yucca, and magnificent ears of white, yellow, pink, red and violet corn.

This old woman has baskets of luscious *nísperos*. She offers me one — how delicious it is! Yes, I will buy this basketful. This girl tries to sell me some mangos — but no, there are trees full of them in our own garden. That old man holds up an enormous ear of toasted sweet corn, wrapped in husks, but I tell him that our cook has already bought our supplies.

Tied chickens, goats and pigs add to the confusion. We are passing stalls



where bread, sweet crackers, pastry and candy are sold. What a beautiful young woman that was who almost bumped into me! Her heavy yellow silk shawl, with its long fringe, looked well with her long black braids and sparkling eyes.

It is with difficulty that we make our way towards the northern gate, and at last reach the street. How fresh the air seems! It is noontime now, and the sun would be unbearable were it not for our parasols. Yet the *Plaza de Armas* is filled with romping children, whose nurses are busily chatting under the trees and vine-covered bowers; they come daily at this hour to hear the military band.

There comes Father in his buggy, on his way home for dinner. "Jump in, little girl!" he says. "Let Juana take the street-car, and soon we shall be in the shade of our own vine-covered porticoes." Then we are off for home. L. L.

## HOW MATCHES ARE MADE IN SWEDEN

**S**WEDEN is very famous for its matches, which go to all parts of the world. The great forests of asp and fir in the north supply all the wood needed for making them. The city most widely known for its match factories is Jönköping, south of Lake Vettern.

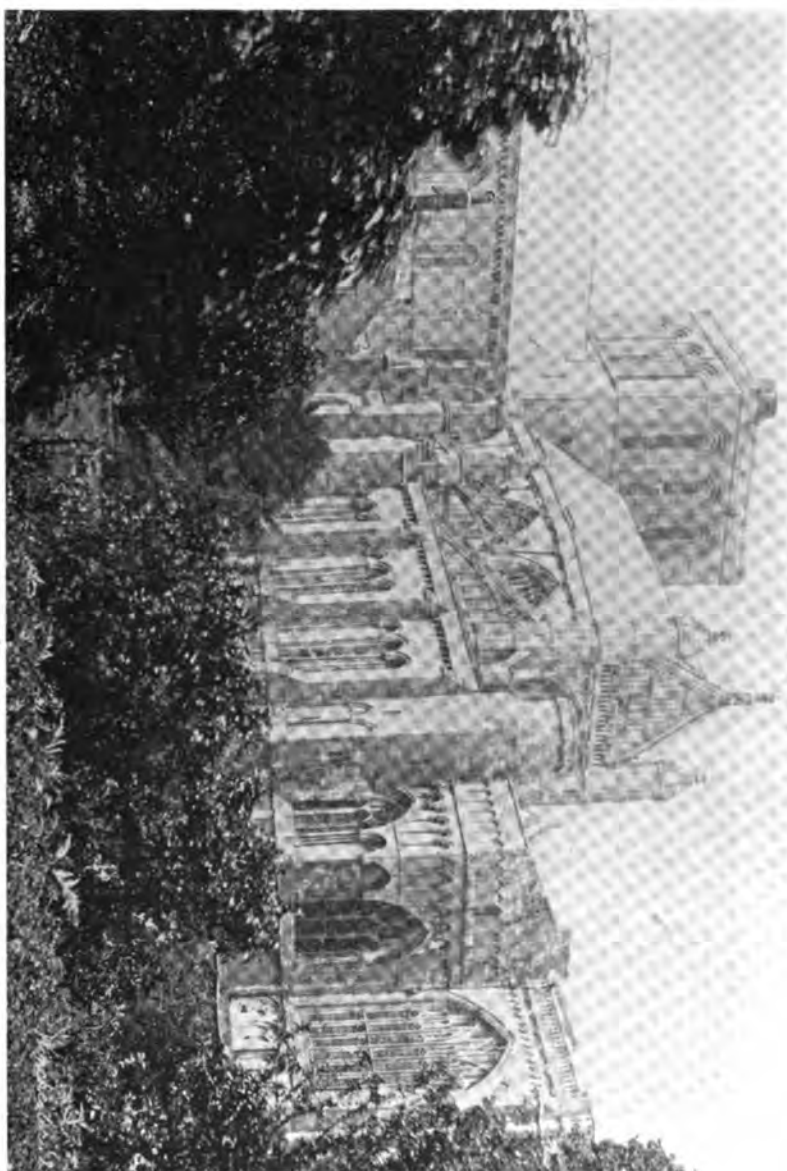
The work in the factories is very interesting. Logs of asp — a European tree of the poplar family — are sawed into blocks, which are softened by steam. Then these blocks are put into a machine which cuts them into long slices of the thickness of a match. These slices are then divided into smaller ones, as wide as a match is long. Then they are piled up in layers and put into another machine, which cuts them into match sticks by means of a knife-blade that cuts downward. One such knife cuts over forty thousand match sticks per minute.

An asp or fir block is put into another machine and cut out to somewhat broader but much thinner slices. Fine knives make cuts in the slices, and they are then folded so as to make match-boxes. The knife goes through the blocks as easily as if it were only cloth or paper that was being cut. Another machine, in which the boxes are put together, makes over thirty-five thousand boxes in a day.

After the match sticks have been dried or 'cured,' they are soaked in paraffin, in order to make them easier to light. They are then dipped into the igniting composition, which has been prepared in special rooms.

There are a great number of machines which dry and clean the sticks, dip them in the igniting composition, etc. There is one very wonderful machine, which reduces hand-work to a minimum. The matches and the box material are fed into one end, and at the other end the boxes come out filled with matches, without having been touched by a human hand. One of these machines delivers about four thousand boxes per hour.

In some factories a thousand or more people are employed, and the matches they make go all over the world. We use them at Point Loma. T. F.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, ENGLAND

EAST END, SHOWING ROMANESQUE WINDOWS IN TOWER, 13TH CENTURY WINDOWS  
IN AISLE, AND PERPENDICULAR WINDOWS TO THE EXTREME RIGHT

# ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

## CHAPTER XXXIII — GOTHIC WINDOWS



THE great difference between the Romanesque and the styles of the succeeding centuries of Gothic lies, as the most elementary observer will see, in the shape of the openings. During the former period round arches prevailed, resembling the Roman, but frequently highly decorated with carving; in the Gothic ages the pointed arch was universal. Towards the close of the Gothic period, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, the round arch became popular again, though it was not so commonly used as the plain flat lintel: the pointed arch entirely disappeared until recent years, when attempted revivals of all the antique styles have been started.

We have no architectural style of our own in Europe or America today. Everyone does as he likes, and it does not seem likely that anything striking will develop at present. The spirit of co-operation seems to be absent, and architecture is looked upon as a separate business or profession — not, as in olden times, as something which came from the hearts of a whole people and expressed their special artistic feelings. Jackson, in *Reason in Architecture*, says:

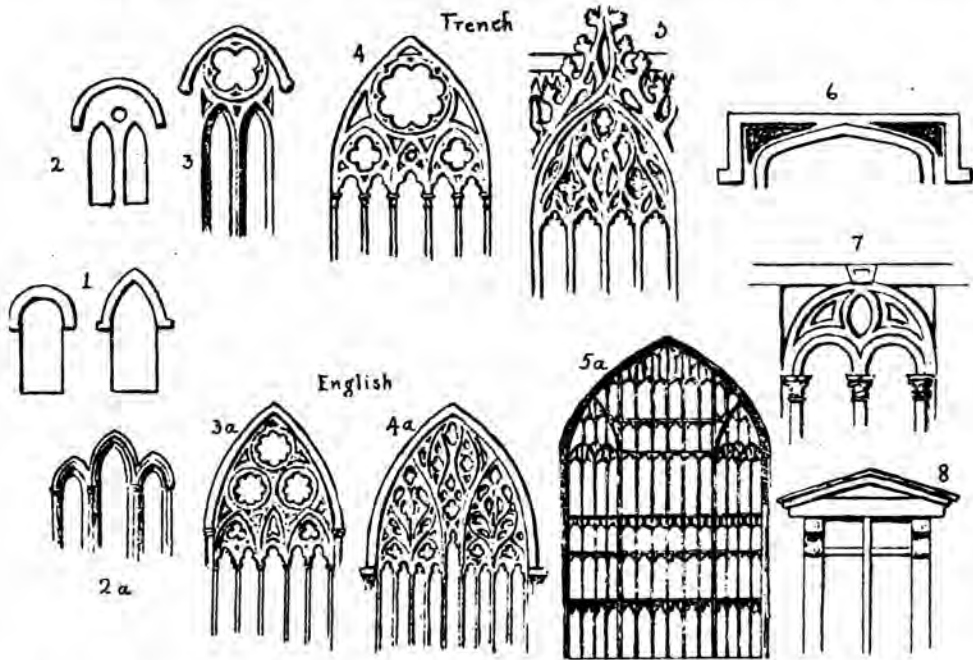
"No new style was ever invented by an effort of conscious design. It always came by itself, unconsciously on the part of the artist, arising, as it were, out of the conditions of the day. . . . The great styles of the past were heralded by no advertisement, marshalled by no trumpeting of self-laudation; they came not by observation but stole in gradually, and grew up insensibly and unconsciously, guided by reason, not by vain caprice, rather clinging to old ways than snatching greedily at novelty for the sake of novelty, advancing leisurely and often almost reluctantly on the path that reason pointed out."

Many chapters have been written by qualified scholars about the origin of the Pointed arch, but the question is still unsettled. The most probable suggestion is that it came from the Orient, like so many other inventions whose origin we have, ungratefully, almost forgotten, and for which we are inclined to take the credit ourselves. We know that the Eastern nations used it ages before the barbarous Westerns thought of it, and it is quite unlikely that it arose independently in Europe. The Western builders, however, made far more of the pointed arch than did the Orientals, whose Pointed windows and arches are nearly always small, and are rarely enriched with 'tracery' — the geometric or flowing stone patterns within the window — which can compare with that of the finest Gothic period of window ornamentation, the fourteenth century.

Why are the windows so important in the best Gothic? Largely because of the marvellous development of painted glass. Pointed Gothic architecture has been called the Painted Glass Style, and not without reason. The need for large openings to display the glorious colored pictures of the new art of stained glass was so pressing that the engineering difficulties were soon overcome. The tracery and the general framework of stone within the area of the windows was

designed to hold the glass firmly and to prevent it from being blown in by the wind, but it also was an element of great beauty in the general design. Large pieces of glass could not then be manufactured, and the small pieces needed greater support than the weak leaden framing in which each bit was set.

The accompanying drawing illustrates the main developments of the window in the Middle Ages. Figures 1, 6, 7 and 8 are common to both English and French



architecture, while of the other figures the upper series is French and the lower English. The other nations of western and northern Europe followed one or the other plan with slight variations.

Fig. 1 is the plain Romanesque round arch, quickly becoming pointed in the twelfth century; fig. 2 is the first approach to a compound window, still more developed in fig. 3; fig. 4 is a characteristic window of the 'Geometric' style of the fourteenth century, which soon became transformed into the extravagances of the fifteenth-century 'Flamboyant' (fig. 5) lace-like and twisted patterns, more suitable for wood than stone carving.

With the coming of the Renaissance the pointed window lost its character and became flattened (fig. 6). And in the sixteenth century the rebirth of classic art brought back the round and flat arches: the cycle of development had finished by returning to its starting-point, but at a higher level, owing to the experience gained on the journey. Figs. 7 and 8 are characteristic Renaissance openings.

In the lower series, the English, the most important variations are in figs. 2a,



## ARCHITECTURAL STYLES

4a and 5a. The first, called the lancet window, is found in groups of three, five or seven; sometimes the group is raised in the center, at other times it is level. The lancet window group is highly characteristic of English thirteenth-century architecture. Fig. 4a shows the limit to which English designers considered it desirable to carry the principle of flowing lines in window tracery.

The French Flamboyant (fig. 5) was a greatly exaggerated form of this; it was finally carried to such extremes that windows have fallen owing to the lack of firmness in the lines.

After the fourteenth century, the temperment of the architects led them in another direction — towards greater rigidity and formality. Fig. 5a gives an idea of the Perpendicular style of the fifteenth century, a decided contrast to the graceful style of the previous century. Though formal and rectangular, this kind of window had certain great advantages: it was strong; it permitted the use of painted glass. The size increased with safety, thereby giving a splendid opportunity for the use of painted glass. The window in fig. 5a is thirty-eight feet wide and seventy-two feet high! The French never attempted such enormous windows.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

BEDOUIN MOTHER AND CHILD: BY L. POTTER

The glory of Gothic architecture was short-lived. The frozen rigidity and stiffness of the English Perpendicular and the wild extravagances of the French Flamboyant foretold the coming catastrophe. Through the Elizabethan (fig. 6) the decline was rapid. Very soon the Renaissance, with its round and flat openings, completely overwhelmed the ecclesiastical style, and we hear no more of Gothic architecture until the nineteenth century, when attempts were made to revive it. But the old spirit of enthusiasm had departed, and all the modern architect can do is to make cold and uninspired copies of works which were the expression of an age whose ideals of life and religion are in many ways more remote from ours than are those of ancient Greece and Rome.

R.

## ABOUT ART



ONE day my father took me to one of the greatest art palaces in the world, where there were big statues in marble and bronze and many paintings by great artists. They were all very beautiful, and made me feel so good that I wanted to be an artist too. I asked Father if he would teach me how to paint beautiful pictures and carve marble into wonderful figures. What do you think he answered? Just listen, and I'll tell you. He said, "My boy, I am going to send you to the greatest Art School in the world — the School of Nature. This school is free for all — it does not cost a cent to learn. Nature shall be your teacher."

I did not understand what Father meant until he took me to Ireland one warm sunny day. If you know a more beautiful country, I would like to hear its name.

The first place I went to was the seashore, where arbutus was twining down the steep slopes and white sea-birds were flying overhead. There, where the great emerald waves broke into white foam, and danced and pranced up over the pretty shells and pebbles, chasing them over the sand, I found the cave of Nature's Irish Art School.

One day the waves washed up a beautiful big shell. At first it seemed to be pale bluish-green, but when I picked it up and examined it carefully it seemed to contain all the rainbow colors. I put it up to my ear to hear the music, which was very faint and soft at first, but gradually grew louder until it blended with the sound of the waves and the notes of the sea-birds. Pretty soon I heard a voice speak, so I took the shell in my hand and stood up under the arbutus bower. Again I heard the voice — and where do you suppose it came from? It came from the shell. It was Nature's voice, and I will try to tell you what it said — but not in Irish, as I heard it, because you might not understand it.

First, the voice told me that if I wanted to be an artist, I could learn if I would listen. "But mind," it said, "I wouldn't tell these secrets to every lad. If you hold in your heart one bit of selfishness even the size of a grain of sand, all the gold or money in the world could not hire me to tell you the secrets of Art. But if you only desire to help others and to show them the way to happiness, then I shall always be ready to help you."

"What shall I do first?" I asked of the shell voice.

"It does not matter *what* you do," it answered; "if you work in harmony with all around you, nothing could be more beautiful than the least thing you may do."

"Tell me how shall I use colors?" I asked.

"Look at my cloak," said the voice. Can you find one color which is out of tune? There are blue, green, rose, pink, yellow, cream — many shades of each. But since my soul is pale sapphire, there must not be one color on my cloak but what has that tone in itself; the blue must have sapphire, the rose must have a very little, and every color must be in harmony with the one next to it. If my soul were flame-color, then every color in my cloak would have a touch of flame.

## ABOUT ART

"How can I learn to make forms and figures?" I asked, for I was at a loss to know how to begin.

"If you wish to make beautiful forms or figures, you cannot always find them in the pretty shapes on the ground a little round stones already made; but look down about your feet and see all the ready there waiting for you to arrange, so — or in this way —

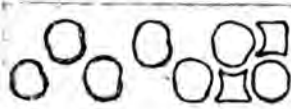
You may say it is not beautiful; but Nature has left in the spaces between them a suggestion, and if you follow it, so — you will be having a very pretty design; but not one line must be out of tune with the



one right next to it.

"The triangle is another form, not pleasing in itself; but if you will place some of them one after another, like this:

and then follow the outside edge as the drawing suggests, you will have



a pretty design, such as you may find on the wings of a butterfly — like the one



which is hovering over that arbutus flower by your side — or moths, or bees.

And even on the back of the tortoise, or the trout in the stream, you will find designs wonderful to see, if you look carefully.

"If you will pay attention, I will tell you where to find some of these wonderful beauties. Go up over the hills of Killarney, down the valley to where the stream ends in a waterfall, and there you will find a deep green pool. The white foam is circling and dancing, and if you look hard and study the forms it makes, you will see that not one line or circle is out of harmony with the one next to it, and every line and every form is there to help those around it — the way you would like to have it, I am sure." And therewith the voice died away. FILOTEO

### THOUGHT AND DEED

THOMAS C. CLARK

*Say not, "It matters not what men may think,  
But 'tis the deed avails." As flower to seed,  
Is deed to thought; and as the seed foretells  
Hemlock or rose, thoughts tell the coming deed.— Selected*

## QUEEN BLANCHE, THE MOTHER OF KING LOUIS IX OF FRANCE, AND HER PAGE

*(See picture opposite)*

"HER eyes fell on a fresh face, fair and golden-haired as the King's Own — the boy was Herman, the son of Elizabeth of Hungary, and Duke Ludwig of Thuringia. On hearing his name Blanche rose and went to the spot where he stood.

"'Good youth' she said, 'you had a blessed mother: Where did she last kiss you? I would kiss you there too,' and the Queen stooped down and kissed him."

### THE DEWDROP'S STORY



DEAR CHILDREN: How-do-you-do! You do not recognise me, here in the heart of this rose, as the snowflake which visited you from the window-ledge some weeks ago. But here I am — and perhaps you would like to know how I got here.

You see, we melted; from the window-ledge we slipped down the side of the house and sank into the dark ground. We didn't find it very lively down there, and as everything else seemed asleep, we went to sleep too. I don't know how long we slept, but it must have been a long, long time; for when we went down there it was very cold, and when we woke up it was nice and warm.

Just as I was opening my eyes I heard a wee voice calling for a drink. On running in the direction of the voice, I found it came from a little rootlet which was very thirsty. We made an agreement at once; I promised to quench her thirst if she would help me get back to the sunlight.

We were both happy to be of service to each other, and the rootlet invited me into her palace. Yes, a real palace! I wish I could tell you all the wonderful things I saw there — the beautiful picture-galleries, and the magical rooms where they were weaving the most delicate fabrics and dyeing them such exquisite colors! But I think the most magical part of all was the silence and the

## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

harmony which made such sweet music all the while. We could not help joining hands with these fairy workers, and we learned so many things, but the best of all was real co-op-er-a-tion.

I spent many, many happy days going through this palace of the rosebush, until I found myself, last evening, in the heart of this rose, where you spied me when you came into the garden.

Hello! Here comes Mr. Bee. Perhaps I can help him make some honey. Good luck to you, and remember, LIFE IS JOY! SPARKLE

### THE GARDEN YEAR

SARA COLERIDGE

*J*ANUARY brings the snow,  
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

*February brings the rain,  
Thaws the frozen lake again.*

*March brings breezes, loud and shrill,  
To stir the dancing daffodil.*

*April brings the primrose sweet,  
Scatters daisies at our feet.*

*May brings flocks of pretty lambs  
Skipping by their fleecy dams.*

*June brings tulips, lilies, roses,  
Fills the children's hands with posies.*

*Hot July brings cooling showers,  
Apricots, and gillyflowers.*

*August brings the sheaves of corn,  
Then the harvest home is borne.*

*Warm September brings the fruit;  
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.*

*Fresh October brings the pheasant;  
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.*

*Dull November brings the blast;  
Then the leaves are whirling fast.*

*Chill December brings the sleet,  
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.— Selected*



## GREEN'S POND



REEN'S POND! In memory, the boys and girls who are grown now to be grandfathers and grandmothers, still run and play beside your shining waters! Children we are in thought; we still go out gladly along the little paths, still come away unwillingly when duty calls us back to our places in the work-a-day world.

Playland, fairyland, wonderland of Green's Pond! Were ever other paths and sloping banks so big to the many inquirers? Willow and birch, and feathery elder against the blue above; star-hem and ar-ing under around velvet and waving



The road to the Pond

and friendly little world-Willow and feathery elder against the blue above; star-hem and ar-ing under around velvet and waving

lets blue, violets white, trillium, snowdrops, Indian-root, and the saucy jack-in-the-pulpit — the queer, challenging sentinel of the woods!

Are you still unspoiled after all these years, Green's Pond? Has modern business left you unharmed? Are you still as deep and bright and darkly beautiful as in the time long gone?

"As deep as Green's Pond," we used to whisper, meaning something wonderfully and mysteriously profound — quite bottomless! The hollow places of the great oceans could never seem so awful as to our childish fancy were those black, unfathomed depths. *Take care* was there forever written on our hearts: for little children must not venture near the edge where the bank went straight down, down, to — nowhere!

And how alluringly you invited adventure, Green's Pond! Smiling in the sunshine, beckoning: beautiful with blinding lights and

dancing shadows; murmurous with tiny wavelets and ripples where the thimbleberry bushes hung over you! And how wonderful was the glitter of the blue-and-green-and-golden iridescent water-flies! Z.



*By willow wood and water wheel  
Speedily floats my touching keel;  
By all retired and shady spots  
Where prosper dim forget-me-nots.*

—R. L. STEVENSON

## THE LITTLE WILD DUCK AND HER EGGS



IN the middle of a large moor there was a pond. It was surrounded by great banks of heather, in which grew long spears of reeds and rushes amid the swamps.

The water was brown from the peat beds. Only a clear streak through the center showed where a tiny stream fed and left it. The pond was weedy, with some reeds standing erect above the water's surface, others bending flat in the little current of the stream. It was silent, save for the tinkle of the water as it fell in a miniature cascade over a few stones in the distance, or when the stillness was broken by the flap and wail of the plovers as they rose from their nests.

A little wild duck and her mate were there, hiding among the reeds. They had come flying across the moor looking for something without quite knowing what. When they came to this little weed-grown pond they stopped, flew gently down, settled on the water,

## THE LITTLE WILD DUCK AND HER EGGS

paddled about a little, and when satisfied that all was safe, began to feed.

In a day or so, after much looking about and many consultations, a nest was be-reeds. Mrs. the final choice bring materials spot; her mate, work helping might. When and needed a paddle out into pond, rise on out of the wa-drops in rain-



Can you find the ducks in this picture?

gun among the Duck had made by refusing to to any other the drake, set to her with all his she was tired rest, he would the center of the tiptoe, almost ter, splashing up bow showers

with his wings as he stretched them in the sun-light. He would turn his head this way and that to let the sunbeams dance among the beautiful feathers of his head and neck. Then he would do all manner of clever tricks to amuse his timid little wife. While she, in the shelter of the bushes and reeds, was happy to think that he did it all for her.

One day a wonderful thing happened. The nest had been finished a day or two before, and Mrs. Duck had lined it with the softest feathers from her own dainty breast. On this day she had been sitting on her nest for a long time. Her mate had done his best to get her to come for a swim, but had had to give it up and go alone. When at last she did come off for a minute there was something in the nest which had not been there before; something which she covered carefully with the feathers before she left. It was an EGG! And wasn't she proud of it!

As the days passed Mrs. Duck seldom left the nest. As for Mr. Drake — well he found it very dull to swim about alone. Then one day he began to feel very queer, and wanted to go away and hide himself; he felt quite ill and his feathers began to come out in an



alarming manner. He told his wife, but she couldn't help him much; she was far too busy keeping her eggs warm. Then one day he went away and never came back. Mrs. Duck did not see him again. He didn't mean to be unkind, but his wing and tail feathers came out so he couldn't fly back; he had to hide, in case any of his foes should find him before some more feathers grew.

Mrs. Duck felt strangely happy sitting on her nest under the heather-banks. When she was driven by hunger to leave her precious eggs, she covered them with the greatest care, smothering them in the down. And all the time she was gone, she was thinking about those eggs! "Suppose something should find them? Suppose something should hurt them? Suppose they were not there when she got back? Suppose they should break!" Sometimes these thoughts would worry her so much that she would hurry back without having eaten enough, and she grew very thin.

One day something went *tip-lap-lap* beneath her in the nest.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Duck, "my eggs are going to break! My beautiful eggs! What shall I do!" She got off the nest, looked at the eggs, and turned them all over. They seemed all right! "I made a mistake after all," she thought. "They are safe enough!" and she settled down again. Yet that mysterious *tip-lap-lap* came again and again. The little Duck sat on, trying to believe that the sound came from something in the bushes behind her.

At last she could bear it no longer. She got up, looked at her precious treasures and saw that one, two, three, were cracked. She covered them all with down, and with dumb sorrow in her eyes went to the water's edge. She had no desire for food or drink. What did anything matter since her eggs were cracked? She had always feared that harm might come while she was away — now it had come, even though she had been on guard.

The sun was shining brightly, and little fleecy clouds chased each others' images mirrored on the pond's blue surface. A little bird twittered among the reeds, and the grasshoppers chirped as they leaped for the warmest places. Gnats skimmed over the water,

## JOHNNY GREEN

and the reeds bent over to admire their quivering reflexions below.

Poor Mrs. Duck neither saw nor heard. One thing alone mattered — her EGGS! She walked slowly back, pushed aside the down and sat on the nest, gazing dully before her. Then something moved; a small piece of shell was pushed up in front of her. The little wild Duck knew that her eggs had broken! She put her head under her wing and felt as though her heart would break!

She remained in this position for some time; then she removed her head, and with a new light in her eyes she uttered a peculiarly soft crooning, *Quack, Quack!* Why? Something had moved beneath her in the nest, something that had felt warm and weak, something that had made a sound so tiny that only she had heard!

Mrs. Duck sat on, a supremely happy feeling pulsing through her.

Some days later the little wild Duck — now Mother Duck — led her ten baby Ducklings, in brown and yellow, down to the pond to wash their little black feet.

DOROTHY T-S.

## JOHNNY GREEN



ONCE upon a time there was a little boy named Johnny Green. He had twinkling eyes, a little nose that turned up, and a mouth that also turned up at the corners most of the time.

But one day Johnny's mouth *didn't* turn up; in fact, it turned down, and his bright eyes turned into wells from which big drops of salt water overflowed and dropped off the end of his little snub nose.

Johnny's mother was greatly surprised, for it was not often that she found her cheery little boy crying. "Why, Johnny!" she said, "whatever is the trouble?"

"Oh, dear me!" sobbed Johnny, "I don't like my face!"

"Don't like your face!" said his mother. "What *can* you mean?"

"Everybody says — everybody says —"

"Everybody says what?" asked his mother, with a smile.

"The bo-boys say," sobbed Johnny, "look at that funny little boy! And they say my face is like the pictures they make of the moon — grinning; and they call them John-Johnny Gre-en — *boo hoo!* It isn't a nice face — it's ugly!!"

Mother could not help but laugh. "I don't think it is ugly — not a bit; and I don't believe anyone else does," she said. "Indeed, I think it is an exceptionally nice little face, with its turned-up nose and its mouth that stays curled up at the corners so much of the time, because it shows there is a boy with a good temper behind it. A boy who can see a joke and laugh and keep merry as much of the time as you do, ought not to have his feelings hurt because some folks call his face funny. Besides, you are liable to spoil the best part of your face if you get to caring about how it looks. I would not bother so long as it is clean and happy-looking," she said, giving him a hug.

"But what will it be like when I grow up, Mother? Will it still look funny?" asked Johnny, still looking troubled.

"That will depend to a great extent on you," his mother replied. "It certainly will not be so nice a face as it is now if you are going to let yourself be teased by the boys or by anyone else. Why, Johnny boy, how do you know but your face will turn out to be your fortune if you give it a fair chance?"

Johnny looked mystified. "How, Mother?" he asked.

"Don't you like to laugh at funny things? Do you think that all funny things are ugly? Don't you often like comical things all the better because they *are* comical? Didn't you think the clown in the circus was quite the best part of the whole show?"

Johnny began to smile as his mother went on: "You have a funny little face which makes folks smile when they see it. It must please them, or they would not notice it — and it is yours. Isn't that a valuable thing to have?"

"But the boys —" began Johnny.

"Why, every boy likes the man in the moon. And so what if you remind them of him — what is the matter with that?"

## JOHNNY GREEN

"That's so!" agreed Johnny, "What's the matter with that? I guess it's all right!"

"Of course," said his mother.

So after that Johnny cheered up, deciding that it was a good thing to let people laugh at him if they wanted to, and make fun whenever there was a good chance for fun. The result was that everybody liked to have Johnny along at picnics and parties because he always was jolly and good-tempered and had the knack of making everyone have a good time.

When he grew up he went into the business of making fun for people. He became a fine comedian, and did the funny parts so well that when he came to town people would say, "Let's go to see Johnny Green act tonight, and have a good laugh and forget our troubles for a while." And the boys and girls would say, "Johnny Green's at the movies—the little fat boy in one of the funniest films yet. Let's go and enjoy the fun."

And Johnny's mother would remind him, "Didn't I tell you when you were a little boy that your face might turn out to be your fortune?"

So you see what a little boy can do who has a funny face with a bright, jolly, fun-loving nature behind it. Johnny has many warm friends, I can assure you.

EUGENIA



## FAIRY CAPS

**T**HE Wind came up from the west one day  
And blew all the little elves' caps away.  
The fairies' tresses he tossed about  
'Till old Mother Fairy was quite put out.



Yes, old Mother Fairy was sorely tried,  
"What if they all take cold!" she cried.  
The old Wind laughed as he heard her scold  
For every one of their caps were old.

"Now I will blow them some caps quite new,  
With fresh bright colors, pink and blue,  
Brown and green with a dash of red.  
A nice little cap for each little elf's head."



Under the tall eucalyptus trees,  
The elves found dear little caps like these,  
And old Mother Fay put on each little crown  
A cap that was green, red, yellow or brown.



Away they danced in the bright moonlight,  
Elves and fairies the livelong night.  
But you, you never waked up to see,  
The elves with caps that grew on a tree.



But if you go, after a real hard breeze,  
And look beneath the great tall trees,  
There on the ground, you'll find, perhaps,  
Lots of the dear little fairy caps.—E. E. P.



## THE ADVENTURES OF TOTO



AM a Persian cat named Toto, and am said to be very beautiful. I have a long gray coat, a fine fluffy tail, splendid whiskers, and eyes 'like pools of light,' as I have heard people say.

When I was quite young and small, I lived where there was a cruel gardener, who kicked and beat me so much that at last I ran away. Now this might seem to have been quite a misfortune; but it turned out to be not such bad luck after all; for if the gardener had made life pleasant for me, I should never have wanted to run away, and then I should never have found my dear mistress.

For days I wandered about, getting very hungry and thin; for people drove me away from their doors, and would not give me anything to eat. But after a while I reached a house where, instead of being driven away, I was fed and comforted, so that I stayed near for several days. At last the mistress came out to look at me; and by the way she took me up, by the kind look in her eyes, and by her gentle voice, I knew that she loved animals and was good to them.

I was so small and thin and hungry that out of gentle pity she resolved to keep me; and never had I known such care as she gave me. I was petted from morning till night; I ate my meals from a dainty china dish; I was thoroughly brushed every morning in my mistress' lap; I occupied the best chair, or the pink silk cushion on the couch; and on cold days I slept on the Persian rug close to the fire.

But I found I was not the only one to receive so much attention. Another Persian kitty lives here. He is white, and his eyes are as blue as the loveliest sky in June. He is very dignified, too; and when he first saw me walking around *his* room, he seemed to wonder what business a little stray like me had in his house — although he was too polite to say anything. Oh, he did not love me at first! He would not make friends with me. Sometimes when I tried to have a game of romps with him (for I was still a kitten, you know) he would spit at me and run away, and sit growling in the corner! Of course that grieved me very much, and I am sure it didn't make him feel happy, either. You see, he was jealous because now he

would have to share his dinner, his cushion, and his place by the fire with me. He forgot all about Brotherhood, and nearly made himself sick worrying about my being there.

In spite of this, however, I was contented for a long time in my new home. But when I got big and strong I began to long for the great world out-of-doors; for you must know, my mistress was so afraid of my being caught again by the wicked gardener, that she had kept me in the house all the time. Day after day I sat in the window and howled, and scratched on the wire screen, to remind my mistress that I longed to be free. At last I could bear it no longer, and cried so pitifully that my mistress thought she would have to give me my way.

"Surely," she said, "Toto is wise enough now not to stray far off! I believe I'll try him, anyway; I can't bear to see him so miserable." So she opened the door, and I bounded out into the sunshine.

There was no happier puss in all the world than I was on that golden, sunny morning. The breeze was soft and warm, the grass was green, and there were plenty of birds about. What a jolly time I had chasing butterflies, rolling in the sand, and exploring all the dark corners under the hedge! When night came I was not sleepy, and I found out what fun it was to prow! around in the darkness. I assure you, it was more interesting than spending the night in bed!

Morning came at last — and I must say it was a bit cloudy! I believe the sun forgot to get up; at any rate he never took down his gray curtains, or showed his face once all day. Of course that made me feel just a little lonely; but I persuaded myself that I was quite pleased with my adventure, and traveled on down the road — when suddenly I came face to face with a great black cat! His back was arched, his tail was bristling! You could see he was ready for a battle! He had only one eye — but that one, I thought, looked fierce and cruel enough.

Well, this terrible creature pounced upon me, bit my ears, tried to scratch my eyes out, and rolled me over and over in the dust of the road, while my fine fur flew in every direction. Of course I did

## THE ADVENTURES OF TOTO

my best to defend myself, but I had been too well brought up ever to think of fighting, and so I got the worst of it, you may be sure. Over and over we rolled, raising a cloud of dust and making a great deal of noise. But just as I was wondering if I should ever come out alive, along came a man — and who do you think it was? It was the



cruel gardener! One-eyed Blackie must have known him too, for he let go of me at once, and was gone in a moment; while I crouched in the fence-corner, feeling as if I had escaped from one enemy only to fall into the hands of another.

However, the gardener did not see me: he walked by, little thinking that for once he had done me a good turn! So I was well out of that adventure; and after giving myself a bath with my own little pink scrubbing-brush, I started on my way again.

"Well," I was saying to myself, "that *was* a lucky escape!" when I heard a low growl! But I must tell you about that next time. Toro

## WHAT A LIT-TLE CHILD CAN DO

WHAT do you think this lit-tle girl did ear-ly Christ-mas morn-ing?

Can any of you guess?

Lit-tle Joyce had spent all her ho-li-days dur-ing the year in mak-ing gifts for the poor chil-dren of the vil-lage where she lived, for she knew that oth-er-wise they would not have any Christ-mas gifts at all.



“Moth-er,” she said, “I want to make all the un-hap-py lit-tle chil-dren some-thing pret-ty for Christ-mas. Do let me! I know I can do some-thing for each one. I can give my bun-ny to Jack-ie, and ---you know, Ma-ma, the ti-ni-est gifts will be just as full of love as the big ones!”

“Very well,” her moth-er said, with a broad smile; “but I doubt wheth-er you will fin-ish them in time.”

Joyce worked very hard. Every day af-ter school she was like a bus-y lit-tle bee--her fin-gers were

not i-dle a min-ute. Once in a while she chuck-led to her-self when she thought of the great fun that was to come on Christ-mas morn-ing.

The time flew very fast for her, and be-fore she knew it Christ-mas had dawned. Was her bask-et emp-ty? No, she had rag dolls and pin-cush-ions and bags in it.

"Oh, dear," she said to her-self as she tied on her bon-net, "I near-ly for-got a-bout Jack-ie and my bun-ny!" Go-ing out in-to the gar-den, she called, "Come, bun-ny, come! I'm go-ing to give you a-way now, my lit-tle sun-shine!" So bun-ny was put in the bask-et; he seemed to un-der-stand.

Light-ly she ran up each door-step, set down her lit-tle 'gift of joy,' then ran a-way with child-ish laugh-ter. When she re-turned home, her moth-er clasped her child in her arms, and asked, "Well dear, how did things go?"

"Ma-ma, I do so wish I could do it all o-ver a-gain; it was love-ly! And do you know, as I passed Maud's home I heard her call to her moth-er, 'Just look what San-ta has giv-en me--two pret-ty hand-ker-chiefs.'"

"I'm go-ing to let them think it was San-ta, too, for that's half the fun," said hap-py Joyce. B. P.



## THE PET MONKEY



ONE day I went to see a lady who had a pet monkey. He was a little brown fellow with a long tail. He was about the size of a baby.

He was in disgrace that day, because he had taken the lady's toothbrush to play with. So the lady had to drive miles to town to get another brush.

While she was telling about her pet's pranks the little fellow came and lay down on the sofa near me.

Presently I felt a little soft, furry thing creeping about my neck! He had put out his long tail, as he lay on the cushions, and had curled it very gently about my neck. I kept very still, for I didn't know what he would do next.

But I asked the lady what made him do it.

She said the monkey had taken a fancy to me, and that was his way of showing his affection.

The next thing I knew he had climbed to my shoulder and was sitting there. I was frightened a little. But he did nothing but pat my hair for a minute or two. Then off he went, to hunt some more mischief to do, I have no doubt.

Do you know any little children who act like that sometimes? I hope you do not. Aunt Edytha

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## THE COMING OF THE SPRING

(ANONYMOUS)

*THE birds are coming home soon;  
I look for them every day;  
I listen to catch the first wild strain,  
For they must be singing by May.*

*The bluebird, he'll come first, you know,  
Like a violet that has taken wings;  
And the redbreast trills while his nest he builds, —  
I can hum the song that he sings.*

*And the crocus and wind-flower are coming, too,  
They're already upon the way;  
When the sun warms the brown earth through and through,  
I shall look for them any day.*

*Then be patient, and wait a little, my dear;  
"They're coming," the winds repeat;  
"We're coming! we're coming!" I'm sure I hear  
From the grass blades that grow at my feet. — Selected*

## THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL



ALL human life is passed within two worlds — the thought-world and the act-world. No one can live in either exclusively, though some, it seems, try to do so. There are those who spend most of their lives dreaming and building fancy pictures. To them life may seem bright and shining for a time — and perhaps they think they are really living. But suddenly they are brought face to face with the stern actualities of life — the veil is partially lifted from their minds, and they find life very different from what they had dreamed it to be. Then they realize that from lack of a secure foundation their structure has fallen to the ground. They lose faith in those dazzling visions upon which they had placed their hopes, they sometimes lose faith in humanity and in themselves — and then they wonder why it is that they never accomplish anything.

On the other hand, those who belittle the power of ideals and of the

imagination, and think that real life is lived only in the outer world of physical acts, plunge madly and blindly along, getting all the pleasure they can out of life, and never stopping for reflection — with no ideal, no purpose to guide their lives. What a pitiful apology for life is this! They too think that they are really living. But this is not life: it is mere existence.

But by far the largest class of all are those who have their ideals, cherish them, and doubtless think they are trying to live up to them, but who have not the moral power to carry out the dictates of their Higher natures. Their existence is a continuous fluctuation between the thought-world and the



act-world. They are pulled this way and that, now by duty, now by inclination; and to all outward seeming there is but little consistency between their thoughts and their acts. One of our modern writers, a deep student of human nature, must have been thinking of this class of people when he wrote, "The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it."

There is still another class — those who walk the straight middle road between the thought-world and the act-world, thus attaining true harmony between their inner and their outer life, absolute sincerity in thought and in act. Let us each ask ourselves — do we belong to this class? To walk this road a man must possess three things: first, he must have an ideal — a standard by which all his acts are measured; second, he must have a desire to measure up to his standard in every respect; and third, he must possess the unflinching determination and force of will that, working through



## WHICH OF TWO PATHS?

his executive ability, can transform the creations of his brain-mind into visible, useful forms, and make them count for something.

Of course the world needs alike its idealists and its workers: both are necessary factors in the life of mankind. But the true idealist works for the realization of his ideal, and the true worker fashions his work according to his ideal. Thus the two worlds, the ideal and the actual, are fused into one, bringing about the perfect balance that is needed by humanity. — F. S.

### SONNET: THE LION RISING

BY MONTAGUE MACHELL, a Râja-Yoga Student

*ON my night-watch a faery vision came:  
Through jet-black tree-tops on the dark blue night,  
The Lion rising, glittering, sapphire-bright —  
Denebola with Regulus aflame —  
Seven milk-white jewels in the diadem  
Of some dark queen, some haughty Midianite  
Or Babylonian princess jewel-dight,  
Flashing her white tiara gem by gem.  
The trees had ceased their whispering as though  
The stars had made them holy with a kiss;  
Uplifted, mute, in such unearthly bliss  
As the white choiring planets only know.  
They dwell no more embodied here below,  
But dreamed star-dreamings in some lone abyss.*

## WHICH OF THE TWO PATHS WILL HUMANITY FOLLOW?



O say there are two paths in life is but another way of stating that two opposing forces are constantly manifesting themselves in the world — the force of good, and the force of evil. But that the symbol should be a path, has a significance which should not be overlooked.

A path is something to travel over: it implies motion, movement in some direction or other. And because we know that change or movement is one of the laws of life, it follows that we are compelled by the very life in our beings to be constantly on the path. Herein we work in obedience to the same law which governs the vegetable and animal kingdoms: but because



we are something more than animals; because we possess a higher consciousness, because we are endowed with mind; and because we are also endowed with a higher spiritual will, we have a grand prerogative over so-called inanimate nature and the animal kingdom. This prerogative is our power of discrimination — our power to discern what is good and what is evil, even in their subtlest forms; and finally, our ability to choose which of the two paths shall be ours.

Now, has it ever occurred to you why the path should be a two-fold one? why we should always be confronted with the opposing forces of good and evil?

It may be difficult at the beginning to grasp this truth, because we have been accustomed for long generations to associate our feelings of identity with our physical body and the pains and pleasures arising from its desires. But in distinguishing between spirit and matter it should be borne in mind that matter, pure and simple, is not evil in essence: it is only when the intelligence becomes wholly merged in matter for the gratification of the senses or the lower mortal self, that the combination of mind and matter becomes a destructive force, and converts the man into a demon. Then we come face to face with one who is treading the downward path — the path of destruction.

But suppose this same man had realized that his mind is "the most exquisite tool of his soul"; that it forms a link between his physical and divine natures. Do you think he would have allowed it to have become defiled by a too intimate association with matter, or, in other words, by a constant gratification of his senses and desires? I am certain he would not. He might have done so occasionally, yes; because we are often slow in learning our lessons; and to walk the upward path does not necessarily mean that there shall be no more pitfalls, no more stumbling. Indeed, it is often through our mistakes that we learn our greatest lessons. But having once felt the urge for a closer union with his Divine Self, he could no more have found a lure in the grosser pleasures of his desires than a man who has stood on the snow-clad mountain-tops and felt the pure winds of heaven sweep through his being, would willingly have precipitated himself into the mire. You see, he has made the choice of the upward path.

Now that we have a more or less clear comprehension of the two paths, how can we best form any idea as to which of the two humanity will follow? The Chinese Emperor Taitsong once said:

"By using a mirror of brass, one can see to adjust one's cap; by using antiquity as a mirror, one can learn to foretell the rise and fall of empires."

While such is not exactly our object here, yet the advice is good, I think, as the pursuit of such a study would bring both pleasure and profit. But for the subject in hand it will be sufficient to throw a cursory glance at exist-

## WHICH OF THE TWO PATHS WILL HUMANITY FOLLOW?

ing conditions today; and by noting the tendencies of modern life, in the light of all past history, we can in some measure judge of the future. By so doing we shall discover what part we have to play in the present crisis, and that is, after all, the essential thing for us to know.

At no other time in history as we know it, I think, have the separate workings of the two forces of good and evil been so clearly visible. On the one hand we have witnessed the destructive and inhuman workings of an unparalleled world-war, the full consequences of which we have not yet begun to realize; we have long heard preached the doctrine of the survival of the fittest; we have seen liberty confused with license in all its horrible manifestations; we have seen men and women break away from old dogmas and superstitions, only to fall into perhaps greater errors of atheism and materialism; — and in so far as we have uttered no protest against these outrages and travesties on the human soul, we have participated in and must share the consequences of the world's heavy Karma.

But on the other hand, it seems to me that never before, as far as we can remember, has there been such a universal and sincere desire for peace and brotherhood. We find it in the expressions of national sentiment; we find it in the lives of individuals. Then, too, we must not overlook the splendid work done by the different self-sacrificing organizations, as well as individuals. But the great pity is, that all this force and energy goes to provide remedies, whereas what we really need is prevention; and the seeds of prevention must be sown in the life of every individual; particularly in that of the youth — in that of the future generation. Only thus can we ensure a safe and prosperous future for humanity.

It will never do for us to lean back on our cushions and trust that humanity will take the necessary steps to redeem itself by choosing the upward path; for *we* are humanity, and the responsibility of the choice rests with *us*. So we find that we must look within ourselves for the answer as to which of the two paths humanity will follow, remembering always that the choice of the majority of individuals will be the choice of humanity.      KARIN N.

## THE FRONTISPIECE

KING EDGAR ROWED BY EIGHT VASSAL KINGS

KING EDGAR, surnamed the Peaceable, after his coronation at Bath in 972, led his forces to Chester where he was attended by eight vassal kings, who rowed his barge up the Dee to the Abbey of St. John the Baptist, Edgar holding the helm.

## A LAUGHING CHORUS

ANONYMOUS

*OH, such a commotion under the ground  
When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"  
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,  
Such whispering to and fro;  
And, "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked,  
" 'Tis time to start, you know."  
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;  
"I'll follow as soon as you go."  
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came  
Of laughter soft and low,  
From the millions of flowers under the ground —  
Yes — millions — beginning to grow.*

*"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,  
"When I hear the bluebirds sing."  
And straight thereafter Narcissus cried,  
"My silver and gold I'll bring."  
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,  
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring."  
And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"  
And sweet grew the air of spring.  
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came  
Of laughter soft and low,  
From the millions of flowers under the ground —  
Yes — millions — beginning to grow.*

*Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days,  
Imprisoned in walls of brown,  
They never lost heart tho the blast shrieked loud,  
And the sleet and the hail came down,  
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,  
Or fashioned her beautiful crown;  
And now they are coming to brighten the world,  
Still shadowed by Winter's frown;  
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"  
In a chorus soft and low,  
The millions of flowers hid under the ground —  
Yes — millions — beginning to grow. — Selected*



## LLANGYNWYD



YOU may pronounce it Lhan-gunn-oyd; it is in Tir Iarll — Earl's Land in Glamorgan. These parts were formerly held by the Silurians, an ancient dark-haired people, another name for whom is Iberians: they were the oldest people in the island. When Claudius attacked Britain in 43 A. D., the King of the Silures, as the best and wisest general to be found, was elected by all the Britons to oppose the 'Caesarians'; he fought the Romans not unsuccessfully for nine years, and then was betrayed into their hands.

In the days of Julius Caesar, kings thus taken prisoner by the Romans could expect nothing but to have to march in chains in their conqueror's Triumph, and then to be butchered; but the wise Augustus had set a precedent for nobler and more humane action. Augustus was fighting in Spain, and offered a large reward for the capture of the Spanish chief Corocotta. A few days afterwards Corocotta marched into camp, and claimed



IN THE VILLAGE OF LLANGYNWYD, WALES



'THE OLD HOUSE' INN, LLANGYNWYD

brought to Rome, treated him very well. — But it was not until about 75 A. D. that the Silures were conquered; which shows they must have been a much more civilized people than history books tell you; because without organization and discipline they could never have held out so long.

A thousand years afterwards, Iestyn ab Gwrgan was king of Glamorgan; he had been reigning nearly a hundred years, when he had a quarrel with a neighbor king to the west, and called in Norman knights of the army that

the reward; whereupon Augustus, instead of killing him, paid the money down and gave him his liberty and a Roman wife, and the two became very good friends — Augustus and Corocotta, I mean.

So Claudius, who was really a very good emperor and tried to follow Augustus's example in all things, when Caractacus was later

## WAS IT JUST A DREAM?

had recently conquered the English, to help him. This they were only too glad to do; and no sooner had they helped Iestyn to conquer the men of Dyfed, than they turned upon himself; and, though accounts vary as to how it was done, we find their leader, Robert Fitzhamon, succeeding Iestyn as lord of the Vale of Glamorgan, which is the southern part of the country, before you come to the hills in the north.

Fitzhamon's son-in-law, who succeeded him, was made Earl of Gloucester by the King of England; so this region came to be known as Tir Iarll, the Earl's Land. There he reigned as a semi-independent king owing allegiance to the English crown; and at his court the Welsh bards told all those stories of King Arthur which from there spread out among the Normans and presently over all Western Europe. Geoffrey of Monmouth was one of them; perhaps no one has ever wielded so great an influence over English literature as he did; for from him we find Spenser drawing materials for the *Faery Queen*, Malory for his *Morte d'Arthur*, Shakespeare for *King Lear* and *Cymbeline*, Milton for *Comus*, and so on.

Another result of this Norman Lordship of Glamorgan was the introduction of the favorite Welsh weapon, the long bow, into England. K. M.

## WAS IT JUST A DREAM?



HIS was the third time I had put it down, after looking at it squarely for fully five minutes. No, there was nothing strange about it; and yet — I almost picked it up again. It was just a little bunch of white everlastings. Probably the reflections from the setting sun made the peculiar light on the flowers — or perhaps there wasn't any light. But anyway, the flowers were unusually beautiful. They looked like small silver cups, carefully shaped and bent over other silver cups; and in the very center was a tiny white bud of unopened petals. I thought something about them was glittering in an odd way; but as I could not *see* anything, I left them in the window and forgot about them.

I awoke, half conscious of a faint sound almost like that of a silver bell. The moonlight was pouring into the room; and just as I thought of closing the curtain I heard the sound again, stronger, and very close to me. I was at once wide awake. Surely it could not come from that little bunch of silver-white everlastings? But from where *did* it come? It was not one bell only; the tone came from many, but blended together in one sound, as clear and perfect as the soft moonlight that flooded in through the open window. It was one increasing sound — soft, and yet filling every atom of the air with such intensity that I hardly dared breathe or stir.



## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

Unconsciously my gaze went toward the little bunch of everlastings. I felt like rubbing my eyes, yet dared not move a finger: in every silver cup was — dare I say it? — a fairy. What else *could* they be?

Ah! so gracefully they moved, in time to the rhythm of the silvery music. And in their midst was one borne above the others on the rhythmic wave. Round her head was a halo of faint purple, and her skirt was of glittering silver. She raised her arms until the wand in her hands — light as though made of pure moonlight — formed a radiant semicircle above the halo. She held this position perhaps for a moment, perhaps for less than a second; then the wand made a way of sparkling light through the air, and she darted into the stream of moonlight, disappearing among the other fairies. Now and then I could see her moving in the dance with the others, but soon all seemed so alike that I could not distinguish one from another; colors, movements, and music blended into the clear moonlight.

Next morning, on carefully picking up the little bunch of everlastings, I noticed a faint tinge of purple on the edges of the leaves. I placed the bouquet in a silver vase. Whenever I pass it, or think of it, I wonder. AGDA O.

## VERSAILLES — LENÔTRE'S MASTERPIECE



HE palaces and châteaux of France are surrounded by beautiful parks and gardens, many of them hundreds of acres in extent. Of these the largest and most elaborate are those surrounding the great Palace at Versailles, about fourteen miles from Paris.

To see this palace and its grounds with any degree of thoroughness would require several days. After viewing the interior, one might visit the great fountain in front and then walk down the broad stone steps lined with beautiful statuary, and so on to the canals and the artificial lake bordered by flower-beds, with parks of stately trees on either side. Branching out from the palace in all directions are wide avenues and many little paths, where one meets with surprises at every turn. Perhaps one may find several acres of lovely lilac bushes all in bloom, or a cypress maze, or a beautiful statue, or a pretty summer-house; or one may have taken the path to Marie Antoinette's 'Play Houses' nestling beneath large trees beside a pond, and looking like a little English village; or one may come unexpectedly upon the Little Trianon Palace near by.

It is interesting to know that this extensive park and its gardens were the work of one mind, a humble gardener named Lenôtre, and that it was he who first raised landscape-gardening to the dignity of an art.

Lenôtre's father hoped that his son would become an artist, and gave him opportunities for this study. But although the young man showed

considerable talent, he was not satisfied that this was what he wished as a life work; so he awaited his opportunity, contenting himself meanwhile with training an *espalier* (a fruit wall) of Spanish jasmine and white mulberry on a terrace along the Rue de Rivoli. However, it was not until he was forty years old that the opportunity came. It began with the gardens at Vaux, and after that he had a part in planning or altering almost every important estate in France. He also had pupils who became court gardeners in England, Russia, Austria and Germany, and his influence is still plainly seen in many old-world gardens outside of France. But the culmination of his art is seen in the grounds surrounding the Palace of Versailles.

The planning and carrying into successful execution of the landscape work upon the grounds at Versailles required engineering skill as well as artistic taste and good judgment. Some idea of the magnitude of the undertaking may be grasped when one understands that a thousand workmen were engaged upon the task; that in order to carry out his design Lenôtre did away with three villages, turned the course of a river, drained marshes, cut down forests in some places and planted them in others, turned farms into hunting parks, and built some of the finest roads in France. The great fountain was Lenôtre's own creation — the greatest achievement of its kind so far attempted. Not content with the resources of his own country, he brought many things from other lands, such as, to mention but a few: from Italy, marble and statuary and orange trees; from Egypt, two immense stone sarcophagi; from the West Indies, 756 negro slaves to work on the grounds. And, be it remembered, all of these were brought thither in sailing vessels, for this work was in progress about the time of the American Revolution.

When the grounds were ready, magnificent pageants and fêtes were held there. The islands in the lake at the end of the canals were used as a stage, and to add to the scenic effect, the performances ended with a display of fireworks. Indeed, it would take too long to enumerate all the wonderful and pleasing touches that Lenôtre added to the park and gardens of Versailles to entertain those whom he served.

Not only was Lenôtre a great landscape-architect, but he was a remarkable man in many ways. All through his long life of eighty-five years he accomplished a vast amount of work. He was conscientious in carrying out all his orders, even the most insignificant ones. He was kind, generous, upright, likable, and ever willing to help others — which, of course, had much to do with his great success, gaining for him hosts of warm friends.

Lenôtre's masterpiece, the park and gardens at Versailles, is of particular interest just now because of the world's peace negotiations that are being held there. Surely, so beautiful an environment makes a fitting setting for such a gathering, and should have, we think, no mean influence upon the weighty deliberations thereof. It is also pleasant to think that many of

## EVENTIDE

our soldier-boys and those of other countries, especially those of *La France*, have been able to relieve the strain of their arduous duties by visiting the Palace at Versailles and recouping their strength amidst the beautiful surroundings of its park and gardens. How little Lenôtre dreamed that the grounds he so carefully laid out for the pleasure of royalty would in after years bring rest and health to war-weary men from all over the world! E. P.



WITHIN THE GROUNDS OF THE LITTLE TRIANON, VERSAILLES

## EVENTIDE

CALM and majestic is the evening. Far in the horizon the sun is sending forth its last rays over the blue, blue water. The large ball of gold appears to be touching the sea and making a pathway across it. To me it seems as if in such a place as this the Indian chieftain, Hiawatha, sailed in his canoe along the path to the unknown world.

The horizon is aflame with gorgeous colors; higher up small clouds of red and gold are coming into sight. All that is left of the sun is just a small strip of crimson — Lo, it has gone!

Now the western sky is one mass of pink, which is slowly fading away. Large, gray clouds tinted with pink are floating across the sunset sky.

## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

The heavens are scattered with a multitude of brilliant little lamps. How they flash! They remind one of inlaid diamonds. One especially is larger than the others. It is always the first to light the world and the last to leave. This bright star is Venus.

Night is creeping over the earth. Everything is silent save the croaking of the frog in the pond yonder. All is still and peaceful. THERESA A.

## PAINT

**I**T is impossible to form any idea as to the period when paint was invented. I think it never was invented, but simply grew. When a white man first visits a savage race, what does he find? Paint! I suppose in the prehistoric or stone age paint was used by the man who wished to be smarter than his fellows, and more than likely he made it in a hollow stone, using for a brush the tail of a prehistoric animal.

Again, people stand in wonder when viewing the thousands-of-years-old Pyramids, but they do not give a thought to the wonderful paint used in so many ways thereon, and which still keeps its artistic coloring whilst the centuries fade away.

When the average individual gives a thought to paint at all, it is only because he wants his house, motor-car, etc., painted. Were he to give half an hour's study to the part paint plays in the world, and to the many industries in which it is used, he would be astonished.

What would the world look like without paint? Alike to the millionaire who employs the leading firm of decorators to paint his mansion and to the lowly cottager who takes home on Saturday a tin of paint to smarten up his best room or garden gate in his leisure time, paint ministers to pride and self-respect. The millionaire's stately apartments would look like nothing without paint; and the thousands of dollars he pays to leading artists and portrait painters for pictures to hang in his gallery, is paid for paint on canvas.

Furthermore, paint is a preservative and preventive of decay. The ship-owner protects his ships from decay and corrosion with paint, and the best-painted ships make the quickest passages and use the least coal, because a smooth-painted hull offers the least resistance to the water.

Life is made brighter by the use of paint. The invalid quickly regains his health and strength when nursed in a clean, brightly-painted room. And lastly, now that the war is over and the ruined towns and villages are being rebuilt, what is the last thing to be used to remove all traces of those terrible times? Why, *paint!* T. B. M.

## MARCO POLO



IN reading the story of Marco Polo one is struck forcibly by the great international importance of his journey and his book. Throughout her known history far Cathay has ever been the most exclusive of lands. How many in Europe of the Middle Ages would have thought of journeying into the mysterious East—into the land of the phoenix and the dragon, into the endless bogs where the world was supposed to shelve off into space? Yet the Polo brothers, Nicolo and Maffeo, set out from Constantinople in 1260 on a purely commercial enterprise, and entered the domain of the Tartars to the east of the Black Sea. There they heard wondrous tales of the riches and power of the Great Khan, and of the magnificence of his court and his vast empire.

The spirit of adventure seems to have been stirring through Europe at this time, and these two Venetians were not free from the contagion. A new monarch, some-thing unknown to explore—this of human bliss, strange that the time in grasping that came their visit to the court whose empire in only included all the East not India and Japan



MARCO POLO

but also most of what is now known as Russia, Hungary, and Asia Minor.

After a long and weary journey Nicolo and Maffeo arrived at the Great Khan's court. It is probable that he had never before received any Europeans at his capital, but it is unlikely that he had never seen white men, for so powerful a monarch must naturally have come in contact with many races of men. However, the arrival of these strangers occasioned Kublai Khan the keenest gratification. He begged them to tell him of the governments of the kingdoms in the regions from which they came, and he took the liveliest interest in their accounts of the administrations in those countries, as also in their expounding of the Christian religion.

After a lengthy stay at Kublai Khan's magnificent court, the Polo brothers



were dispatched with royal honors on a mission from the Emperor to the Pope. They also bore various epistles to the potentates of Europe, amongst others one to the King of England, probably Henry III or Edward I. The epistle to the Pope bade him send to the Khan's court a hundred missionaries and teachers of the seven great arts — Rhetoric, Logic, Grammar, Arithmetic, Astronomy, Music and Geometry, which were then considered the sum-total of human knowledge. But inasmuch as Confucius had said, some seventeen centuries earlier, that the government of an empire should be regulated by music, it is hard to believe that the Chinese needed to ask for instruction in this art from Europe.

When the Polos returned to Italy, after an absence of nine years, they tried to carry out faithfully their part of the mission; but finding that the Pope was dead and that they must needs wait until the new one was appointed, they reflected, "While the Pope is a-making, we might as well go to Venice and visit our households." But the new Pope was unusually slow a-making, and they tarried in Venice several years. At last, realizing that it was useless to wait any longer, they delivered their letters to Theobald of Piacenza at Acre, who was later made Pope Gregory X, and bade him send back with them a train of missionaries, as the Khan had requested. The Legate, however, could supply them with only two priestly teachers, who were soon daunted by the perils of the journey and turned back to the more familiar barbarism of thirteenth-century Christendom.

This second journey of Nicolo and Maffeo Polo will be forever memorable because of the share therein of Nicolo's son, Marco. When his father and uncle reached home after their nine years' absence, they found him grown into a tall, bright lad of fifteen, well fitted to accompany them upon their distant journeys, which he accordingly did. If the elder Polos had been successful on their first visit to the Khan, Marco met with even more success and grew into the highest favor with that potentate.

Many years later, after their second return from far Cathay, in 1205, Marco was captured in a sea-fight with the Genoese, and while a prisoner-of-war in one of their castles he related all of his wonderful adventures to a fellow-prisoner, one Rusticiano of Pisa, who, being a scribe of some reputation, wrote them down for the amusement and benefit of others. Thus it is that we have an account of this marvelous journey and of many places which have been re-discovered only comparatively recently. Indeed, we still rely upon him for information respecting certain little-known regions.

In his own time and for many centuries afterward, people regarded Marco's tales merely as extravagant fancies and a traveler's stories. Even nowadays, in this well-traveled age, a man who can tell of all these distant lands is considered something of a wonder. How natural, then, that in the thirteenth century, when journeys to foreign lands were so rare, the people

## MARCO POLO

should have looked upon this traveler's extravagant accounts with incredulity, regarding so much experience and knowledge in one man as quite beyond the designs of the Almighty. No man had ever spoken of these regions before, so naturally it was all fiction — nothing could be more obvious. "If you would tell credible lies, my son," they would say patronizingly, "you must not be too extravagant in your imaginings. Be moderate, and — who knows? — you may be able to deceive one or two credulous mortals."



MARCO POLO'S WORLD

Marco *was* truthful, and could afford to smile quietly up his lace-ruffled sleeve. The centuries have justified him, proving his veracity in so many things that men today are prone to take his word for granted, and smile at his oft-repeated call upon the powers to testify that he speaks nothing but truth. And we may be grateful indeed that he did not moderate and clip his accounts to fit the very small capacity of his own age. Occasionally we get a glimpse of a fairy-tale or superstition related so deliciously that we cannot but feel that he is taking us into new realms of wonder; but there is always a softly-spoken 'so the people say' or 'such is their tradition' which must satisfy the most exacting factician.

Marco Polo was the first to give any distinct accounts of the Desert of Gobi or Shamo, of Tibet, Laos, Burmah, Siam, Cochin-China, Japan, the

Indian Archipelago, Ceylon, Farther India, and the Andaman Islands — as well as of Tartary, Mongolia, and many of the provinces of China proper. He was also the first to speak definitely of the Christian Empire of Abyssinia, and the first to mention even vaguely the regions of the mysterious South, including Madagascar and Zanzibar.

At the court of the Khan he was an ever-honored guest, and the monarch himself took a particular interest in this bright young foreigner. He was sent on various missions to different provinces of the Empire, and the Khan was always delighted with the intelligence and dispatch with which Marco carried out the royal orders. He also accompanied Kublai Khan on various journeys and campaigns, particularly upon one against Nayan, a distant kinsman who 'waxed proud and insolent.'

Marco tells us that the government of the whole Empire was carried on by twelve barons, who consulted amongst themselves upon matters of lesser importance, and went to the great man himself about anything sufficiently vital. The Khan had also established a system of couriers, so that he was always well informed of the news of his great Empire.

Concerning the wealth and magnificence of the palace, Marco gives an enthusiastic description. The riches of the Empire might almost be said to have been greater than that of all Europe at that time. Kublai Khan established a paper currency and called all the gold and jewels of the land into his possession. Thus it is not surprising that we read of towers of gold and silver, and gem-incrusted goblets and platters. When the Emperor's train moved from summer to winter quarters there were some thousands of retainers, and Marco tells us that to see the encampment "you would take it to be a good big city." He also gives us glowing descriptions of the pleasures of the chase, which at that time won the delight alike of the Far East and the Far West, as it was then. Hunting and hawking seem to have been universal, for at Kublai's court they formed one of the chief summer diversions of the Emperor and his barons as well as of European sovereigns and their feudal lords.

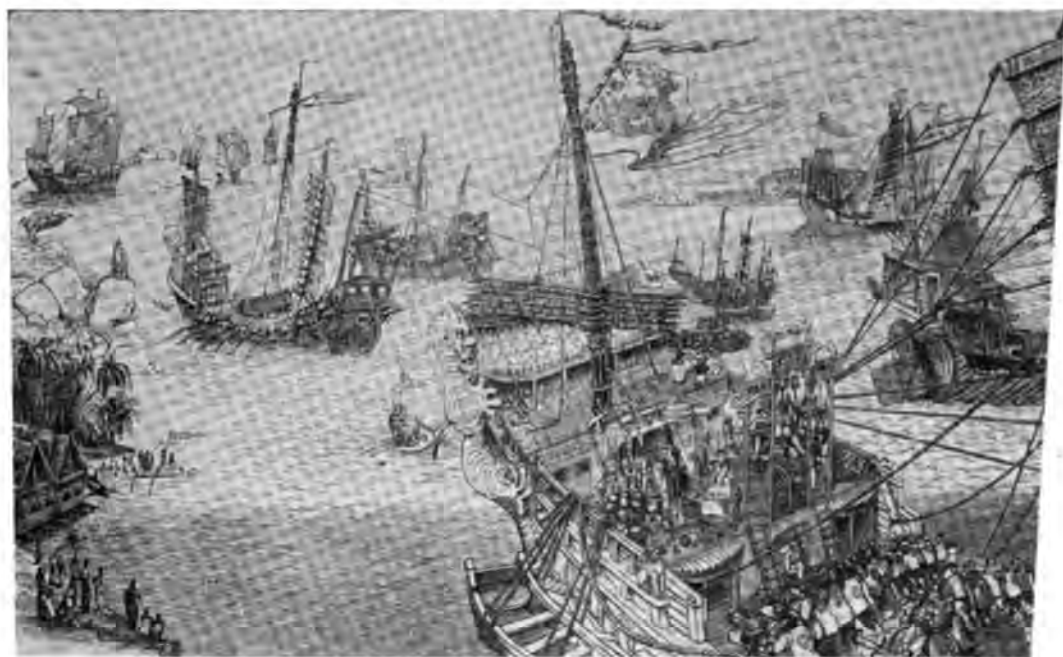
Two of the novelties mentioned by Marco Polo, about 1298-1300, were coal, "a black stone used for fuel," and asbestos, of which he says:

"For the real truth is, that the Salamander is no beast, as they allege in our part of the world, but is a substance found in the earth. A Turkish acquaintance told me that the way they got Salamanders was by digging in the mountain till they found a certain vein. The substance of this vein was then taken and crushed, and when so treated it divides as it were into fibers of wool, which they set forth to dry. When dry, these fibers were pounded in a great copper mortar, and then washed, so as to remove all the earth, and to leave only the fibers like fibers of wool. These are then spun and made into napkins. When

## MARCO POLO

first made these napkins are not very white, but by putting them into the fire for a while they come out as white as snow. And so again whenever they become dirty they are bleached by being put in the fire. Now this, and naught else, is the truth about the Salamander, and the people of the country all say the same. Any other account of the matter is fabulous nonsense. And I may add that they have at Rome a napkin of this stuff which the Grand Khan sent to the Pope."

Our interesting young explorer likewise mentions the use of water-tight compartments in the holds of junks, so that if a leak were sprung, it could



THE KHAN'S FLEET UNDER COMMAND OF MARCO POLO

not flood the whole ship; which lends weight to that old adage, "There is nothing new under the sun."

Then, too, he gives an accurate account of the pearl fisheries of Ceylon, and describes the divers precisely as they appear at the present day. In speaking of the raising of diamonds from a certain pit, his account corresponds exactly with that in 'Sindbad the Sailor' of the *Arabian Nights*. He also mentions many strange birds and beasts — amongst others, the rhinoceros, which he calls the "unicorn," on account of its one horn above the snout; the alligator, "a great serpent, which would strike fear into the heart of any man"; the yak of the Tibetan desert, which he calls a "bullock as large as an elephant"; and, of course, the famous roc or ruc, which we may accordingly assume to have been not quite fabulous. And he also speaks of the famous horses of Badakshan, supposed to have descended from Bucephal-



us, the horse of Alexander the Great. Of the Great Yellow River, Yang-tse-Kiang, or 'Son of the Ocean,' he says in part:

"And I assure you this river flows so far and traverses so many countries and cities that in good sooth there pass and repass on its waters a great number of vessels, and more wealth and merchandise than on all the rivers and all the seas of Christendom put together! It seems indeed more like a Sea than a River. . . . On the banks of this river there are more than sixteen provinces and more than two hundred great cities, besides towns and villages. . . . There are at many places on this river hills and rocky eminences on which the idol-monasteries and other edifices are built, and you find on its shores a constant succession of villages and inhabited places."

By "idol-monasteries" Marco means Buddhist monasteries, of which many are found along the banks of the Great River and all over China. It is easy to see from his description how prosperous was the Empire of the Great Khan at this time.

Marco also tells of the Great Wall of China, which had been built by the Chinese Emperor Che-Hwangti, as a protection against the very Tartars who were now nodding to each other amicably across it. He speaks of the ramparts of Gog and Magog, called by the Chinese *Ung* and *Mungul*. There are many legends about the origin of Gog and Magog, but in this instance probably Gog, or *Ung*, represented the Chinese, and Magog, or *Mungul*, were the Mongols or Tartars. The Great Wall begins at the Kiayu Pass, near the Desert of Gobi, and extends to the mouth of the Gulf of Liao-tung, being some two thousand miles in length. There were watch-towers every three hundred feet, which in the days of her power the Middle Kingdom kept fully manned and guarded.

When we think of the factions of contemporary Christendom, the religious freedom and toleration of the great Tartar Empire forms a striking contrast. The Great Khan had among his subjects Buddhists, Confucianists, Taoists, Nestorian Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, Zoroastrians, and many other sects; yet religious persecution was unknown. Perhaps there was occasionally an abusive epithet, a refusal to partake of the rice of some other sect, but in the main a generous spirit prevailed among all these different religious sects.

Thus we can see from his own tale that Marco Polo was a man of international importance, for he formed the first, or almost the first, known link between the East and the West. It is true that Friars William Rubruquis and Plano Carpini had reached the boundaries of Cathay some time before, but the accounts they brought back were meager and were never written down; besides, they visited only a very few of the lands described by Marco. His tale, though for many centuries unbeliev'd, directed the minds of men



## NIGHT

towards the lands of the Rising Sun. There is much intercourse nowadays between the East and the West, but very little real sympathy and understanding. Perhaps Marco was closer to the real thing after all. In any case his name deserves a high place in the records of International History. M. L.

## NIGHT

*BLUE Night is aflower, and there's singing and singing  
Afar 'neath the dark sapphire sky.  
Along pale star-lit beaches the lone sea is flinging  
Her coral-white billows. On high  
O'er the broad plains of heaven go endlessly wheeling  
The silver-mailed cohorts of God.  
Now a soft little wind from the West comes a-stealing  
And eucalypts quiver and nod.*

## BRUSH-MAKING

"Olde men brussshed theyr dustye clothes with cowe tayles; as we do with hear brussches." (1519 A. D.)



It is perhaps little known that the bristle used for brush-making throughout the world is grown on the semi-wild boar in Russia, China and India.

Although bristle is the most important material used in the industry, brushes are also made from the hair of the horse, bear, goat, badger, squirrel, sable, and other animals; from fiber from the Mexican aloe; from bass, kitool, cocoa, and other fibers from various tropical palms.

Wire-drawn brushes are made by selecting tufts or knots of bristle or hair double the length required, which are placed under loops of wire. The wire is passed through holes in the back of the brush and then drawn back with the bristle, thus bending them double and causing both ends to stand upright together. On the back of the stock is now glued and screwed a piece of decorative wood to cover up the wires and bent tufts, after which the brush is then finished and polished.

Some of the commoner sorts of 'drawn' brushes are made by plugging the 'knots' with staples into the board by machinery.

An entirely different process is employed in the manufacture of other brushes and of brooms.

A knot of hair, fiber, or bristles is taken and the root end dipped into boiling pitch, bound with a thrum, then dipped again, and inserted into a

hole already bored in the wooden stock, a slight twist being given in the process to splay the hairs.

The few hair-brushes that were made 120 years ago for the toilet, were constructed on the principle upon which the modern broom is made. T. M.

## HISTORY OF SWEDEN

*Written for the Children and Young People at Point Loma*

*by O. S.*

### CHAPTER IV — CHARLES XI



HE brilliant career of Charles X Gustavus was suddenly stopped in 1660, when he unexpectedly died in the full vigor of his manhood, while visiting the Riksdag assembled at Gothenburg.

It may be remarked that the sixties of the different centuries have for the most part been a particularly unpropitious decade for Sweden and its kings. In making a retrospect of Swedish history, we find that Gustavus Vasa died in 1560, that Karl Knutsson was dethroned twice during the 1460's, that Magnus Eriksson was defeated in 1363 and lost the crown two years later, that Birger Jarl died in 1266, and St. Erik shortly after 1160, and that the old Ynglinga line — the first line of Swedish kings known in history — became extinct about 1060. On the other hand, it is evident that most of the great kings of Sweden made their decisive efforts at the beginnings of the centuries — periods which seem to be the fruition-time after inner preparation had been accomplished at the close of the preceding century.

Charles X left the realm in a great and glorious position among the nations, but internally almost exhausted by continuous conscriptions of men and money for the wars. During his short reign he had not only taxed heavily the material property and vital energy of the nation, but through his policy of conquest made the country sink "from the position of the champion of Protestantism to that of a common enemy of every Protestant power."

It may be questioned whether, if he had lived for a longer period, he would have been able to continue his ambitious policy and lay a firm foundation for the great realm. At any rate, the Regency, composed of the five highest officials of the State, which administered the affairs of Sweden after Charles' death, was unequal to the difficulties of the situation. Its nominal head was the Queen-Mother, Hedwig Eleonore, but its ruling spirit was Magnus Gabriel de la Gardie, Queen Christina's old favorite. Among the

## HISTORY OF SWEDEN

others may be mentioned Gustavus Bonde and Per Brahe. None of these highly aristocratic and conservative men were able to rise to the needs of the time and conduct a foreign policy that could save Sweden from humiliating dependence on other European powers, particularly France and Spain. Their policy finally led to wars with Brandenburg (Prussia), Austria, and Denmark.

In 1672, when the sixteen-year-old Crown Prince, Charles XI, was declared of age to rule, the country was indeed in a most dangerous situation — caused not only by the aggressive attitude of some foreign powers, but still more by the deplorable state into which the defenses of the realm had been allowed to fall. With indefatigable energy the young monarch at once attempted to grapple with the situation. Ignoring altogether the weak and divided Council of State, and relying solely on secretaries of his own choice — honest and able men like Erik Lindskjöld and John Gyllenstjerna, who instinctively rallied around this hardy youth, rude in letters and higher education, but strong of will and courage — he made heroic efforts to meet the invasion of the Danes.

He fought them first on the sea, where the inefficient fleet under incompetent leaders was repeatedly defeated; then on land, where the King in person finally won a decisive battle at Lund, in Skåne, in 1676. It was one of the bloodiest engagements of modern times; of it a Danish historian says, "Charles trampled his enemies under his feet in the most literal sense of the word." This great victory restored to the Swedes their self-confidence and prestige. By the peace concluded in 1679, Denmark was forced to make complete restitution of all the former Swedish possessions, and by the Treaty of Nimwegen, in the same year, the territory which had been taken from Sweden by Brandenburg (Prussia) was restored to her through the mighty influence of her ally, Louis XIV, who, in the interest of France, wanted to see this northern country strong and powerful.

When Charles XI had secured peace with his foreign enemies, he devoted himself with the same courage and perseverance to clearing up the situation that prevailed at home. Most of the landed possessions of the Crown had been given away, and there was no money for the urgent needs of the army and the administration. Therefore the King decided to carry out the 'Great Reduction' — that is to say, to take back all the possessions in landed estates which had been given to noblemen after the time of Gustavus Adolphus. No doubt this calling in of the property of the Crown was both necessary and equitable. But as one claim quickly gave rise to half a dozen others, this restitution gradually assumed enormous proportions, till at last every class of the community was more or less affected by it; while the rigor with which the King enforced it ruined thousands of families, particularly among the nobility. Thereby an income was secured for the Crown which enabled

the government to meet urgent public needs; and as Charles XI did not lavish anything on personal comfort or court display, he at least compelled the respect of the lower classes. The money was wisely used for the improvement of the general conditions of the country. Gradually the King took charge of practically everything himself, and forced the Riksdag to recognise him as an absolute ruler. But he saw to it that strict justice was done to everybody, without regard to position or birth. Indeed, the two principal things he taught the Swedish nation were absolute honesty and hard work.

The modest figure of Charles XI has been perhaps unduly eclipsed by the brilliant and colossal shapes of his heroic father and his meteoric son. Yet he was in an eminent degree what neither of them was — a great master-builder.

"He found Sweden in ruins and deliberately, conscientiously, indefatigably devoted his whole life to laying the solid foundation of a new order of things, which in its essential features has endured to the present day. Nay, more, the exploits of Charles XII would have been impossible but for the bracing moral discipline which the whole Swedish nation underwent at the hands of his father."

*(To be continued)*

## NATURE'S WEATHER SIGNS



IT is all very well to depend on the weather-man to assure us, by his fair-weather flag, of a nice day for our picnic; or, by a rainy-day flag, of a wet day, which would cause us to plan for an indoor frolic instead. But while this saves us trouble, it puts us out of the way of watching for ourselves Nature's own weather indications.

Her signals are many and various. There are signs for the Indians of the desert, others for the fisher-folk along the shore; and still others that all the birds and animals sense long before the weather-man puts out his flag.

In this sunny Southland, while we are watching for signs of the winter rains which clothe in soft, fresh green the chaparral covering our hills, bring forth the wild flowers, and give new life to our garden beds, this old rhyme takes on a new meaning:

*"Evening red and morning gray  
Sends the traveler on his way;  
Evening gray and morning red  
Brings the rain down on his head."*

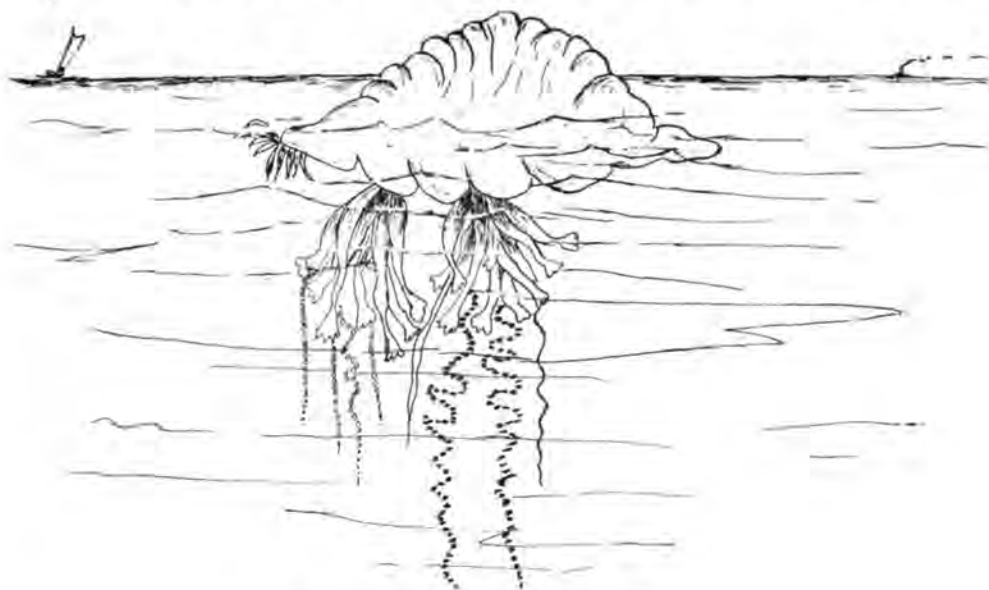
The first part is a favorite fair-weather sign; the second is a pretty reliable storm sign if it continues for several days, and if at the same time 'the island' is seen. If the three islands are seen, the rain is generally but a few hours off.



## NATURE'S WEATHER SIGNS

Off the coast of Southern California is a group of small islands: the largest is Santa Catalina, then come San Clemente and San Nicolas, and Santa Barbara is the smallest. These islands cannot be seen from Point Loma except under certain conditions of the atmosphere, and often even then are seen in mirage. The nearest, and naturally the one most frequently seen, is San Clemente, about sixty miles away. It is rarely if ever visible during the summer months; but when the rainy season begins, then it comes into view once more, looking much like a dark gray cloud on the western horizon.

This last winter the islands have appeared but seldom, as warm, sun-



'PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR'

shiny weather has prevailed much of the time, with every indication of a dry year. But the fishermen say that the 'Portuguese man-of-war' has been sailing along the coast, and to them that is an almost infallible sign of a wet spring.

This certainly sounds formidable to one who does not know that the 'Portuguese man-of-war' is a little creature from an inch to an inch and a half long, belonging to the jelly-fish order, which floats on top of the water like a tiny boat. It has a three-cornered, transparent membrane which it uses as a sail, being able to adjust it so as to travel with the wind. It is of a delicate lavender color, filmy and beautiful, with a number of curious tentacles hanging beneath its boat-shaped top. Why this little creature should be considered by the fisher-folk to be an indication of a wet spring

seems to be one of Nature's mysteries which even the weather-man could hardly explain.

The 'halo around the moon' and the 'mackerel sky' are indications of much moisture in the atmosphere, generally meaning rain sooner or later. And the following are generally considered pretty safe signs to rely upon:

*"Rain before seven,  
Clear by eleven."*

*"Rainbow in the morning,  
Sailors take warning."*

*"A rainbow at night  
Is the sailor's delight."*

*"March winds and April showers  
Bring forth May flowers."*

*"If bees stay at home,  
Rain will soon come;  
If they fly away,  
Fine will be the day."*

There are scientific reasons for all these signs; and probably the weather-man would explain most of them to us if we should ask him — telling us about atmospheric pressure and so forth. But we should lose the charm of mystery which the fisherman puts into them, or which is carried in the ancient rhymes that Great-grandfather told to Grandpa, and Grandpa told to Father, and Father tells to us when we ask whether he thinks it will rain tomorrow; and we should have to relinquish a certain insight into Nature's realm not recorded by the weather-man's flags and charts. EUGENIA

## ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

### CHAPTER XXXV — THIRTEENTH CENTURY GOTHIC



ENGLISH and French 'Early Pointed' architecture of the 13th century (and the latter part of the 12th in France) while having much in common, display certain striking differences. The northern European countries, together with Scotland, Ireland, and Scandinavia, largely followed the English pattern; while Germany, Spain, Switzerland, Austria, and Northern Italy to a less degree, adopted the French peculiarities. Of course, each country developed its own special ideas as well. Belgium and Holland, and Normandy in France,

## ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

Moorish Spain to the north, awakening the half-barbarous nations to higher things after the confusion and savagery of the Dark Ages following the decline of Rome.

But though no Gothic Parthenon of perfection exists, the two great French cathedrals of Rheims and Amiens, and the English one at Salisbury, are very splendid examples of 13th-century architecture before any elements of weakness or extravagance had crept in. The façade of Rheims is generally considered the most beautiful structure of its kind produced during the Middle Ages. In it perfection the immed and richly ornate great rose-window, statues, all of which The interior of Amiens attains the utmost degree of sublimity and elegance to be found in all Gothic architecture, and challenges comparison with the interior of St. Sophia, Constantinople, or the Hypostyle Hall at Karnak. Not only is this interior satisfying to the eye, but it is also perfect in construction; every part has its use, and no mere ornament without something practical, of which it is in all architectural design.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL  
ENGLAND

In the cathedrals of Amiens and Rheims we can clearly see the features which distinguish most of the French designs from the English, such as the great height of the walls and the roof, the comparatively low towers, the rounded apse at the east end, the western rose-window, the immense doorways, and the multitude of flying buttresses.

In French cathedral architecture there is also a certain heaviness and lack of beauty in outline, and a deficiency in bold effects of light and shade. The tendency to vertical lines is more marked than in England, particularly inside, and the French carried the principle of a framework of light masonry carrying great areas of colored glass to a far greater extent than was customary in England. In the engraving of the interior of Beauvais cathedral, one of the most remarkable in France, this 'framework' principle is well shown. Even the triforium has glass windows. In Beauvais, Gothic architecture attempted the impossible; everything was exaggerated in height, and the roof and great spire (higher than St. Peter's Dome in Rome)



fell a few years after they were built. The building was partly rebuilt with additional supports, and now it is bound and strengthened with iron rods. Notwithstanding its faults of construction, the part remaining has a wonderful fascination for all who see it, for it is the work of a genius who tried to express aspirations of too romantic and poetical a nature to be thus enshrined in stone.

The English architects, as may easily be supposed, never tried such wild flights of imagination. English cathedrals are much longer than the French and are not so high. In consequence, there is not such a confusion of flying-buttresses: the towers and spires stand out boldly to a great height; there are frequently two pairs of long transepts; large and handsome porches at the sides take the place of the French cavernous portals, and the square east end is commoner than the round. Cloisters, domestic and other buildings connected with the cathedral, group picturesquely around it, and



INTERIOR OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

the sky-line from any point is handsome and varied. In the details, particularly within, the vertical tendency is not so marked as in France. A comparison between the engravings of the interiors of Salisbury and Beauvais will make this very clear, particularly when we learn that the two buildings were put up at exactly the same time — the middle of the 13th century.

Salisbury is the most perfect English representative of the Early Pointed style, and the nearest approach to the highest ideal of English Gothic. With the exception of the spire (404 ft. high) there is nothing but 13th century work in the building. If two large western towers with spires had been added, Salisbury would fulfil our desire for an English Gothic 'Parthenon.' R.





*JACK FROST*

GABRIEL SETOUN

*THE door was shut, as doors should be,  
Before you went to bed last night;  
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,  
And left your window silver white.*

*He must have waited till you slept;  
And not a single word he spoke,  
But pencilled o'er the panes and crept  
Away again before you woke.*

*And now you cannot see the hills  
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;  
But there are fairer things than these  
His fingers traced on every pane.*

*Rocks and castles towering high;  
Hills and dales, and streams and fields;  
And knights in armor riding by,  
With nodding plumes and shining shields.*

*And here are little boats, and there  
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;  
And yonder, palm trees waving fair  
On islands set in silver seas,*

*And butterflies with gauzy wings;  
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;  
And fruit and flowers and all the things  
You see when you are sound asleep.*

## FAIRIES

*For, creeping softly underneath  
The door when all the lights are out,  
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,  
And knows the things you think about.*

*He paints them on the window pane  
In fairy lines with frozen steam;  
And when you wake you see again  
The lovely things you saw in dream. — Selected*

## FAIRIES



“DON'T you believe in fairies?”

“ ‘Course not, I've never seen any, so there can't be such things.”

“There are, too. Who do you s'pose brings the rain and feeds the birdies if it isn't the fairies?”

“Why, God!”

“Well, who do you s'pose tucks the birdies in at night? God couldn't do that, 'cause he's too big.”

“Well — er — I don't know. I suppose somebody else does it.”

“That's just it, and that somebody else is fairies. Don't you know everybody's got a fairy belonging to himself? When he says he doesn't believe there are such things, his fairy gets awfully sick; and if he grows up and never does believe, his fairy dies and everything goes wrong in his life. You ask Mr. Gardener if that isn't true.”

Off they trotted — the little girl with excited, shining eyes and pink cheeks; and the boy, rather older, almost convinced, but feeling rather too shy to admit it.

Not long after I saw them again, creeping on tiptoe along the path through the linaria beds. Every now and then the little girl turned round, holding up her finger to caution him to silence.

It was a pretty sight — the girl with her pink dress and sun-bonnet and bare feet, pulling her curly-headed brother after her.

Presently they stopped by a clump of woodbine. A big white cat came up, kissing the flowers as she passed and purring softly. Even she seemed to walk on tiptoe. She led the way, the children following her and stepping softly. They disappeared round a cypress tree, and I sat wondering what they were going to do.

At dinner-time they came back; but when I asked them where they had been and what they had been doing all the morning, they would not tell. The rest of the day they sat in the sun, whispering and laughing together but as soon as anyone came near them they were silent. Even at bedtime I could get nothing out of them.

But the next morning I came upon them out under the trees, fashioning from eucalyptus seeds and the leaves of the 'silver tree' what looked like tiny, quaint dolls. I almost stepped on one, and as I picked it up, I said, "Here is one of your dollies."

"But they're *not* dollies!" cried the little girl.

"They're the fairies that came to our room in the night," explained the boy.

And then the story came out — fairly bubbling from the lips that had kept the secret so long. First one would tell a little, then the other would break in eagerly. And once in a while they would forget, and both talk at once. To tell the story in their words would take several pages; but this is the substance of it:

During the night they were awakened by sweet, faint music. Sitting up in bed, they saw that the whole floor was covered with the tiniest little people you can possibly imagine, and they were dancing, dancing, dancing. One or two were dressed in woodbine blossoms and one in the most exquisitely delicate blue plumbago. But most of them wore purple and white, and these were the fairies of the linaria blossoms.

Of course the Fairy Queen was there. She was a lovely little lady in white, with huge wings of purple and yellow. On her head she wore a quaint little cap from a eucalyptus tree. Her knights wore silver armor, which I am sure must have been made of the

## IVAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

leaves of the wonderful tree at the end of the garden, which we always call 'the tree of the silver lotus lilies.'

Just as the story ended, a big butterfly came skimming along, and both children ran off to see it suck honey from the flowers. JOAN



"I HAD A VERY PLEASANT TRIP TO POINT LOMA"

## IVAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY



I AM a Russian Wolf Hound. For several generations back my sires and dams have been registered with the American Kennel Club, and lived at the celebrated O'Valley Farm. I don't know how long ago my forebears came over from Russia. But I don't blame them for coming to America — Madame Blavatsky did the same thing! At least, that's what my new master says.

The first time I saw the light was on May 22nd, 1917, at a beautiful place called Thornewood, Tacoma, Washington. I don't remember whether there was a thunder-storm when I was born; but it was probably raining: it generally is up there. I stayed with my mother and brothers and sisters at Thornewood until December 20th, 1917. Then my mistress gave me to an awfully good man and his wife, who live south of Tacoma, at a place called Centralia.

Now Centralia is not quite as big a city as New York or Petro-



grad; but it is nice enough, and I had a dandy home there. There were three children in the family: four-year-old Virginia, who is not as big as I am, and who is always laughing and romping; and Arthur, who is eight years old, and likes to build bridges, and hotels, and battleships with his 'mecano'; and Stella, who is the young lady of the family. She is only fourteen; but I think she is a mighty nice little lady. She just loves to help her mother in the kitchen, or in taking care of her little brother and sister. And she likes to study her lessons, and to practise the piano, and to sing.

Last summer a soldier-boy came to Centralia. I was a little suspicious of him at first, but my master and mistress and their good mother and the children all treated him kindly, and seemed to regard him as one of the family; so I decided he must be all right.

This soldier-boy used to talk a great deal about his beautiful home in California — 'Lomaland' he called it; and I got quite interested in the snatches of conversation that I heard. So did the rest of the family. In fact, I think Stella really wanted to go to school there; and though I did not say anything about it, I really wanted to go too. I was tired of so much rain and so little sunshine. And then too, I wanted to run over the hills and live more out-of-doors.

My master and mistress must have caught my thought; for one day they and Stella had a private consultation together; and when it was over they came into the parlor and asked the soldier if he would like to take me home with him. He seemed very much pleased; and so was I; but I didn't want to appear too much excited, for fear it would seem ungrateful to my master and mistress.

It happened that one day in March of this year my master and mistress received a telegram from Camp Lewis. I heard them read it aloud, and it said that the soldier would be at Centralia at about noon on his way home. So when the train pulled into the station they were there waiting for him, and I was along with them. They fastened a big red tag to me, marked "Excess Baggage," and put me into the baggage-car. They all said good-bye, and before I knew it I was traveling southwards on my way to beautiful Lomaland.

## BLOW, BLOW, MARCH WIND

My new master, the soldier, came into the baggage-car quite frequently to feed me and pet me. He also paid the baggage-men some money to look after me. On the whole I had a very pleasant trip to Point Loma. My master would take me out of the car for exercise every time the train stopped for ten or fifteen minutes.



Now I am in Lomaland, having a fine time. I am also learning some Râja-Yoga lessons. One of these is to be impersonal and not talk about oneself. So I am going to stop writing right now. IVAN

### *BLOW, BLOW MARCH WINDS*

*BLOW, blow, March winds blow!  
Blow us April, if you please.  
Blow away the cold white snow,  
Blow the leaves out on the trees.  
Blow the ice from off the brooks,  
Set their merry water free.  
Blow dead leaves from woodsy nooks,  
Show the violets to me.  
Do all this; 'twill be but play;  
Then — please to blow yourself away!— St. Nicholas*

## SEA-FOAM'S STORY

of Mr. Bee's, and without so much as "If you please," he began to make his breakfast of it.

He enjoyed the honey very much. I know he did, for I watched him from where I was in a big drop that fell on the side of the tree. And then he went off, to hunt for more, I suppose.

Soon it grew dark, and then it began to rain. What joy! I was set free from the honey, which was *so* sticky, though very sweet.

I ran down in a merry race with hundreds of other drops, to see which could first reach the little brook. And how we tumbled and laughed and rollicked when we got there!

We kept up the fun all day; in fact, until towards evening, when we came into the big river. He said to us solemnly: "Now there are so many more of you here, you will have to move along more quietly and with less chatter."

We kept as still as we could, because we wanted to go along to the sea, and he might have left us up on the dry bank.

We had many good times, though we couldn't play leap-frog over the rocks, or chase each other around in the little whirlpools. Instead we played tag under the shadows of the trees along the shore, and hide-and-go-seek among the rushes. I think I enjoyed most playing ride-the-horse on the fishes' backs.

After many days we reached this great big ocean. And we were having another frolic just now, when we dashed up here and almost upset your castle.

Here come some more of my playfellows. See us run back together. If you give us your paddle we will sail a boat for you.

I must go now and help the kelpies to grow.

Good-bye. Be good and you will be happy.

SPARKLE



## THE ROSE PIN



If you saw it you would probably say: "Why, it's only a common pin!" And you would probably ask: "Why 'Rose Pin?'"

It *is* a common pin, and yet it is *not*. The little girl who knows most about it told me all the facts.

There were dozens of pins in the pincushion, yet she chose this one to fasten a rose to her dress. When the rose was withered she unpinning it, carelessly tossing away the pin along with the rose.

"That was a wasteful thing to do." It was as if the pin, like a tiny glittering fairy, had said it to her.

"Pins are very plentiful," she said, a little vexed.

"You throw away so many things," said the voice.

"I can't save everything. There isn't room and I don't want the things I throw away."

"Some one might be glad of them. I'm a perfectly good pin. There are years of work in me yet, but here I am, thrown away as if I were rusted or bent — of no use whatever."

The little girl ran out of the room, banging the door, for she wanted to shut away the reproving voice; but every few minutes she thought how wasteful she really was, and how often her mother and teachers had told her about it.

After a while she went up to her room, turned out the contents of her waste-basket and rescued the shiny pin. She put it back into the pincushion in a place of its own. And there it is, when not used to fasten a rose or other flower on the little girl's dress.

So she calls it her 'Rose Pin,' and many of the pins in her cushion have gone away to be 'Rose Pins' for other little girls.

If you knew of the good times she has had since the day she learned to save things that might be useful to others, you would say: "She must be a very happy girl, now." And so she is. ZELLA

*"A penny saved is two pence clear,  
A pin a day's a goat a year."*

— 'Poor Richard' (Benjamin Franklin)



## CAT QUESTIONS

BY LUCY LARCOM

*DOZING, and dozing, and dozing!  
Pleasant enough,  
Dreaming of sweet cream and mouse-meal —  
Delicate stuff!*



*Waked by a somersel,  
whirling  
From cushion to floor;  
Waked to a wild rush for  
safely  
From window to door.*

*Waking to hands that first  
smooth us,  
And then pull our tails;  
Punished with slaps when  
we show them  
The length of our nails!*

*These big mortal tyrants even  
grudge us  
A place on the mat.  
Do they think we enjoy for  
our music  
Staccatoes of 'scal'?*

*To be treated, now, just as  
you treat us —  
The question is pat —  
To take just our chances  
in living,  
Would you be a cat?*

— Selected

POOR KITTY! Are you not sorry for him, children?  
Certainly, none of you would tease or frighten your Kitty. Oh  
no! you could not be so cruel to a dear little friendly Puss.

# THE ADVENTURES OF TOTO

## PART II



DEAR CHILDREN: I had started to tell you about my adventure with a big dog, when I had to stop. So I will start where I left off.

"Well," I said to myself, with a sigh of relief, "that *was* a lucky escape!" But no sooner were the words out of my mouth than I heard a low growl, and looking back saw an enormous dog, ten times my size, coming after me at full speed! Dear me, wasn't I scared! I ran, and he chased me, up one road and down another, through the hedge and over the fields, till at last I reached a tall tree, and climbed it as fast as only a very frightened kitty can. As for Mr. Dog, he went leaping and barking around down below until he was tired out, and then, finding that I did not come down, he trotted home to his dinner.

I was now thoroughly worn out, and to add to my misery big drops of rain began to fall, warning me that I was in for a wetting. I was far from home by this time; night was coming on, and the rain went splash, splash! on the hard roads. I thought of my warm bed by the fire, and of my saucer of milk waiting there; then I realized that I should have to spend the night out in the storm.

It was then I resolved to try to find my way home, for I had had my own will to my sorrow, and had learned that law and order are better than recklessness. I knew the journey would be long and stormy, and that I should get very wet; but though I was very proud of my fine coat, and would grieve to see it ruined, I could not stop to think of that now. I could only say over and over, "I must get home! I must get home! Oh, let me have a place I can fill!"

Early in the morning I reached my mistress' door, and called out piteously, "Mee-ow! Let me in! Let me in!" No one came for a long time; but at last my mistress appeared at the door, and there she saw me shivering in the cold.

"What cat is this?" she exclaimed.

My dear mistress did not know me! I tried to tell her I belonged

to her, and I think she understood, for she came out and looked at me. Indeed, I was a sight, as you must have guessed already. I was dripping wet, and my coat was spattered with mud and plastered tight to my body all over; while my tail, which had been my pride, was now my disgrace. Very thin and small I looked — only half the size of the gallant cat that had started out so gaily two days before.

"Why, it's Toto!" exclaimed my mistress; and then she took me in her arms, all dirty as I was, and gave me an affectionate hug. Oh, how much I loved her, and how happy I was to be near her again!

The next thing I knew I was being rubbed in a big towel — and didn't it feel good! When I was nearly dry I was gently placed in my old nook by the fire, where I soon dropped off to sleep, in spite of my hunger.

The first thing I saw when I woke up was a brimming saucer of milk right by me. Well, I need not tell you what I did with that milk; when my mistress came to get the saucer, she remarked that it wouldn't need washing!

By this time I was beginning to feel, oh, so comfortable! The sound of the pouring rain outside made me feel all the more keenly how safe and warm I was; and I said to myself:

"Dear me! How much better this is than slopping around in the wet outside! Why was I ever so anxious to leave this lovely home just for a few adventures? Go-as-you-please may be all very well, but give me my saucer of milk, and the warm fire — and, above all, my good, kind mistress. After all, there is no place like home."

Just then a surprising thing happened. Sir Walter, the big white cat, came up to me, and giving me a real cat-kiss, astonished me by saying: "Well, old fellow, it's good to see you back again! Next time you go, don't stay away so long — we miss you, you know."

We are good friends now, and spend many happy hours together. Why, Sir Walter even lets me sleep in his own basket!      TOTO

## SQUIRRELS

IN Southern California, where the sun shines most of the time, the rollicking, chatty little squirrels are busy nearly all the year. If you did not know they were around, you would think some new birds had come, many calls and ones too. One bling sound full chief, but very

The squirrels make their nests of twigs, and line them with material like moss, or even soft fur. They love to live in knot-holes, in hollows of trees, or even in burrows among the big roots.

These little friends find food by their wonderful sense of smell. They



for they have very musical is a trilling, bubbling of fun and mis-pretty.

rels make their leaves, or moss, with some soft fur. They love holes, in hollows in burrows among strong roots.

friends find food derful sense of like fruits, nuts,

grains, mushrooms, and will even eat the roots of trees.

In the matter of clothing they do just as we do: they put on warm coats in the winter-time, and in the summer they change again because the winter ones are too thick.

Have you ever seen them swimming in the water? Some do not like the water, so they lift their beautiful tails very high, straight up their backs, so as not to get them wet.

If you are very quiet, these shy creatures will become quite friendly, and you can learn interesting things about them. D.S.

### LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS

BY ISAAC WATTS

*Whatever brawls disturb the street,  
There should be peace at home;  
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,  
Quarrels should never come.*

*Birds in their little nests agree;  
And 'tis a shameful sight,  
When children of one family  
Fall out and chide and fight.*



## THE LESSON

HERE'S my little baby brother  
He can really truly talk!  
I'm pretending I'm my Mother,  
Teaching Taddy-boy to walk.



## KNITTING SOCKS

See this busy Dutch maiden.  
We must not disturb her while  
she is counting the stitches on her  
knitting-needles. Perhaps she is  
knitting a pair of socks for her Fa-  
ther. She is smiling as though she were going to  
surprise him.

## IN THE TREE

THERE'S a great big old tree,  
Just over the way,  
That I climb up into,  
Almost ev'ry day.  
Then--though I am only  
A three-year-old tad--  
I know how it feels  
To be tall like my dad.

## AN OLD TREE



THIS big tree stands in the village of St. Anna ter Muiden, in Holland.

How many little boys and girls do you think could gather at one time within the shadow of its great branches? And how many boys and girls do you suppose the old tree has seen pass along the village street, to and from school?

Holland is an old country, and this old tree may have been standing even in the glorious, far-off times of William the Silent, 'the Father of his Country.'

## AUNTIE'S PICTURE

WHEN Auntie had her picture taken forty years ago, it was a great event.

The night before, her mother braided Auntie's yellow hair in a dozen tight strands. When she dressed for the picture Auntie's hair was all crimped and fluffy.

So stiff with starch were her little petticoats that they could stand alone!

The last things Auntie put on before her cloak

and hat were her wide sash and her shiny locket.

The locket was of gold. The sash was white silk, with bars of pink and blue and buff. When it was tied in a big bow, she could not sit down again until she got to the picture gallery. She did not want a picture of a crumpled-up sash!

Auntie was very happy until she went into the gallery. It was bare and cold and gray. The window was in the roof!

A man she did not know, lifted Auntie on to a hard stuffed chair. He tucked her little right foot under her left knee. This she did not like.

The man fixed her hands just so. Then he put an iron circle against her head, to keep it steady.

"Smile!" said the man.

He had put a black cloth over his head and the picture-taking machine. Auntie was scared, and could not smile a bit.

She wanted to go home and have on her old play dress, and not have her picture taken at all. She almost cried.

How glad she was when it was all over!

Auntie has been laughing ever since about that time her picture was taken forty years ago. W.

# Râja-Yoga Messenger

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Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

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## SONNET

By Olive Shurlock, a Râja-Yoga Student

**E**VENING came on with lovely tints of rose  
And yellow pale and lilac: and the skies  
She lured from day's blue brightness. Now she tries  
In vain to keep them for her own; she knows  
Night's swift dark-mantled arms upon her close  
Sweeping away her beauty. Sullen lies  
The shrouded sea, and grim and gloomy rise  
The trees, disrobed of all the furbelows  
They borrowed from the sun. A world of awe  
And fearfulness it is; profoundly still  
But for the water's murmur. Then I saw  
The moon sail up into the sky and chill  
The heavy gloom. And far below, the sea  
Broke into long white waves majestically.

# RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XV, No. 3

MAY 1919

## FORBEARANCE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

*H*AST thou named all the birds without a gun?  
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?  
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?  
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?  
And loved so well a high behavior,  
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,  
Nobility more nobly to repay?  
O be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

## THE EDUCATION OF A KING



SUPPOSE you had been born heir to the throne of one of the important kingdoms of the earth, with millions of souls loyal to you. Of what do you suppose your training would then consist? Would you be over-fed, over-dressed, given your own way, pampered, flattered? No indeed, you would not. Your royal guardians would love you and the future of your people too dearly, you know, to do you such an injustice.

It is a weighty matter to be king. He must be really the greatest man in his kingdom — its leader in courage, wisdom and power; otherwise he is not king at all, not the really true king, but just a man who will be called king until he either learns to govern well, or is deposed.

A king's responsibilities will come early, because if he should be weak, indolent, or unhappy, his people will suffer. Even while yet a baby he will begin his soldierly discipline in obedience and courage. He will be taught to think first of all of his people; to think last of all, and least of all, of himself. He must learn that, to the world, he stands for the people of his kingdom as ABC stands for the alphabet — he stands as the head of the nation.

Every Râja-Yoga child believes himself to be as good as a born king. And never since a time that has now rolled away into remotest antiquity have the kings of the earth received so royal a training as these children. Powerful, wise, courageous, they grow into their kingship; strong and happy little rulers, who know they bring strength and great joy to that realm over which they are about to reign — the kingdom of oneself. What a good fortune that were, to be born sovereign of one of these Râja-Yoga realms! D.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A SEAMAN



HE following, from the *London Times* of some years past, will interest the young people of all nations. It shows how those, whose future holds such great responsibilities, must be disciplined to fit themselves to serve their people wisely. It is an account of the arduous life and strict discipline of the Prince of Wales, who was then serving as midshipman on *H. M. S. Hindustan*.

"It is strictly in accordance with the wishes of the King and Queen that the Prince his naval duties subjected to all and restrictions ly throughout not excused a however arduous account of his ex-the smallest ex-crimination has his favor, and to duties the future he will have thankful for the the training im-

"The young particularly moing disposition, ent diffidence in easily be misin-those most close-him he is known enthusiastically discharge of any to him; but with is associated a

ness of disposition and the keenest intelligence. He is, like his father and grandfather, a particularly keen observer and astute critic of what goes on around him, and, even when apparently most absorbed, allows very few of even the minutest details to escape him.

"Captain H. H. Campbell of the *Hindustan* reports that, as a Midshipman, the Prince has taken part in every duty that appertains to the working of a great battleship, and has cheerfully and efficiently discharged the less agreeable as well as the most agreeable of his tasks. The day before yesterday, for example, he was bearing his share in 'coaling ship,' and all know what



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN HIS ROBES  
OF INVESTITURE

should take up seriously and be the discipline applied general-the Service and single duty, or humble, on alted rank. Not ception or dis-been made in whatever high may call him, cause to be thoroughness of parted.

Prince is of a dest and retir-and his appar-public might terpreted. To ly in touch with to be deeply and earnest in the duty entrusted his studiousness marked bright-



## THE PRINCE OF WALES' CHRISTMAS CARD

### NELSON'S FIRST PRIZE

*Painted by Bernard Gribble*

NELSON, at the age of eighteen, was appointed second Lieutenant on the *Lowestoffe*. Already unbounded courage and indomitable perseverance in overcoming difficulties distinguished his conduct, for, shortly after, he boarded an American Letter of Marque in a sea that had caused his senior officer to abandon the attempt as impracticable.

This *Royal Christmas Card* is reproduced by the courtesy of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., direct from the original Christmas cards specially produced by them for Their Majesties and for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who have practically accorded permission to Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons to reproduce these *Royal Cards* for the use of the public.

*(Through a regrettable oversight this permission was not printed below the frontispiece of the March issue.)*

that means. He has worked hard in the gunroom and at drill, and has, among other things, been associated with the landing of small armed parties. He has had to do his turn with a battalion, and has had practical experience of the 'toil' side of an inspection as well as of the spectacular side.

"Throughout the whole period of his training on board he has been an extremely hard worker, and has struck all those about him, high and low, as what we call 'a live thing.' It was obvious that he liked the life and earnestly endeavored to do credit to himself and to those entrusted with his tuition in the various departments. He always appeared to get an intelligent 'grip' of what was set him to learn, and his genuine interest prevented him from regarding any duty on board as too arduous. Everybody on the *Hindustan* will be sorry to lose so good a comrade and so intelligent a 'man.' I say 'man' advisedly, because he has shown application and aptitude beyond what might have been reasonably expected. He is a thoroughly hard worker, and is in many respects far ahead of his years."



## SWEET WILD APRIL

WILLIAM FORCE STEAD

O SWEET wild April came over the hills,  
He skipped with the winds and he tripped with the rills;  
His raiment was all of the daffodils.

*Sing hi, sing hey, sing ho!*

O sweet wild April came down the lea,  
Dancing along with his sisters three:  
Carnation, and Rose, and tall Lily.

*Sing hi, sing hey, sing ho!*

O sweet wild April on pastoral quill  
Came piping in moonlight by hollow and hill,  
In starlight at midnight, by dingle and rill.

*Sing hi, sing hey, sing ho!*

Where sweet wild April his melody played,  
Trooped cowslip, and primrose, and iris, the maid,  
And silver narcissus, a star in the shade.

*Sing hi, sing hey, sing ho!*

When sweet wild April dipped down the dale,  
Pale cuckoopint brightened, and windflower frail,  
And white-thorn, the wood-bride, in virginal veil.

*Sing hi, sing hey, sing ho!*

When sweet wild April through deep woods pressed,  
Sang cuckoo above him and lark on his crest,  
And Philomel fluttered close under his breast.

*Sing hi, sing hey, sing ho!*

O sweet wild April, wherever you went  
The bondage of winter was broken and rent,  
Sank elfin ice-city and frost-goblin's tent.

*Sing hi, sing hey, sing ho!*

Yet sweet wild April, the blithe, the brave,  
Fell asleep in the fields by a windless wave  
And Jack-in-the-pulpit preached over his grave.

*Sing hi, sing hey, sing ho!*

O sweet wild April, farewell to thee!  
And a deep sweet sleep to thy sisters three, —  
Carnation, and Rose, and tall Lily.

*Sing hi, sing hey, sing ho! — Selected*

## WHICH OF THE TWO PATHS WILL HUMANITY FOLLOW?

### II



Y simply asking this question, we suggest two great truths. First of all we ask, "Which of two paths?" What is meant by this? Just as the rider, by holding the reins, controls his team and leads it in whatever direction he wishes to go, so can the human Soul determine its course by making its intelligence either the playground for selfish desires, or for the expression of its spirituality.

One of the first things that a child learns when entering the Râja-Yoga School is, that there are in him both a good nature and one not good. He is told when he is cross and fretful that the good little boy has gone and that he must bring him back. The child understands perfectly. Before you know it, the cross look has gone and a smile is on his face.

Now what has the child learned from this? Small as he is, he has unconsciously begun to know something of the duality of his nature, and to apply that knowledge. He has found that he himself can drive away the clouds and bring back the sunshine. He has not been allowed to temporize with his lower nature, but has been helped to take the first step to control it. This mere child, almost before he has begun to think, has already commenced to feel a power that is in each of us — the power of self-control! If we have not gained in some measure this power in our early years, when the nature is pliable, then, as we grow older, the uncontrolled brain-mind runs loose and makes life very complex. We find our lower natures playing hide-and-go-seek with us, trying to convince us by sophistry, that what it wishes is all right.

When a man follows an impulse from the lower self he is treading the selfish path, and the selfish path leads inevitably to disappointment and sorrow.

Once a remark was made to me by one who was inquiring as to what the Institution at Point Loma was working for: "If I begin to treat others fairly, and those around me are all the time working in a spirit of competition, and trying to get the best of me, I shall make a very poor bargain and lose the little that I have." Such an attitude shows we have only gone half way. Here it is not the Higher Self that is speaking, for the Higher Self would rather suffer anything than act unjustly; but the Lower Self fears to see its power waning. Even if we do seem to lose at first, by taking such a stand, our trust in the Higher Law should be sufficient to tell us that such a condition is only temporary and that by cultivating a beautiful patience and a toleration for other's shortcomings we are opening the way for a greater understanding of life. By daring, I should say, to take the stand. The effort of even one individual is far-reaching in its results. Indeed, we have a proof of this by the world-wide influence of the teachings brought to humanity again through the efforts of one individual, H. P. Blavatsky. Her life was like a 'gift from the gods' to humanity. When did it ever need these truths more than now?

## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

We have just emerged from a war, the most terrible imaginable. The very foundations on which humanity rests have been shaken and consequently everything is in an unsettled condition and needs reconstructive measures. Are we going to settle back into the old way, or are we going to strike for something nobler and better — something permanently true and uplifting?

Man has this superb goal ahead of him. If he would but rise above his selfish desires and climb to the mountains where the Sun of Spiritual Life is shining, one ray of this Divine Light once seen could never be forgotten and dissatisfaction with the selfish life would be inevitable.

Take a man who has resolved to travel on the right path by starting the conquest of the lower self; armed with a Royal Courage that will meet any obstacle; too proud of the power of his own soul to fear anything, and with such a profound sincerity of purpose that nothing can daunt him. Can you imagine the limitless field of experience that such a soul will enter upon?

It is to bring each individual to the point of demanding something better that Râja-Yoga is challenging the world. The choice of paths must be made by each for himself. It may take one a long time to bring himself to the point of finally choosing which to take, for traveling in the old familiar way may appear so much easier and more comfortable. But this indecision cannot go on forever for we shall feel the dignity of our Soul compelling us to stop temporizing, and having once chosen the right path, we shall find it is one of joy and peace. Yes, temporizing is an old trick of the lower nature. When a question is put to you as to whether a thing is right or wrong and something in you tries to make you put off the answer to a more convenient time, you may be sure it is the cowardly lower self speaking in you. The lower self cleverly procrastinates in order that an answer may never be given. When one begins to control his lower nature, he discovers how alert he has to be. The closer the fight, the greater the subtlety of the evil force, trying all ways and means to deceive, even attempting to pose as the good. One has to be eternally vigilant; and if he is absolutely sincere in his endeavor, he is well armed. Even one or two steps on the right path bring such a feeling of joy, that one wishes all humanity could know of it, and this is what Theosophy is also doing for the world: challenging humanity to a nobler way of living; trying to make man realize that life, lived as intended by the Great Law, is one grand song of joy.

S. H.

### THE FRONTISPIECE

King Richard met his bride, the beauteous Berengaria, daughter of the King of Navarre, at Reggio, on the coast of Calabria, and escorted her on board the splendid galley he had fitted up for her reception. The marriage was celebrated May 12, 1191.

## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

eyes of an artist, this is what you'd be finding; a cave, all hung with garlands and tiny glass globes of light; a glassy pool of sweet clear water where wee mermaids are sailing about on it's surface. Perhaps it's a carnival they're having or a festival in honor of the yellow water-flower's birthday.

However, they're all happy because they are in the world of art. So we would be if we could look beyond the outward form of things. FILOTEO



### THE ROBIN

LUCY LARCOM

*ROLLICKING Robin is here again.  
What does he care for the April rain?  
Care for it? Glad of it. Doesn't he know  
That the April rain carries off the snow,  
And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,  
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,  
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,  
For his hungry little robins to eat?*

*"Ha! ha! ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh.  
"That isn't the best of the story, by half!"*

*Robin, Sir Robin, gay red-vested knight,  
Now you have come to us, summer's in sight.  
You never dreamed of the wonders you bring,—  
Visions that follow the flash of your wing.  
How all the beautiful by and by  
Around you and after you seems to fly!  
Sing on or eat on, as pleases your mind!  
We'll have you earned every morsel you find.  
"Ay! Ha! ha! ha!" whistles robin, "My dear,  
Let us all take our own choice of good cheer!" — Selected*



## CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF SWEDEN

### CHAPTER V—CHARLES XII

*Written for the children and Young People at Point Loma*

*by O. S.*



CHARLES XI died at Easter-time, 1697, and before he was buried fire broke out in the royal castle of Stockholm. The family and the body of the King were saved only with great difficulty. The crown prince was then only fifteen years old; nevertheless, a few months after the death of his father, he was declared of age to reign. He became King Charles XII — perhaps the most beloved and admired of all the kings of Sweden, in spite of the fact that he brought the nation the hardest afflictions it ever endured.

Charles had been carefully educated by excellent tutors, and his extraordinary courage and strength of character had from the first deeply impressed those about him, though his obstinacy occasionally tried them to the utmost. His wise and loving mother was at great pains to develop his better nature by encouraging those noble qualities of veracity, courtesy, piety, and a sense of honor and fair play, which were to distinguish him throughout life; while his precocious manliness was not a little stimulated by the rude but bracing moral atmosphere to which he had been accustomed from his infancy. Intellectually he was highly endowed, and a strong inclination for abstract thought and mathematics was noticeable at an early age. He could translate at sight Latin into Swedish or German, Swedish or German into Latin. His memory was phenomenal; on his campaigns he not infrequently dispensed with a key while inditing or interpreting cipher dispatches.

Undoubtedly the influence of Charles XI over his son was very great, and it may account for much in the son's character which otherwise is hard to understand — as, for instance, his precocious reserve and taciturnity, his dislike of comfort, and his contempt for purely diplomatic methods.

In the later years of Charles XI's reign, his son always accompanied him on visits of inspection of the troops, foundries, dockyards, etc., becoming well initiated into all branches of the administration.

The enemies of Sweden thought the boyhood of the King an opportune time to strike hard in an effort to crush the country which had gained so influential a position during the reigns of Charles X and Charles XI. Almost simultaneously Denmark, Russia, and Poland declared war. That would have been enough for an old, experienced ruler to meet; but the young Charles XII did not lose his courage for a moment. He first sailed with an army to Denmark. The Danes, surprised by such sudden action, were soon ready to conclude a peace favorable to Sweden.

Then Charles went over to Russia with an army of eight thousand soldiers.

## HISTORY OF SWEDEN

At Narva, in the province of Ingria, he met the Russian army of forty thousand men under Peter the Great; the Russians became panic-stricken, and Charles won a complete victory. Although only eighteen years old, Charles XII was regarded at once as the greatest warrior of Europe.

But this great victory was dangerous to him, inasmuch as it made him underestimate the power of the Russian army and overestimate the strength of his own. Instead of plucking the fruits of this victory by forcing his way farther against the defeated Russians, Charles chose to march against Poland, which at this time was ruled by King Augustus II (who was also King of Saxony), a treacherous character whom Charles heartily despised. After some brilliant military exploits, Charles forced the Poles to dethrone Augustus and elect another king, Stanislaus. Peace was concluded with Poland in 1706, at Altranstädt, near Leipzig, where Charles and the Swedish army remained for nearly two years.

During this time the Tsar Peter, through the mediation of foreign powers, made several offers to conclude peace on terms most advantageous to Sweden; but these offers were all rejected by the King, who remained absolutely uninfluenced by the diplomats from many quarters of Europe who came to pay their respects to this brilliant young warrior, and to ask his assistance. When Charles had once conceived plans of his own, nothing in the world could make him move an inch. His one desire seems to have been to deal a crushing blow to the Russian Tsar, Peter the Great; but this cautious and energetic ruler was tireless in his preparations to meet Charles again with a better army than the one he had lost at Narva. He had also been building a new fortified city on the Baltic coast — St. Petersburg, destined to become the capital of Russia, and forming, as Tsar Peter used to say, "the window of the Russian Empire towards the West."

Instead of marching with his army against this newly fortified stronghold, which probably could have been taken with comparative ease by the Swedish army, Charles decided to march against Moscow, right into the heart of Russia — a plan of the most daring, not to say reckless, character. The march through the western provinces of Russia was, to begin with, marked by several victories. The Swedes passed the Vistula River on New Year's Day, 1708, and later on they crossed the Beresina, continuously defeating the Russians. But when they reached Holowzyn, on the other side of the river, the Russians met them in great force. Charles, however, here won a pitched battle — his last great victory.

The Swedish army now began to suffer severely; bread and fodder ran short, and the soldiers subsisted almost entirely on captured bullocks. Peter, who would not risk another general engagement, slowly retired before the invaders, burning and destroying everything in his path, till at last the Swedes had nothing but charred wilderness underneath their feet and a

horizon of burning villages before their eyes. The severest blow perhaps fell at the beginning of October, when the relief army with supplies from the Baltic provinces was routed by the Russians, and arrived in the most wretched condition. "We had hoped," says an eye-witness, "that they would have brought us food, drink and clothes; but they came empty-handed and utterly bewildered at the sudden change of fortune." All their sacrifices had been in vain.

The very elements now began to fight against the perishing but still unconquered host. The winter of 1708 was the severest that Europe had known for a century. So early as the beginning of October the cold was intense. By November 1st fire-wood would not ignite in the open air, and the soldiers warmed themselves over huge bonfires of straw. But it was not until the vast open steppes of the Ukraine were reached that the army of Charles experienced all the rigor of Scythian blasts. Hideous were the sufferings of the soldiers, which are thus described by an eye-witness: "You could see some without hands, some without feet, some without ears and noses, many creeping along after the manner of quadrupeds."

"Nevertheless," writes another narrator, "though earth, sky and air were now against us, the King's order had to be obeyed and daily marches made." Never had Charles XII seemed so superhuman as during these awful days. It is not too much to say that his imperturbable equanimity kept his host together. At Cerkova he defeated seven thousand Russians with four hundred men, and at Opressa five thousand Russians with three hundred men. His soldiers believed him to be divinely inspired and divinely protected. He went through all the hardships like the simplest soldier. He always slept in a tent, covered only by his mantle. He ate the simplest food, and required nothing for himself. He was the trusted friend and idol of every 'blue-boy.'

But hardly half his army now remained alive. He finally turned southward and reached the fortress of Poltava, which he hoped to capture. But on the other side of the river lay an army of eighty thousand Russians, while Charles had hardly twenty thousand. On June 17th, the King's foot was pierced by a bullet, which disabled him from personally leading his army. Tsar Peter no sooner heard of the incident than he threw the greater part of his forces across the river. The Swedes joyfully accepted the wager of battle to escape from slow starvation and manifold misery. Advancing with irresistible *élan*, they were at first successful on both wings; but some tactical blunders were committed, and the Tsar enveloped the little band in a vast semicircle bristling with the most modern guns, which fired five shots to the Swedes' one, and literally swept away the Royal Guards, the heart and soul of the army, before they could draw their swords. A great part of the Swedish army was annihilated, and the rest had to surrender.

## HISTORY OF SWEDEN

Charles himself, with fifteen hundred men, took refuge in Turkish territory; and Tsar Peter could write to his Council, "Now, by God's help, the foundation-stone of St. Petersburg is laid once for all."

In 1713 Charles pitched his camp at Bender, in Turkey. At first the Sultan of Turkey proved most friendly, making an alliance with the Swedish monarch, who remunerated him liberally. But the Turks did not act vigorously enough against the Russians to suit Charles; and finally, under the pressure of circumstances, the Sultan desired to get rid of the Swedish king and his army. But Charles had no idea of leaving Turkey before he had seen the Russians defeated. Finally the Sultan tried to oust him by force, sending ten thousand men to drive him out of Bender. Charles made a stand against them with four hundred followers. The fight was kept up for several hours, but finally the house of the King was set on fire and most of the soldiers killed. The King with a few men tried to hew his way out, but stumbled and was made a prisoner. This is called the 'Calabalik at Bender,' and is one of the most extravagant episodes in the history of Europe.

While the King was away and these disasters were falling upon the Swedish army in foreign countries, the Danish king, who was also king of Norway, invaded the southern part of Sweden in order to regain some of his lost provinces. It was thought that 'nothing was left of the lion but his claws.' But through the boundless devotion and self-sacrifice of the Swedes at home, once more an army was mobilized; and under the command of Magnus Stenbock, the last of the great Caroline generals, the Danes were defeated, though at the cost of Stenbock's own liberty.

Sweden had been without its king for fourteen years, and the war which was going on simultaneously in different places had destroyed practically all the able-bodied men and had consumed nearly all the resources of the country. Only women and children were left for the cultivation of the soil and for the carrying on of the home industries. The counselors finally wrote to the King that if he did not return they would make peace at any price. At last Charles hastened homewards, with only two followers, one of whom was soon left behind. He rode on horseback through Turkey, Hungary, Austria and Germany — nearly three thousand English miles in fourteen days. On a dark November night he came to the little town of Stralsund on the Baltic coast, which at that time was a Swedish possession. He came as a stranger, and had difficulty in gaining admittance. When it was known that Charles was in Stralsund, the place was soon besieged by enemies; but the King finally escaped in a little sailing vessel to his home-country.

When Charles reached Sweden, everybody prayed for peace, but he was not yet willing to yield. He wanted first to chastise the Danish king for his treacherous breach of faith in attacking Sweden. Therefore Charles once again collected an army and marched against Norway, which then



## HISTORY OF SWEDEN

belonged to Denmark. He won some battles; but the march was terribly difficult, through the great woods and over the high mountains during the most severe cold of winter, which snatched away the greater part of the army, poorly supplied as it was with clothing and food. The sufferings of the last Carolines, high up in the bottomless snow of the mountainous region, were simply indescribable. The march was finally stopped before the fortress of Fredriksten on the Norwegian frontier, which had to be taken by siege. On a dark December night in 1718, while he was supervising the digging of trenches before the fortress, a bullet pierced his head. This bullet ended the great era of Sweden's history.

Charles XII is perhaps the most enigmatic of the great kings of Sweden. Undoubtedly his politics were most disastrous: he seems almost purposely to have avoided every opportunity to save his country from suffering, by not seizing the liberal offers for peace extended to him on several occasions by Russia and Poland. He held for a time the whole of Europe at bay. Leading statesmen trembled before the Swedish lion; and he could have won almost any political advantage, and have returned to Sweden with a triumphant army, if at the right time he had cared to use his influence in that direction. But this was not in conformity with his nature; he had no inclination towards political considerations. He hated compromise, and remained utterly unmoved by prudent counsels. He wanted to reach his goal by nobler means — by unsullied bravery and dazzling courage. Yet it would be wrong to look upon Charles as actuated simply by lust of conquest or passion for war. He was an intensely moral, noble-hearted, pure man, free from all such vices as often mark the common fighter or the triumphant conqueror. In his hands war was never a brutish occupation. He did not shed the blood of the nation simply for the love of it, but in order to reach an ideal that seems to have haunted him like a vision. His whole personality was permeated by the true Warrior quality; and the beauty of it is that the higher side, the Spiritual Warrior, stands out just as brightly as the lower, material aspect. This shed over the youthful personality an inspiring glow that was irresistible.

He epitomized one of the fundamental qualities of the Swedish nation, carrying it almost *ad absurdum*. His hold on the nation was much firmer than that of an ordinary good administrator or even a wise ruler. It reached beyond the plane of conscious speculation. It was the spark that kindled the fire in the innermost heart of the people, and therefore they followed him lovingly, almost blindly, through every hardship and suffering, straight to destruction. It is hard to know whether any other way would have been open to him; but surely he himself never for a moment doubted that he was doing right, and that he was fulfilling an ideal vocation for a king.



## LAKE TITICACA



F all the lakes in the world Titicaca, which lies among the Andes of Peru, is perhaps the most wonderful. It is situated 12,516 feet above sea-level and is half as large as Lake Ontario, being a hundred miles long and averaging thirty miles across. In the rainy season it rises about five feet; but it appears to be steadily shrinking in size, for three centuries ago its margin reached the ruins of Tiahuanaco, and now they stand six miles away.

In ancient days the country all around was densely populated, the inhabitants supporting themselves by the cultivation of various crops in terraces on the slopes of the mountains; but now these terraces, with the irrigating channels which made their cultivation possible, are altogether abandoned. During the rainy season which lasts from December to May, the face of the landscape is green, and barley, potatoes and other hardy crops are grown on every hand. Potatoes form a leading feature in their system of agriculture, over a hundred different kinds being raised. Some of these varieties are black, we are told, which does not sound very appetizing. The cows are fed on barley cut while it is still green and made into hay, and this dry fodder is eked out by water weeds dragged from the shallow margins of the lake and spread upon the ground so that the cattle may help themselves.

The picture shows us two of the 'balsas' used by the Indians for navigating the lake. *Balsa* is of course merely the Spanish for raft, and though

## LAKE TITICACA

at first sight they look like boats, they are really no more than rafts, which owe their buoyancy to the materials of which they are made. A real boat can be made of sheet-iron or even concrete; but it is impossible to make a raft out of anything heavier than water. The balsa is built up of dried rushes and floats very well so long as the rushes are dry; but as soon as they get thoroughly soaked, or 'water-logged,' they sink. The only way to restore their buoyancy is to haul them up on the shore and let them dry out for a few weeks, after which they float perfectly until such time as they get water-logged again. The balsa dates back to the days of the Incas and seems to suit the needs of the Indians very well, and in these frail craft they sometimes cross the lake.

Gulls, coots and ducks are common on the lake, and solemn herons on their stilt-like legs may often be seen fishing in the shallow waters. The condor, said to be the largest bird that flies, sails like a scarcely visible speck overhead, always on the lookout for carrion. He is a handsome bird in spite of his bald head, and has a ruff of the purest white around his neck. The condor is not a bird of prey and is perfectly harmless as a rule; but sometimes when hungry and dead animals are scarce, he has a disagreeable way of making dead animals by pushing llamas over the precipices when they imprudently stand too near the edge.

One might suppose that at these high altitudes the purity of the air would be very conducive to health; but pneumonia is common and very deadly in its course, so that a man of seventy is pointed out as a rare example of longevity. At these great heights the air becomes very thin or 'rare,' so that at 20,000 feet above sea-level the supply of oxygen drawn into the lungs at a breath is only half as much as one obtains at sea-level. Race-horses, even at a height of only 2,000 feet, have their running power notably reduced, and at La Paz and other mountain cities the race-courses have to be shortened as the height increases. At an altitude of 16,500 feet a horse is no longer able to bear the weight of a man on his back even when traveling over easy ground.

Numerous steamers have been carried up the steep roads in sections and put together on the shore, but a trip on the lake is by no means always a pleasure excursion. At these lofty heights people often suffer from 'mountain-sickness' owing to the extreme rarity of the air, and when violent winds rush howling down from the surrounding hills and lash the surface of the lake to fury, the combination of seasickness with 'mountain-sickness' is highly disagreeable.

However much we may sometimes be tempted to complain of being obliged to stay at home and gain our knowledge of foreign travel by reading books, there is a deal of truth in the saying: "There's no place like Home." P.

## THE DONKEY OF CARISBROOKE CASTLE



ALL the children who visit the old castle of Carisbrooke, on the beautiful Isle of Wight, England, ask to see the trained donkey which, by walking round and round inside a huge wooden wheel, as shown in the picture, draws the water from the deep well in the castle yard. When the bucket is let down into the water, the intelligent animal gets inside the wheel and steps out briskly. His weight, thrown forward as he walks, is just enough to turn the wheel which winds



THE WELL, CARISBROOKE CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT, ENGLAND

up the rope; and after a few minutes, up comes the bucket filled with pure, cold water from a depth of 161 feet.

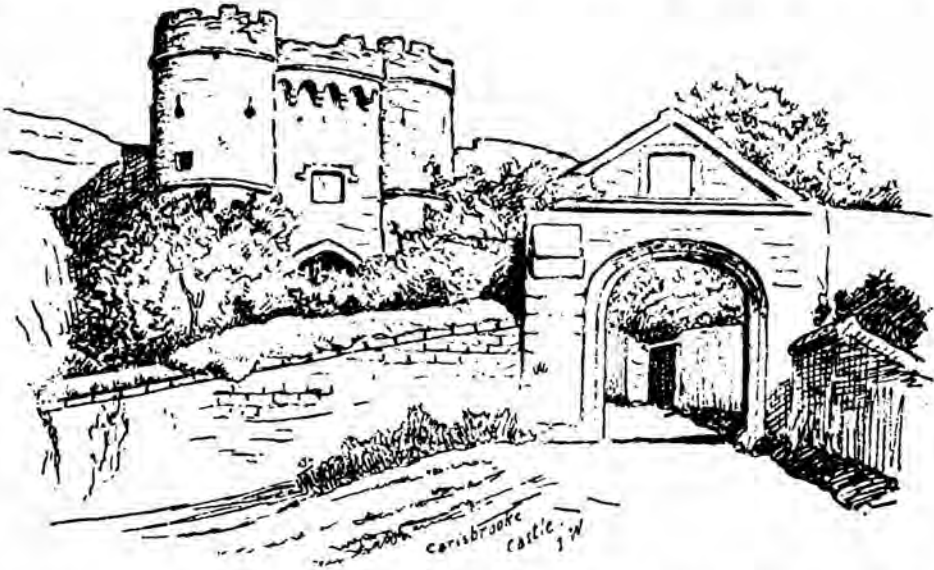
The well was sunk in 1150 A. D. Hanging over the edge is an apparatus to let a candle down to the bottom of the well; its trembling light seems almost to vanish in the depths as it approaches the water. The wheel is fifteen and a half feet across, and has been in use for three hundred and thirty years. The principle by means of which the donkey's weight is made to turn the wheel was used in the Middle Ages for turning the joints of meat on the spits as they roasted before the fire; but in that case the animals used were dogs of a special kind, called 'turnspits.'

Carisbrooke Castle is one of the most interesting in England, and is visited



## THE LASSO

by thousands every year. It is well known as the place where Charles I was imprisoned from Nov. 5, 1647, to Sept. 18, 1648. Several times he tried



to escape; and on one occasion he would have succeeded in reaching his friends below the ramparts, had his body not stuck in the bars of the window of his room as he was trying to get out.

After the execution of Charles I, his two youngest children became inmates of Carisbrooke Castle. They are said to have been well treated. Their greatest hardship, next to their loss of liberty, seems to have been the order 'that no person should be permitted to kiss their hands, and that they should not be otherwise treated than as the children of a gentleman.'

The young prince, the Duke of Gloucester, was always called Master Harry. Both children died young. The princess passed away in the castle, from the effects of a chill, and her brother died abroad, after being liberated by order of Cromwell.

R. J. C

## THE LASSO

**E**VERY boy who has read anything about cowboy life in the West knows what the lasso or lariat is. But for the benefit of those who may not have heard of it, we will say that it is a long rope with a noose or sliding knot at the free end. The other end is attached to the saddle-bow or pommel, and the rope is carefully coiled and hung over the pommel when not in use.

When a horseman spies an animal he wishes to secure alive, he dexterous-

ly swings the coil of rope over his head in such a manner that when he lets go of it the coils separate instantly, projecting the noosed end straight towards the object aimed at. If the thrower is successful, the noose falls over the head of the animal; and the harder the animal pulls, the tighter it becomes.

It is surprising to find that Herodotus — the 'Father of History' — mentions the use of the lasso by the armies of an ally of Xerxes.

The Persian poet Firdusi also speaks of the *kamund* or noose which Rustem, the national hero, uses to unhorse his enemies.

*"Ring within ring the lengthening kamund flew,  
And from his sled the astonished monarch drew."*

## GODFREY THE GOPHER



IN the United States there are five animals to which the term 'gopher' is applied. In the Mississippi valley this name was given by the early French settlers to a little striped squirrel which honeycombs the soil with its burrows — for *gaufre* in French means 'honeycomb.'

In Florida a tortoise which digs long tunnels in the sand is called a gopher, from his unusual habit. In the western states a mischievous little rodent, which throws up mounds as does the mole of Europe, is also known as the gopher; and because he has a fur-lined pouch in each cheek, his full name is the 'pocket-gopher.' There are also the 'gopher frog' and a beautifully marked snake which from his diet is called the 'gopher-snake.'

During the day the pocket-gopher almost always stays underground; but sometimes a Lomaland guard meets a pocket-gopher out for an evening stroll. One morning a guard handed me a half-grown pocket-gopher. I named him Godfrey, and put him in a pail of moist earth. In a few hours he had dug a roomy tunnel for himself, using his teeth as a pickaxe and shoveling out the loose earth with his long claws. At the bottom of the pail he had hollowed out a little parlor and bedroom combined, where he passed most of his time.

One day just before noon I found him asleep, curled up on his left side breathing as peacefully as an innocent child. Every now and then, however, he drew his breath in short, quick pants and twitched his forepaws nervously, as if in his dreams he followed his favorite pastime of tunnel digging.

Godfrey's taste in matters of diet was very comprehensive. Carrots, apples, fresh grass, bulbs of the wild hyacinth, California poppy, carnations, and wheat were eaten with the greatest relish. When supplied with stalks of green barley, he cut them up into inch lengths with his chisel-like teeth,

## PERFORATED STAMPS

and stuffing them into his side-pouches he dived to the bottom of his hole; in a few seconds he was up again, looking for more.

One day I placed in his pail the body of a humming-bird found dead, but he only treated me with silent contempt for suggesting that dead birds should be used as food by a thoroughgoing vegetarian like himself.

He always stopped his hole with earth before he went below for any length of time, patting the loose material tremulously with his paws to pack it as solidly as possible. Gophers take this precaution against gopher snakes, who are always prowling about to find an open gopher-hole. When one of these handsome, hungry serpents enters an inhabited burrow, it very soon becomes a 'void house.'

To while away his leisure moments I started the game of tug-of-war, which we used to play with a pencil. He would hold one end between his teeth, while I held the other in my fingers. To give interest to the proceedings I used at first to pull him over the line; but always allowed the final victory to remain on his side, because I knew that would please him.

If any animal may be excused for being dirty, surely it must be one which habitually lives underground; but Godfrey was always most careful of his personal appearance. Although he had no company for which to dress, he was forever washing his face and licking his fur coat. He would sit up on his hind-legs and groom his whole body, using his long claws as a comb. By much twisting, he was just able to reach the center of his back; and, as he worked from both sides, by the time he had done there was a perfectly regular parting from the top of his head right down to his tail, which gave him a most comical appearance. He took life very seriously, regarding himself as a most important personage, so that I never ventured to laugh at him to his face; but for all that he made himself very ridiculous at times.

One day I forgot to put the lid on his pail, and in my absence he took a mean advantage of me and ran away. I had done all I could to make him happy, so I think it was hardly fair for him to play me such a trick. PERCY

## PERFORATED STAMPS

**I**N an autobiography of Sir Henry Bessemer recently published, it is told how, when a young man, he learned that the British Government was losing a large amount of money each year owing to the use of forged stamps. He set about to correct this, and in nine months had discovered how to forge Government stamps with the greatest ease. This was a risky bit of knowledge, especially for a young man who, like Bessemer, wanted money to get married. But his integrity of character was such that he was able to

## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

resist the temptation, and his invention was the perforated stamp, which is now known everywhere.

Young Bessemer took some of these counterfeit stamps to the Government officials, and when Sir Charles Presley passed them as genuine Bessemer remarked that they were forgeries, "simply because I forged them myself." He then suggested the remedy, which was accepted, and he was offered the post of superintendent of stamps, with a large salary.

Bessemer then went to tell his good luck to his intended bride. He explained to her the situation, how old stamps were picked off documents and used again, and how he had remedied this. "But, surely," said she, "if all the stamps had a date put on them they could not at a future time be used without detection." This simple but effective suggestion surprised Bessemer, and he devised a method of marking the date on the stamps. This pleased the Government and was accepted, but as there was no need to change the machinery and no superintendent needed, Bessemer lost a good position.

A long time following this, after he had invented the 'Bessemer process' of preparing iron and had become rich, Bessemer wrote to the Prime Minister, pointing out that he had saved the Government millions without any acknowledgment. The debt was acknowledged, and Bessemer was knighted.—R. G.

## THE BROTHERHOOD SWALLOW

ONE day, while irrigating some newly-planted saplings, I saw a swallow alight on the margin of a basin which I had dug around one of the young trees. It is not unusual for swallows to collect mud in the nesting season, wherever the ground is damp; but the mind of this particular swallow was evidently bent upon something else.

Suddenly he rose in the air, brushed against my hat, and after circling once round my head returned to his place. Three times this strange maneuver was repeated; but as I was little acquainted with swallows and little accustomed to interpret the sign-language of birds, I simply wondered what was the matter and went on with my work.

Presently I left the spot where I was working, to shift the hose from one basin to another; and there, in a deep hole which had been dug but not yet planted, squatted a poor little Desert Lark, as yet unable to fly, and hence hopelessly trapped. The mother of the young bird was near, and took the matter very calmly; but the swallow, being a great traveler and knowing the ways of the world, realized that this was a case which required the assistance of man.

That a swallow should have the wisdom to ask help for her own young would be wonderful enough; but that she should take so much trouble for



## THE CLIFF SWALLOW

a bird which was no relation to her whatever, is a thing that certainly deserves to be put on record.

Birds and animals are not so much absorbed in their private affairs as to be indifferent to those in distress; as my story goes to show, they will sometimes take considerable pains in trying to help even those who have no special claim upon them.

Needless to say, the young lark was lifted out of the pit, and it may be that he still frequents the beautiful grounds at Point Loma. C. B.



'KIM': A RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND

## THE CLIFF SWALLOW

(*Petrochelidon Lunifrons*)



THESE dainty little sylph-like birds seem better fitted to figure in a fairy-story than to serve as the subject-matter of a sober article on Natural History; but treat them as dryly as you will, you can never rob them of their natural charm.

The forehead of these birds is marked with a white half-moon, from which they get their name of '*lunifrons*.' The crown of head and the back is of a dark glossy blue; at the root of the tail the feathers are of a cinnamon-buff color; the sides and flanks are brown; and the under parts are of a pure and shining white.

As might be supposed from their tiny legs and powerful wings, they are

## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

almost always in the air, and they are such practised fliers that they can easily capture flies, moths and mosquitoes on the wing. If you have sharp ears you can often hear the hard click of their beaks as they close them over some unfortunate insect.

Before this country was settled, their name was more appropriate than



CLIFF-SWALLOWS' NESTS  
ON ARCHES OF THE ARYAN TEMPLE, LOMALAND

it is now, for they used to stick their plaster nests against the sides of cliffs; but since the coming of civilised man they have formed the habit of building under the eaves of houses.

To obtain the soft mud for nest-building, they are forced to alight on the ground, and a very pretty sight it is to see some dozens of these cleanly birds, in some wet place, tiptoeing their way about in great disgust at their dirty surroundings, with wings held high above their backs. They flutter and twitter with excitement, their little round heads full of pleasant nesting thoughts, as they take large mouthfuls of the soft clay and then fly at full speed to the eaves of some neighboring house.

The mud walls of their nests stand the weather for many years because the mud is mixed with a sticky fluid like glue, which oozes out of certain glands in the mouth.

In damp weather they work rather slowly, because the lower courses must dry and harden before they will support the upper ones; but in fair weather the building proceeds more rapidly. In order to increase the strength of the walls, they knead a few straws or fibers into the clay, as masons do.

## THE CLIFF SWALLOW

The nests are round, with curious projecting necks like the necks of bottles. At the ends of these necks are placed the entrance holes. They are warmly lined with feathers, and in this comfortable cradle the mother bird lays four or five long-shaped eggs, speckled with brown and lilac. When the young are hatched they are fed every few minutes, and long after dark you may hear their sleepy twitterings as they cuddle closely together under the warm, protecting wing of their mother.

While the weather is still warm, and the air is full of flying insects, the swallows assemble in vast flocks, and then, as at a signal given, they suddenly take wing and make their way to Central America, or even still further south, to spend the winter.

Under the arches of the Aryan Temple the swallows built more than seventy nests during a recent spring. In the picture five of these nests may be seen, with their 'rough-cast' walls, for the little masons make no effort to smooth the surface, but leave the pellets of mud to harden just as they are put into their places.

It is interesting to know that some of the swallows of eastern Asia use no mud in nestbuilding, but construct their nests entirely of the glue-like fluid from their mouths. In huge caves which overhang the sea the parent birds build little, open nests about the size and shape of a small oyster and securely fastened to the cave walls. They are collected by daring nest-hunters and sold at a very high price for making the celebrated birds'-nest soup. They were even imported into England for this purpose by the East India Company during the closing years of the seventeenth century and sold to the enthusiasts of the dinner-table at three guineas apiece! The nest that has never been occupied by fledgelings is almost snow-white, and being composed of fine-drawn filaments of glue they look as though they were made of spun cotton.

The writer once found a poor cliff-swallow struggling on the ground near the Râja-Yoga Academy. He was quite unable to fly and it was at first thought that he had broken his wing. Upon careful examination, however, a few strands of very sticky spider's web were found, which quite prevented the use of one of his wings, and when these were removed the cripple regained the power of flight, and rejoined his comrades wheeling in the sky. P. L.



## MOWING TIME



**D**URING the long winter months the wide hay-meadow slept quietly beneath its blanket of snow that kept it warm and protected against the fierce cold of the wintry winds. The warm March sun already has begun to melt spots in the snow, showing the brown grass underneath, just as the hot dry summer had left it when fall set in.

How rapidly the snow disappears under the constant glare of the sun! In but two or three days the entire meadow is clear, and already the brown color is mingled with green; the very first growing weed to show its colors being the yellow flowering dandelion.

Tender sprouts of the slender young grass begin to sprout until the whole meadow assumes an appearance of green velvet, dotted here and there with the golden blossoms of the dandelion. Presently the grass has grown so that it is knee deep and the daisies are in blossom, wild-mustard showing here and there. It is a beautiful sight to watch this sea of grass as the timothy begins to heel, waver and undulate as the soft summer breeze passes over its surface. It is for all the world like an apple-green sea gently disturbed by a rolling swell, back and forth, back and forth.

Then the farmer looks over the field and says it's time the hay was cut. And the mowing-machine is gotten ready, and the knives are ground.

Haying time is a very important and busy time around the farm. Several men are temporarily hired for hay making, and these must be fed and housed.

Everything in readiness, the horses slip into the waving hay and, dragging the mower after them, a clicketty-click, clicketty-click begins, and where the mower passes the grass bows low never to raise its head again.

The grass once cut, it must be watched and turned over again and again until the hot summer sun has dried and cured it. It is now ready for storing in the hay-loft, and the moment this stage is reached every man works to his utmost to get the hay under cover lest a rainstorm should come up.

Let some storm clouds appear in the distance and then a hurry call is made for help on the neighboring farmers, who may not be putting in hay themselves, and men and teams and hay-wagons are hurried in until the last load of hay has been driven into the barn, when down comes the rain in torrents, drenching and flooding everything. The farmer says it was a close call, and mops his head as he stands under the cover of the barn and sees the soaking his meadow is receiving.

How the farmer's children love to be afield amidst the sweet-smelling hay when the harvesting is being done! And then the ride on a great, springy load of hay, high up in the air, as it is slowly hauled to the barn! And they like to climb up into the great hay-loft and watch the hay snugly stored away, only to be pulled down during the long winter when the snow and sleet are too severe to allow the cattle to be fed outside their stalls. C.



## ARCHITECTURAL STYLES

forms of the glazed parts of the window — the 'lights,' as they are called — the beautiful patterns and elegant flowing lines of the stone tracery became equally or even more important. Lines rather than masses attracted the eye, and, whether through design or not, the other details and the general composition of the affected the same lack of boldness the rounder con-  
 liage of the earli-  
 planted by more  
 presentations of  
 The carving does  
 the neck of the  
 erto, but twines  
 form of a wreath  
 The roof vaults  
 and the ribbings  
 As the arches be-  
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 with the tenden-  
 ner lines of light  
 to give a certain  
 and flatness, in



THE OCTAGON DOME,  
ELY CATHEDRAL, ENGLAND

The finest known example of a Gothic dome

buildings were  
 way. A certain  
 was the result;  
 ventionalized for-  
 er style was sup-  
 naturalistic re-  
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 of natural leaves.  
 are more cut up  
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 came wider, mi-  
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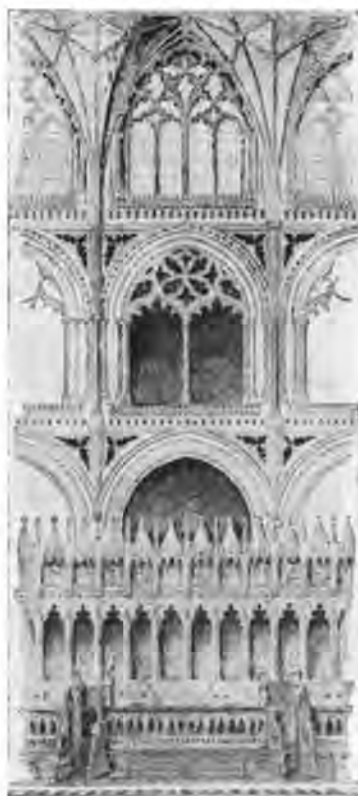
The English  
 to the extreme  
 French in straining for height at the expense of security, as in Beauvais  
 and other French churches which had to be shored up to keep them from  
 falling. The English were always satisfied with the effect produced by their  
 very long, comparatively low buildings, with bold projecting transepts,  
 chapels and out-buildings, all together forming striking masses and group-  
 ings with marked contrasts in light and shade. They concentrated their  
 aspiring efforts to the lofty central towers and spires so characteristic of  
 English cathedrals. The English character, with its dislike for extremes  
 and excess in the expression of emotion, is written all over the English archi-  
 tecture of the Middle Ages.

Lichfield Cathedral (of which an illustration is given) is not large, but  
 it is perhaps the finest example of the English Decorated style, though parts  
 of it were rebuilt later. It is the only English cathedral with three spires,

the highest crowning the central tower — the supreme ideal of English Gothic. While it lacks something of the boldness and stateliness of thirteenth-century compositions, it is finely proportioned and very beautiful in detail. The great example of geometric and the arrangement side turrets at the with the towers — all — is very graceful. The design is in the three doorways, which are in themselves, are an important position. The portals — impressive so characteristic of the are unknown in English large size and hand — a method in English to entrances — they English climate, as for a large number of

The Octagon at transepts, Ely Cathedral, specimen of the Decorated style — the only true thing from the Middle Ages — is one of the most beautiful in the whole range of English architecture. The designer, Alan of Walsingham, replaced the usual central tower by this original composition. By his boldness in taking for the base of his octagon the entire width of the nave and aisles, he obtained an area far larger than would have been possible under a square tower, and as the plan was carried out with the exquisite taste of the period (1322), the result is surpassingly beautiful.

One bay of the Choir of Ely, also built by Walsingham, is shown in the fourth illustration, the central division (the Triforium) being unusually large and the lower pier-arch less than the ordinary height. The Triforium Gallery, as usual in England, is not open to the outside light but only to the interior. The English architects did not use such quantities of glass as the French until a later date, when gigantic windows became the rule. Fergusson says the proportions of the Decorated bays of Ely choir "are here used with such exquisite taste and such singular beauty of detail that there



ONE BAY OF THE CHOIR  
ELY CATHEDRAL

west window is a fine example of Decorated tracery, of the pinnacles and junction of the spires ways a difficult problem. The principal weakness is the insignificance of which, though beautiful, is far too small for such a large cavernous and awe-inspiring — best French façades, land. Side porches of some design are a freedom of giving dignity were well suited to the they afforded shelter people.

the crossing of the choir, is a magnificent example of the Decorated style. It is the last of the great Gothic dome remains of the Middle Ages, and is said to be one of the most beautiful objects in English architecture. Walsingham, replaced

## ARCHITECTURAL STYLES

is perhaps no single portion of any Gothic building in the world which can vie with this part of the choir of Ely for poetry of design or beauty of detail."

Little was done in France in the fourteenth century; the Hundred Years' War interfered greatly with the progress of architecture. France was poor, bleeding at every pore, and unable to spend great sums on church building. Besides, there were plenty of churches for the population, and the great age of enthusiasm had passed, never to return so ardently. When a revival took place, in the fifteenth century, a new style came into being.

Among the very few great buildings of the fourteenth century in France the Abbey of St. Ouen, at Rouen, stands first. It was begun in the year 1318, but in 1339 work was discontinued till 1490. The larger part, however, belongs to the fourteenth century. It is lighter in treatment than the great buildings of the preceding age, and not so earnest, but the details are perfect in finish and grace of execution. In this age the absolute artistic honesty of earlier periods was beginning to weaken. Occasionally useless ornamental parts were introduced merely for richness, cheating the untrained eye into the belief that they were of service. In the thirteenth century every part had its well-defined purpose and the decorations were always suitable to their place. For instance, ornamental construction suitable to the outside, where it served as protection against rain, is never found inside until the decline set in. The proportions of St. Ouen are excellent and not overstrained in height; the central tower was added in the fifteenth century, but the two western spires are unfortunately modern and were not carried out according to the original drawings which still exist. This church shows that the influences which produced the English Decorated were working in France though with less force.

The few remaining buildings in France of the fourteenth century more closely resemble those of the preceding century than is the case in England. We may say that French fourteenth-century architecture is rather harder, a little less warm and rich in feeling, than English, though it is almost too daring to criticize, even very gently, such noble art. Not till we reach the next period in France can we observe any really striking differences from the earlier and rather purer style.

R.

*"The days come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant friendly party; but they say nothing, and if you do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away."—Emerson*

## WISH-CLOUDS



HERE was once a little girl who lived in a kind of cloud of wishes. She was seldom contented with her play-things, or her pleasures, or her duties — with her duties least of all. She wished for this, and she wished for that.

With each fresh wish, the cloud about her grew denser. If you had chanced to be surrounded with wish-clouds yourself, you might have lived with her for weeks without ever seeing her real face.

Poor child! no one had taught her how to drive away her cloud of wishes. She had never seen her real face.

One day there entered her mind a great big wish. What do you suppose it was? Why, she must have a certain dolly she had seen in a store window.

At the same time she found herself face to face with a great NO! She was astonished, indignant, angry. She had never had such treatment. She would! *she would!* SHE WOULD! But there stood NO like a policeman with folded arms.

She peered from behind her dark cloud, and the sternness of that NO seemed somehow kind. Then all of a sudden she lost her stormy wish upon a flood of thoughts of shame.

When she went back to her play-things — behold! each of her toys seemed beautiful. The simplest pleasure became joyous. And her duties — her duties more than all else — had grown so dear to her heart that she loved them best of all.

The cloud grew thin and melted away, and her true face shone out like the sun after a rain.

COUSIN WINNIE







MOTHER DIXIE AND HER PUPPIES

### OUR FAMILY



HIS is a picture of Mother Dixie and her family. It is not a very good picture, but you can see it is a large family. There are six of us: Tricksy, Gypsy, Snow-ball, Seven-eleven, and Luke.

Sister Gypsy was very pretty and cute, and so were they all, but she knew it. Every time any people came around she would begin to show off, and that was not a nice thing for her to do — just to make people notice her.

As Mother appointed me the head of the family, I did all I could in trying to make Gypsy stop. I ran after her and I bit her ear (not very hard, because she was only a little thing) for I knew it was my duty to keep order. And I must say that it just kept me busy, especially when they were all at home. I was on my feet all day, either running after Gypsy, or trying to pull Seven-eleven away from the loquat blossoms which hung way down to the ground, for one time he was stung by a bee on his right forepaw. Anyway,

## TREES

I tried to tell him that if he ate the blossoms then, there would be no fruit; but he didn't seem to care. He was a little thoughtless, I think, because when our plate of milk was put down for us, he jumped right into it. Then I had to lick it all off of him.

But that wasn't half so bad as it got to be when Gypsy and the others went away to their new homes. Of course I knew that I still had the duty of looking after Seven-eleven, and he thought it was his duty to look after me. So every time I found something nice to play with or to chew, he would tear it away from me or try to. So we spent most of our time correcting each other.

Seven-eleven has gone away now, too. He has a nice home with a big yard to play in. And you know, I have gone to live in the Baby's Home up on the hill, where I expect to keep order among those children. Mother had all my baggage put in a box to be sent up. I had two blankets for my bed, and a dried orange, a big spool, and a little velvet bull-dog to play with.

They put a little harness on me. I am glad, because I can keep order much better when I am in uniform like a policeman.

Well, good-bye, dear children. Your four-footed friend, LUKE

## TREES

SARA COLERIDGE

*THE Oak is called the King of Trees,  
The Aspen quivers in the breeze,  
The Poplar grows up straight and tall,  
The Pear-tree spreads along the wall,  
The Sycamore gives pleasant shade,  
The Willow droops in watery glade,  
The Fir-tree useful timber gives,  
The Beech amid the forest lives. — Selected*

## HOW ERNEST FOUND WHAT HE NEEDED



HAT Ernest thought he needed was string for the tail of his kite. What he really needed more than anything else in the world was *patience*. So impatient was Ernest that those who loved him best called him 'Little Full-of-Trouble.'

He had started out wrong. Being a sick baby, he had cried till he got his own way. Then when he was a well, strong, going-to-be-a-big-boy little fellow, he still wanted what he wanted very quickly. He had never more than a wee bit of patience, and he lost that wee bit every day, many times.

"Oh, dear," he was saying, frowning crossly, "I need yards and yards of string."

Perhaps *you* could have asked your parents for a dime and bought the string. But Ernest could not for two reasons. His parents were poor, and they were saving their dimes for Ernest's education.

Walking along carelessly, he stubbed his toe against a hitching-post. Angrily he turned and kicked at it—as if the hitching-post wanted to hurt his toe!

"Hateful!" he said, kicking away and getting very red. He looked as though he might have been a cross-patch for nearly a hundred years, so wrinkled and blinking and ugly was his face.

Still kicking, he opened his eyes. He noticed a hollow in the side of the post. Standing still, he put his hand into the opening.

"Why, it feels like string," he thought.

"It *is* string," he said aloud, pulling out a handful.

"It's yards and miles of clean and dirty, old and new, white and colored, twisted, tangled string! It's string enough for *all* the kites in town!" he cried, piling it up on the walk beside him.

For the first time that day a pleasant look was on Ernest's face. He had found what he wanted and what he needed. Out of the hollow of the post he was pulling something better than string.

Old Uncle Benjy Beamer came to the door of his shop.

"Discoveries?" he asked roguishly.

"String!" whispered Ernest, as though it were gold and jewels.

## HOW ERNEST FOUND WHAT HE NEEDED

"Do you want some string, my boy?" Uncle Benjy questioned.

"I *need* some!" said Ernest.

"Kites, oh yes, I know, kites. It's kite-time." Uncle Benjy laughed as he went on:

"I've been putting string into that old post for this many a year, thinking the nesting birds would use it. But 'No,' says Mrs. Robin, and Madam Jay, and the rest of them. 'No string for us,' says they. 'So,' says I, 'I'll give it to the one who finds it and knows how to use it.'"

"And I'm the finder?" asked Ernest, eagerly.

"Finder, sure enough. Have you the patience, though, to put it in order, so that you can use it?"

'Little Full-of-Trouble' looked at his feet. His toes were still aching from the impatient kicks he had given the post, and he had no answer for Uncle Benjy.

"I'll tell you," said the wise old man. "I'll give you what you can disentangle and wind up good-naturedly. When you lose patience, you don't get another inch of it!"

"All right," agreed Ernest. "I'll go home and get a basket to put it in."

"No," said Uncle Benjy. "Go ask your mother to let you work here on my doorstep."

Ernest came back soon. He was laughing. 'Little Full-of-Trouble' was no suitable nickname for him now.

He sat down and looked at his treasure. Thick string — thin string — red, blue, yellow, white and brown string!

"I'll wind a ball of the waxy kind for all the boys' kites. And I'll put the colored pieces into skeins for Mother," said Ernest, setting to work.

For a long time afterwards he came every day and wound string on Uncle Benjy's doorstep. At first his work was slow and tiresome and trying. But when he had finished, he had something worth having. He had earned what he most wanted — string. He had learned what he most needed — patience.

ZELLA





### THE PIGEONS' MEAL-TIME

The children of the Râja-Yoga School at Point Loma grow up from infancy to love  
'Mother Nature' and all her children.

### MY LITTLE COMPANION

*"Don't you want a Polly?  
Put her in a cage  
And have her for a dolly.  
Smooth her pretty feathers,  
Wipe her little nose;  
Set her in the sunshine  
Just to warm her toes."*



HOSE voice is saying this?" you ask — "a little child's?" No, it is not a human child, but a bird child; it is the parrot, Daphne, saying her lesson there in her cage on the porch, as she enjoys the fresh air and sunshine.

Listen awhile, and you may hear a regular medley of songs: 'Good morning, merry Sunshine,' 'Polly Wally Doodle, when you

## MY LITTLE COMPANION

Rock' — just parts of each, and all rather mixed. Or perhaps she will sing 'The Little Mountain Bird.' She used to sing one verse, all but one word, and get the tune nicely, too. But she has grown careless of late, and can seldom be induced to sing or say all of any one thing except the little verse in the beginning. She said all of one verse of 'Twinkle, Little Star' when she first learned it, and part of 'The Owl and the Pussy-cat.' But now she seems more interested in getting her every-day conversation correct; and the degree to which she does this is sometimes startling, to say the least.



"MY NAME IS DAPHNE;  
WHAT IS YOURS?"

Daphne has been with me constantly since she was six months old, and her age is now six years. Besides giving her regular training, I have made her my constant companion, addressing commonplace remarks to her just as if she were a human being. I have kept a strict record of all her



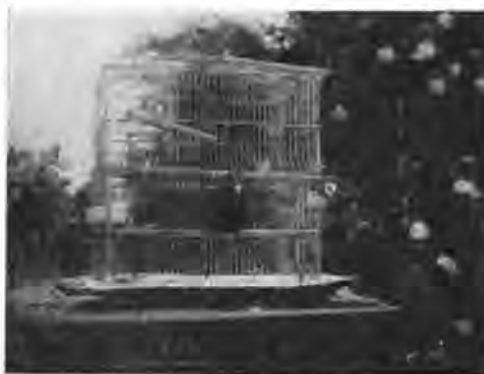
DAPHNE AFTER HER  
SHOWER-BATH

sayings and doings from the time she arrived, recording nothing before she had said it plainly, and more than once. There are one hundred and sixty words on the record. I do not believe she remembers all of them now, yet I am not sure, for sometimes she says one of the old things which I supposed she had forgotten.

Some things she will learn after hearing them only two or three times, some have to be repeated many times before she learns them, and others she will not learn at all. She is no longer learning so many new words as she did; only once in a while does she pick up a new word.

When she is in a mood for talking she will often say what one wants her to say, and one interesting thing about it is that she

does not repeat the question. If asked, "What is your name?" she replies, "Daphne." "Are you a funny polly?" "Why, yes, 'course." When asked what the crow or the kitty or the dog says, she makes the proper sound. When told to 'say good-bye to the lady,' she will say, "Good-bye, lady."



DAPHNE VISITS PIXY-PAN

There is no doubt that she associates her words with instance, if she is drinking she says, "Want some water?" If she sees me eating she then says, "Want some corn?" — that

being her name for all her food. And one day when, dripping wet after her bath, she was hanging upside down in her cage, she asked, "Like to look at this?"

Nearly every time I do anything to make her more comfortable, such as arranging her blanket to keep off the sun or wind, she says, "Bless your heart," or asks, "Is that better?" She used to say "Thank you" whenever I gave her anything; but she has gotten out of the way of it, and says it only when I put her back in her cage after she has been out awhile. If offered something she does not want, she often says, "I don't like that," or asks, "Don't *you* like it?"

Once when she was sitting on my knee, I said, while pointing to her feathers, "Pretty green feathers here, pretty red ones on your wings, pretty yellow head" — "Pretty eyes," said Daphne.

Sometimes the conversation is between me, at work in the house, and Daphne on the porch. "Are you all right?" she will say. "Yes, Daphne." "Don't you want to come out?" "Not now." "Come on out!" "No, I am busy." "Bless your heart," she answers.

Daphne has been broken of squawking partly by scolding her, so that when she did it she would scold herself. "What you howl?" she would say. One day when I was singing while at work indoors,

## MY LITTLE COMPANION

from her cage on the porch she called out, "What you howl!" Another time, when told not to make that horrid noise, she replied, "All right," and began to talk and sing. When Pixy Pan begins squawking, of her own accord she tells him to "Be quiet" and "stop it," or asks him, "What you howl?"

When I set the two cages side by side on the porch, and say, "Now talk nicely to him," Daphne will generally look at Pixy Pan and say, "Ain't that nice? Don't you like it? *Now* you are happy."

One day when the two cages were placed together, Daphne found that she was near enough to tease the little polly, and that by brandishing a long stick of wood she had in her cage she could make him cry out. So she kept it up, laughing all the while, and saying to him in the sweetest tones while she shook the stick at him, "What's the matter? It's all right. You're a cunning little bird — yes, you are," and so forth, for half an hour or so.

Sometimes while out on the porch both birds will squawk in alarm, and Daphne will call, "Edytha, look out! look out! What's the matter? Oh! look at the crow — caw, caw!" Going to the door, I see a crow flying overhead, frightening both pollies and making them sound their note of danger, which all birds seem to understand — "*Krrrrrrrrrrrr!*"

One day there was a great commotion from the birds on the porch, and Daphne called, "Look out, look out!" Going out to see what was the trouble, I found both birds greatly excited, Daphne with her crest raised and feathers fluffed, and Pixy with his little bill stretched to its utmost, squawking for dear life. "Look at that, look at that! Oh! Oh!" Daphne said to me — looking not at the sky, but down the path, where an old cat and three kittens were coming merrily along. Both birds were relieved when I 'shooed' the cats away, and peace and quiet reigned for a little while. But what affected Daphne the most was not fear of the cats, but the fact that she had made me understand, and she showed great appreciation of it.

At night, when she wants to be covered up, Daphne calls, "Edytha, put, put to bed, want to go to bed, good night." When



asked, "What shall we do with Pixy?" she always says, "Put him to bed, put him to bed."

In saying "Twinkle, little Star," Daphne took a notion to tease me by not saying the word *wonder*. "How I — what you are." Even when the line was started for her three or four times, she would leave *wonder* out of it in spite of all my coaxing and telling, and then laugh and giggle when I scolded her, until I had to laugh too; then she laughed heartily, asking mischievously, "What's the matter?" Then I heard her say, "Cunning polly."

One evening when a visitor, after arising to go, stood talking by the door, Daphne called out, "Good-bye, good-bye, can't you say good-bye?" This she has done more than once, to my embarrassment.

Although parrots undoubtedly have their limitations, Daphne's story shows that a great deal can be done in developing the intelligence of a bright parrot, if taken while very young and trained patiently and perseveringly. The parrot has the largest brain-capacity of any bird. Another advantage over other birds lies in its ability to use its claws as hands, and thus grasp and handle objects and learn the shapes of things. Animals which have prehensile ability surpass in intelligence all those which are unable to handle things with the exception of the horse and the dog, whose high grade of intelligence has been acquired through close association with man for so many ages.

One can do very little with a parrot until one learns to love it and to be very quiet, gentle, and good-tempered with it. Patience and loving kindness will win its love. Harshness frightens it, even a severe tone, especially at first.

In order to cultivate a sweet, pleasant voice in the bird, one is obliged to control one's own voice; for it is the teacher's voice the parrot is going to imitate. I can assure you that since Daphne has been mine she is not the only one who has been trained.

That birds — especially parrots — love the companionship of human beings is very evident from the way they respond. But the ownership of such a pet carries with it a serious responsibility, which

## APRIL RAIN

should never be forgotten or neglected. Birds depend entirely upon the one who owns them for care, affection, and companionship. By giving the attention they crave, one can make them really happy and contented in their cage-homes.

A well-trained parrot with well-kept feathers — gentle because it has been treated kindly, friendly because it has known naught but friendliness, contented because it is healthy and well cared for, full of merry talk and play because it feels happy — is a source of amusement and delight, good company the whole day long, and well worth all the care and pains given it. One might almost call it a 'thing of beauty and a joy forever' — for it is said that parrots live to a great age, sometimes ninety or a hundred years. COUSIN EDYTHA

## APRIL RAIN

ROBERT LOVEMAN

*IT is not raining rain for me  
It's raining daffodils;  
In every dimpled drop I see  
Wild flowers on the hills.*

*The clouds of gray engulf the day  
And overwhelm the town;  
It is not raining rain to me,  
It's raining roses down.*

*It is not raining rain to me,  
But fields of clover bloom,  
Where any buccaneering bee  
Can find a bed and room.*

*A health unto the happy,  
A fig for him who frets!  
It is not raining rain to me,  
It's raining violets.— Selected*

## A LETTER FROM LOMALAND



DEAR LITTLE MAN MICHAEL: Have you ever had a letter from far across the wide blue ocean, written in Lomaland, the home of so many busy little boys and girls? They like to send messages and pictures and songs and fairy gifts sailing away and away over the ocean, to find the other little boys and girls to whom all these gifts and messages belong.

Now that you are three years old, and have been telling Father and Mother many beautiful stories — why here is one that is all for you, and for whomever a little man like yourself will find to share it.

Just outside the door — down the little path through the bower of roses, and in at the gate that must always stay *shut* — are two little white dogs and their new friend Polly-parrot.

Pompon keeps guard, and runs around the garden, watching for his master to come home from his work; or calling to Bessie, close by, that Black Puss is coming down the hill to see if Tabby Fluff has any milk to spare, and that there really is not any, for Tabby Fluff left it for him, with a nice piece of fish, under the daisy bush, and he found it there when he ran up the path with his master early this very morning! Oh, such a long, happy *bow-wow-wow*, *bow-wow*!

He talks a great deal to everyone who passes, but he does not say much about the shut gate. For he remembers quite well the day when someone had left the latch unfastened, and with his clever little nose he pushed the gate open and went out all alone to visit some of his friends — Daphne, and Pixy Pan, and Hector, near by; perhaps to find his own dear master somewhere up on the Hill. But his mistress had told him many times he could not be wise enough to understand about the duty-schedules of his many little friends and the right time to visit them, nor about the dangers outside the gate, while he was only a little dog, so young, and before he had learned to obey his own schedule of duties most carefully.

He knew quite well *his* duty that day was to stay on guard with Bessie; so everything had gone sadly wrong when at last he was

## A LETTER FROM LOMALAND

brought home, a very tired little dog. He knows now that his mistress will open the gate at the right time and call him to come out with her, and she has told him he has already grown a *lille liny bil* wiser.

Bessie, Pompon's little white sister, has been sick, and often lies on some cushions and rugs in the sunshine on the porch steps. She knows that very soon her mistress will come out and give her her medicine, which she will take just as nicely as every other wise little sick dog does. She has learned that her dear mistress knows all about what is best and right, and that the only way to be well and happy is to obey her every wish, to listen for her call and to run down the path or up the steps as fast as a little dog can; for that call means *come at once, come now* — and perhaps it means, also, that a beautiful dinner is ready.

Polly-parrot is very happy and gay. She has a fine new cage which her master has made for her, and upon the *outside* of which she sits and whistles and talks just as long as she wishes — for to a talking, adventuresome, trusted Polly the wide outside is far more like home than the inside of a cage, where she would be all alone with her toys, her seeds, and the bars.

When Sunday afternoon comes, these three friends will be having the best time of all the week, for the two little Râja-Yoga daughters of their master and mistress will be home; and Pompon tells Bessie that if she is quite well they will run, and bark, and jump up and down and round and round, to show how glad they are to have the two little girls to romp and play with, and to take out for a walk over the hills where the rabbits live.

Now we must call Tabby Fluff in to his supper and close the door — for the sun has already found his way far over the ocean, and will soon be out of sight, and Pompon and Bessie, Black Puss and Polly-parrot, and little boys and girls will all be asleep.

Mother and Auntie will give you a good-night kiss and help you to find out who sends you this story from Lomaland. — A. D. R.



## NINE



WHEN you're nine years old, you know,  
All your baby days are gone.  
You must work and play and grow,  
And learn your lessons all alone.  
I am nine years old to-day--  
Eight seems a long time ago!  
Though I love to run and play,  
I can tat and knit and sew!

## FAIRY PATIENCE



KATHLEEN was unhappy.

"What is the matter?" asked her Cousin Meg, who was much older.

"I don't like being told to be patient by anyone who has a long, solemn face," replied Kathleen.

"But, you know, you are a little impatient, sometimes," said Susie.

"I know," returned Kathleen, "but I would rather be impatient than look like ---"

"Hush! hush! dearie," interrupted Meg. "I will tell you a story."

"Once there lived a little girl, called Mary," she

continued in a pleasant voice, "and sometimes she was very impatient and very cross. But somehow she was always uncomfortable and miserable afterwards, and restless too, because she felt as if a kind of feeling---very still and loving and a little bit sad---was looking at her naughtiness; and she longed to understand.

"One day she went away by herself into the pine-woods at the back of the house and sat on a mossy stone, and wondered and wondered.

"She imagined she saw a lake, and it was very stormy and rough. Hovering over it in a golden light were the most beautiful fairies. Their garments were transparent, of different colors and the most delicate shades. Each was holding a gift---a star; and they seemed to be watching and waiting.

"Mary wondered what they were waiting for. Immediately one of the fairies looked down at her and smiled, and the reply came in the smile.

"We are waiting for Fairy Patience to still the lake and clear it like a mirror."

"What can be the gifts---from stars?" wondered Mary. And the fairy looked again, and a soft tender feeling thrilled Mary's heart and told her.

“Light, that makes people wise, brave and happy. We dwell in the heart of every little boy and girl. But they don’t know us until they have commanded Fairy Patience to still the naughty storms within themselves. So we watch and wait, and when the lake is still, wonderful things will be seen.”

A. P. D.

## TUNING UP

I WAS cross as a bear when I got up to-day,  
And my grand-daddy said, “What’s the matter,  
                  pray?”

“Why Sallie, my girlie, you’re all out of tune  
With the roses and sunshine, this first day of June!”

He gave me a rosebud and went on his way,  
While I sat still and thought, without wanting  
                  to play.

The flowers in the garden were laughing at me  
And the first thing I knew, I was glad as could be.



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### THE BLUE IRIS

*By Helen Savage, a Râja-Yoga Student*

WITHIN a cloud of lilies shining white  
Was one blue iris, frail and finely-wrought.  
It burned with blueness of a heart-deep thought,  
It was the color of the wings of night.  
And up the petals crept a purple light  
Out of its inmost heart, all strangely fraught  
With dark-flame fire that the iris caught  
When it first saw the dawn-tipped mountain-height.

And stealing o'er the rim, rippled and frilled,  
There came a fragrance, incense-rich and rare.  
It breathed above the lilies tall and fair  
And they with shining, cold-white radiance filled  
Bended above to pour their shell-white glow  
Upon their iris-altar there below.

# RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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## GOOD-WILL TOWARD ALL BEINGS

*AS a mother, even at the risk of her own life, protects her son, her only son, so let a man cultivate good-will without measure toward all beings. Let him cultivate good-will without measure, unhindered love and friendliness toward the whole world, above, below, around. Standing, walking, sitting, or lying, let him be firm in this mind so long as he is awake: this state of heart, they say, is the best in the world.*

— From the Metta Sutta

## THE IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS



HOW wide and all-encompassing is the scope of this subject, touching as it does upon every phase of our daily life, both inwardly and outwardly. For are not the great events, the crises, the turning-points of our lives, molded according as we have met the seemingly trivial happenings of every day?

Let us consider one of the most important of the so-called little things that influence our lives, namely, a thought. In the first place, is a thought a little thing? Theosophy says no. The power of thought is immeasurably greater than that of words. The general tendency of human nature is to judge things as we see them, and they are large or small according as they appear when seen through our eyes. That accounts for the fact that so few people are willing to admit that thoughts are fraught with an all-embracing power for good or ill. For since man's finer senses are, in the majority of cases, dulled by selfishness, he cannot see thoughts with his physical eyes, nor perceive that they have any visible effect; consequently it is but natural that he should deny the power of thought.

There is some excuse for the ignorant ones allowing their thoughts to dominate them, but for us, who know better, there is none. It is the duty of every one of us to take hold of our minds, and see that our thoughts are clean and pure and uplifting, in order that the acts resulting from these thoughts may correspond to the highest ideals we hold up to others.

Just as this principle is applied to thoughts, so it is with all the little things of life. If we stopped to analyse the causes of all the great movements of the world, we should find that they all had small and seemingly insignificant beginnings. Take for instance the discovery of America, and the sub-

sequent founding of a great nation. How did it start? From a thought in the mind of one man. To be sure, the thought needed extraordinary will-power and perseverance in order to be worked out; but had the thought not been there, the action could not have followed.

Another instance of this principle is seen in the great artists, poets, and musicians, some of whom have been a marvel to people of all nations because of the facility and richness of the inspirations that came to them. It is one of the laws of Nature that nothing can be attained without labor. Is it therefore at all reasonable to believe that these great minds have attained all they possess without laboring diligently and steadfastly? Knowing, as we do, that our past lives have such a potent influence on our present ones, we cannot but believe that these great souls have worked unceasingly in other incarnations, little by little storing up the knowledge which in this life they are able to use in Humanity's service.

I have heard some people, when rebuked as to their conduct in little things, express such thoughts as these: "Little things do not count, and what harm can one little wrong act do? I shall take care not to act thus in matters of greater moment." What a mistake does such a person make! How pitiable it is that there are so many who thus deceive themselves into believing, that at a time of greater need for self-control they can suddenly turn round and cast off the added weight of all the small moments of weakness that they have allowed to creep into their lives.

Sometimes it is a good plan to take a practical example, for there may be some whose power of penetration cannot apply an abstract principle to their daily lives. There are so many examples of this principle in life that there is no difficulty in finding one. To take a well-known instance: that of a piece of machinery. We are all aware that if one screw, a very small thing in itself, were out of place, it might stop the machine and perhaps cause serious damage. And yet we are content to leave some of the screws of our characters loose, and then expect the machine to run smoothly without hitches. But there will be hitches every time, and we shall find ourselves running up against a post which cannot be passed until we make up our minds to pay more attention to the smaller details of our daily lives.

"What great events hang on our smallest acts!" Katherine Tingley has said, and this quotation brings forcibly to our minds the bearing of this subject on the lives of the great patriots of this country. If we studied their daily lives carefully, we should find that it was in the little things that they stood out strong and uncompromising for the cause of Right, so that when a crisis came they were able to face it fearlessly and effectually, with all the strength and fortitude acquired from small acts of self-conquest.

So it is with all truly great ones, and when souls such as these pass away from our midst, what part of their lives do we love most? We honor and

## LITTLE BY LITTLE

revere one who saves his comrades from some great danger, or the patriot who gives up his life for his country; but it is the little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love that are the best part of a good man's life.

Let us not therefore disregard a single evil thought or act in ourselves or in others that we are able to remedy, nor ever fail to do an act of kindness because it is too small to be considered. Then when the call comes, we shall be able to respond with hearts attuned to the higher forces of life. F. S.

## LITTLE BY LITTLE

*LITTLE by little the time goes by —  
Short if you sing through it, long if you sigh.  
Little by little — an hour, a day,  
Gone with the years that have vanished away;  
Little by little the race is run,  
Trouble and waiting and toil are done!*

*Little by little the skies grow clear;  
Little by little the sun comes near;  
Little by little the days smile out  
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;  
Little by little the seed we sow  
Into a beautiful yield will grow.*

*Little by little the world grows strong,  
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;  
Little by little the Wrong gives way,  
Little by little the Right has sway;  
Little by little all longing souls  
Struggle up nearer the shining goals!*

*Little by little the good in men  
Blossoms to beauty for human ken;  
Little by little the angels see  
Prophecies better of good to be;  
Little by little the God of all  
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.*

— Cincinnati Humane Appeal





A CORNER OF THE VERANDA OF 'CASA ROSA,' LOMALAND

## WHICH OF THE TWO PATHS WILL HUMANITY FOLLOW?



HICH of the two Paths will Humanity follow?

The upward path in the end, certainly, for the warrior spirit is bound to win. But it depends on each unit how fast humanity will travel on this upward path.

According to the Theosophical doctrine of cycles, at the close of last century humanity passed the lowest point in this present cycle, and began the slow climb uphill. This doctrine of cycles teaches that man's evolution is not in one straight line, but is in a spiral, with many rises and falls, each ascending arc rising higher than the one before, and with smaller cycles within the larger ones. There is a constant interaction between these cycles; that is, the larger cycles, which affect the destinies of races and nations, influence the development of each individual in that nation; and in the same way the nations' Karma is affected by the acts of each person in that nation.

Therefore the question, "Which of the two paths will Humanity follow?" is one which bears a vital relationship to the individual, because it depends on how each one meets his present situation.

What are the two paths? The words of Mme H. P. Blavatsky, written many years ago, can be well applied to the present, as to any crucial time:

"We stand at the parting of the ways, where the one path leads down

## WHICH OF THE TWO PATHS WILL HUMANITY FOLLOW?

the acclivity to the dark valley of ignorance, and the other climbs upward toward the pure celestial level of being. For us it is to utter the cry of warning and the word of encouragement; he that hath ears to hear, let him hear — and Be Wise."

It is not to be supposed that any individual alone can change the destinies of a nation, if it is not the right time. It is all under the governance of the Eternal Law, but this Law works through human agencies; and when I say human, I mean really the divine side of the human, because it is that side that works in consonance with the Eternal Law. Each one of us in our turn, in small or great degree, is an agency for the good or evil forces according to the use we make of each day as it comes; and if we do not keep strict guard over ourselves and drop into a negative state, there is always the possibility that we may give expression to the lower forces. To quote again from Mme Blavatsky:

"The whole world, at this time, . . . is in a turmoil; everything is shaking and crumbling in its movement towards reform. It is useless to shut our eyes, it is useless to hope that anyone can remain neutral between the two contending forces, the choice is whether to be crushed between them or to be united with one or the other."

These contending powers are at work all the time, but there are certain pivotal times, such as the ending of one cycle and the beginning of another, when their forces seem to be concentrated, when the strife is keen for supremacy during the next cycle. During such times, even seemingly insignificant acts have far-reaching results. In looking back over the past, we can see many instances of where a chain of terrible results is linked to one act or one word of one man. Did he know what consequences would follow that act? We can safely say, in most cases, No; because though he might have known the immediate consequence, and sometimes not even that, only the Enlightened Ones can see the whole chain of results and thus act only according to that Eternal Law whose working They help to carry out.

Perhaps if we knew all the results that will follow in unbroken succession our present acts, we might do differently. We have not the power as yet thus to lift the veil of the future. How then, one might ask, could we be blamed for acting as we do, not knowing what the consequences will be? We may not know the specific consequences, but we do know that we reap as we have sown. Therefore by sowing good seed, that is, by doing each duty as it comes along according to the highest dictates of conscience, when the crucial times come, we shall know which is the right path. The more we obey the orders of conscience, the more we can trust the intuition, and the more certain is our knowledge that we are doing right. Therefore in one sense every hour is a pivotal one, because each one offers a choice between

doing right or wrong, and this choice surely affects the hours that follow.

There is one aspect of this cyclic law which appeals to me as most beneficent. When the choice between two paths is made, and an individual or a race makes the wrong choice, though this brings with it its full measure of consequences, yet the opportunity will come again, as the cycle recurs, to make a better choice, and, by the knowledge gained through suffering, the choice is a wiser one. A very crucial time is when mankind reaches the point in the cycle where it failed before, and then is the greatest need to "push a strong current in the opposite direction," as Mr. Judge said, and pass safely over the breaking-point. We are now at just such a crucial time; we are not far past the turning-point, and hence the urgent demand that the life-currents which will predominate during this cycle shall be held to their right course.

In a time of turmoil, where there is uncertainty as to which of the many paths to follow, wherever there are a few who are positive in their convictions and know how to forge ahead and take the lead, they are sure to form a nucleus which soon gathers a following. The strength of this 'drive,' so to speak, depends on the soundness of the foundation, that is, the soundness of the principles for which they stand.

This gives Theosophy its great opportunity. For amid all the questioning and the unrest, and the dissatisfaction with the old forms and dogmas, it strikes a positive note of knowledge founded upon the rock of Truth, which has withstood the attacks of the ages. And this opportunity is to ingrain into the very life of mankind its foundation-stone of the Divinity of Man, its teaching of justice as expressed in the laws of Karma and Reincarnation, showing that the present situation is the result of the sum of all the acts and thoughts of the past; that, while we cannot escape the effects of those acts performed, we can, each and every one, set new and better causes in motion. This is what Theosophy is doing, and thus it forms a nucleus, around which the regenerative forces of the world will rally. M. H.



EXPLORATIONS in Chinese Turkestan indicate that at a remote period there existed in that country a great civilization, now entirely disappeared. Old traditions tell of the wondrous cities lying buried under the shifting sands which cover this region, and many such remains have already been discovered. On one ruined site were found an immense quantity of household furniture of rare design, also pottery, carved woodwork, wall paintings, and manuscripts in as many as seven different tongues, some of them unknown. Great discoveries may be expected in this region, as facts seem to point to this now arid desert as having been the starting-point of many great civilizations, of which the Chinese is only one. The art relics preserved are not characteristically Chinese, but show Indian, Mesopotamian, and Greek traces.

# ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### THE THIRD POINTED IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE



THE Third Pointed style in England is generally called the Perpendicular and sometimes the Rectilinear, and it is well named, for nothing, within the limits of the Gothic, could be in greater contrast to the graceful lines of the Decorated than the straight and rigid forms of the last true Gothic style, which began about the year 1377. It came in very suddenly and was not imported from abroad, but seems to have been invented by the famous William of Wykeham, the great architect who afterwards became bishop of Winchester, and who reconstructed the nave of his cathedral in the Perpendicular style. It is probable that he decided that the flowing curves and graceful lines of the Decorated period were not right in stone construction, and that something firmer and stronger was needed, both from an artistic and mechanical standpoint.

So now we find straight lines in abundance: straight bars of stone, called mullions, run up to the tops of the windows; others, the transoms, cross them at intervals, and the curved lines are reduced to the fewest. Because of the strength of this crossbar method, windows could be increased to enormous size. The great east window of York Cathedral is *eighty* feet high, and each side of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, is almost a wall of glass held up by a framework of straight stone bars. These great windows were excellent for the display of the glorious colored glass of the period, as can be seen in the illustration of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. As time passed, the arches of the windows and doors became flatter and flatter, until they lost the characteristic look of Pointed architecture.

The rigid lines of the windows were the keynote for the rest of the constructional and decorative forms. Everything possible was drawn by rule and compass; the ornaments became stiffer; the graceful foliage of the fourteenth century disappeared, to give place very largely to hard and formal ornaments such as miniature battlements, panels of various shapes, crowns, coats-of-arms, shields, repeated over and over again. Of course leaves, human figures, and animals were still used, and very beautifully, but not so much as formerly.

The vaulted stone roof developed amazingly in the Perpendicular period. It became richer, and was subdivided into small panels; finally it took a remarkable form called 'fan-tracery' from its resemblance to a half-opened fan. This can be seen in the illustrations of King's and Windsor Chapels. In the latter (1475-1521), which is considered the most beautiful of these vaults, the exquisitely designed panelling is relieved by ingenious hanging pendants. In the third of the famous Royal Chapels which gave imperishable luster to the close of the Gothic age, that of Henry VII at Westminster, the



its double curve, was very much used in the Flamboyant, particularly in the canopies over niches and windows. Note the peculiar pendant apparently hanging from the canopy of the divided arch of the porch of Louviers. Such a far-fetched extravagance would have been impossible for the great designers of the early Gothic, for it is only able to exist by a cunning trick in masonry. The arch is not built, as the spectator imagines, of separate stones, but is carved from a single stone, of which the pendant is a part.

While the Flamboyant builders accepted the general design of their predecessors, they gave the old forms a new appearance by the elaborate system of ornament they invented — a system which disregarded the highest principles of decoration in order to astonish and amaze the uncritical. With all its weaknesses, however, the earlier Flamboyant is so picturesque and fanciful, so rich in delightful, even if not strictly legitimate, surprises and conceits, that it disarms the severe critic, even though he knows that its charm is not that of health but of the fever which destroyed it at last. R.

## THE TEETH AND THEIR USES



ICE, white teeth are ornamental to the human mouth, but they are not solely intended for ornament. The teeth have a use to perform, most important and necessary to good health and happiness.

The teeth are so arranged that they grasp and cut the food and then grind it. It is the grinding process that is so important.

The swallowing of your food does not end the process, for, after entering the stomach, it must go through many changes before it can help make the blood that keeps the cheeks of a healthy child fresh and rosy, and makes the eyes bright and clear.

Let us eat a piece of toast or a cracker together. You bite off a piece of toast, that is the first stage in the process; let us call it the *digestive* process, for through this process must it go before the food can be absorbed or assimilated by the system, the body, to make fresh blood for the heart and lungs.

When we grind or chew the toast, it becomes moist in our mouths, and that is caused by the saliva mixing with it as we grind it. It is imagined that this saliva is of no more use than to make the food slip down into the stomach without sticking by the way; but this is a very, very wrong theory, although a very popular one with those who eat and run, bolting their food, so that the toast, meat, and potatoes reach the stomach in large pieces, instead of in a well-ground, pulpy mass.

Take the flour from which the bread is made. The grains of wheat are firm and solid, almost as hard as flint. The prehistoric man used no mill,

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but ground these kernels with his teeth; he knew better than to swallow them whole. In time he learned to grind them in a stone mortar, and adding water to the flour made a dough and baked it at the fire. But his teeth show that he used them for grinders as they were intended. We do not have to grind the wheat with our teeth; the miller who makes the nice, sweet flour does that. The bread process is a digestive one: the flour must be ground fine, or the yeast will not properly digest it in the process of dough-making.

So we must grind our food — everything: meat, vegetables, bread, toast, crackers, cheese and fruit,— or we will do to the stomach what the miller would do to us, if he only cracked his wheat instead of pulverizing it. Our teeth would have to work too hard.

Now there is something else done to our food, especially bread, crackers and starchy vegetables. When it is chewed to a pulp, it is brought in contact with a very subtle yet powerful digestive ferment present in the saliva, called ptylin, which is capable of changing starch into grape-sugar. And this admixture is absolutely necessary to begin the digestive process properly.

If you were given hard grains of wheat to grind and chew with your teeth, it would prove a slow, hard, tiresome, and probably a tooth-breaking proposition, but that is just what we force upon the stomach and entire digestive canal when we let big pieces of cracker, meat and potatoes slip down unchewed.

This is a very important and a most lengthy subject to dismiss in a few words, but space will not permit me to go further than state that after two or even three hours the food leaves the stomach in a semi-digested, acid (sour) state, to enter the second digestive process, where it becomes alkaline, the opposite to acid. There the fat is made milky, the starch is further turned into grape-sugar, and the meat and similar substances are turned into pepsin — all of which are processes along the line of solubility. This process of digestion is kept up even in the intestines, until the value of the food is absorbed through the intestinal membrane, because being soluble it can pass through, and then a complicated process goes on that changes it in Nature's workshop into blood, flesh, fat and bone, supporting and sustaining, or supplying the waste that is always going on in the body. HAROLD C.

## NIGHTINGALE FLOORS

WHO would ever think of coaxing dulcet tones from a wooden floor? Quite impossible, you will say. Yes, with ordinary floors, but not with the Japanese 'nightingale floors.'

The planks in these melodious floors are of seasoned cherry wood, and are so fitted and fastened that the friction caused by a person walking upon them causes a soft, ringing tone to issue from the wood, suggesting to this ever poetical people the notes of their favorite songster.

the birds of Paradise can afford to wear gay colors; but if there were many hawks and eagles, it is probable that they would be eaten up very soon because bright plumage attracts the attention of these pirates of the air.

Papua abounds in pigeons of all kinds, from the Goura or crowned pigeon, which weighs as much as four pounds, to a tiny little pygmy with a brilliant coat of grass-green feathers and a forehead of bright magenta.

Little is known of the natives of the interior, but those on the coast are well shaped and have very dark skins. Their lips are much thinner than those of the negro. Their hair sticks out all round their heads like an old-fashioned mop, and resists the pressure of the hand like a closely-trimmed beard. One of these savages gave utterance to a yell of terror on being shown a looking-glass, and perhaps we should do the same if we suddenly saw our reflexion for the first time. The old men told a Russian traveler that until recent years fire was unknown, all food being eaten in a raw condition. Nowadays some of them procure fire by striking sparks from the flinty surface of a bamboo stem with a piece of pottery; but in most places when the fire goes out, they simply beg a few glowing embers from the neighbors next door.

There are many different tribes, and their languages are so unlike that the natives of neighboring villages are often unable to understand each other. On the whole the natives are gentle in their manners; they respect their women folk, and are extremely fond of children. There are no chiefs or kings in some parts of Papua, each village being a little republic by itself. The old men meet together to settle disputes and to impose fines on the wrongdoers. They are very severe on those who speak evil of their neighbors and repeat gossip. They have a saying: "What the eye sees not and the ear hears not, that must no man say." Those who tell tales about others must pay a fine which is divided up among the heads of the families.

Their houses are perched on open wooden frameworks. The flooring is made of sticks rudely tied together and widely spaced; but this is rather an advantage than otherwise, because it allows the garbage and rubbish to drop through into the water below where it is snapped up by the crocodiles, instead of accumulating on the floor. They make their fires on clay hearths, so that they will not set their houses on fire.

Even in the back country the houses are built on piles driven into the muddy banks of lakes and rivers and can only be reached by boats. These little groups of houses built on piles must strongly resemble the lake-dwellings of Europe of some four thousand years ago. In the picture we must suppose that the river is unusually low owing to drought, or perhaps it is on the coast and the tide is out.

The climate of Papua is very wet for the greater part of the year, and the explorer discovers that a walk in the dripping forests is somewhat trying to the temper. Wet with perspiration, every step he takes makes the steaming

## HISTORY OF SWEDEN

traveler wetter still, because every leaf he meets with pours a little bucket of water on him as he forces his way through the creeping plants that bar his passage.

A tropical forest is always more or less gloomy because the fruits and flowers, the birds and the butterflies, are at the tree-tops two hundred feet above our heads. The traveler trudges along at the feet of the lofty trees, often wet to the skin by reason of the heavy rains. Even in places where the trees are low, there is such a confused tangle of luxuriant foliage that one plant obscures the other, and the general impression produced upon the traveler is that of a dense mass of impenetrable undergrowth. It is seldom indeed that the eye is greeted with a blaze of color like that of a field of California poppies, or a slope of Alpine scenery deeply blue with a thick carpet of gentian.

P. L.

### CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF SWEDEN

*Written for the Children and Young People at Point Loma*

by O. S.

#### CHAPTER VI — GUSTAVUS III AND MODERN TIMES



AFTER the death of Charles XII an entirely new era dawned in the history of Sweden. The vital energy of the nation, which hitherto had been spent almost entirely in foreign conquests and the struggle for political greatness, was now diverted into other channels. Under the greatest warrior-king of Europe the Swedish armies, which had been considered unconquerable, had at last been defeated, and the sufferings and sacrifices of the nation had been so severe that all dreams of further political exploits were dispelled. It was only natural that after this period of expansion should follow one of interior concentration and readjustment: the outbreathing was followed by the inbreathing.

Sweden's era of political greatness may be compared to a brilliant northern winter, when the sky is wonderfully wide and open, the air clear and bracing, and the sun occasionally sheds its rays over the white snow-fields, causing them to glitter and gleam with a dazzling light. But gradually the cold had grown so intense that it threatened to freeze all life, and the vitality of the people could hardly withstand any longer the enormous pressure of the elements. Therefore it was with a feeling of satisfaction rather than of loss that they saw signs of the approach of the spring equinox. The air grew thick and gray, and heavy storm-clouds gathered on the horizon.



## HISTORY OF SWEDEN

Finally the clouds burst, and violent storms of destructive hail and icy rain deluged the earth. The snow melted away, and all the beauty and brilliancy of the winter day with it. It was a whipping and lashing rain that made deep furrows. But it finally broke through the hard, frozen shell. The thaw increased; inner forces from the secret abode of life were freed, and began to make themselves felt and to rise like the mounting sap in the trees. The spring flood was great, and washed away much of what the winter had brought of brightness and beauty; but it made way for the spring. New hopes were kindled, and finally there came again some rays of the sun.

To give a short account of the historical facts: After the death of Charles XII the first thing which had to be done was to secure peace; and peace was concluded with Russia in 1721, at Nystad, by which Sweden lost all her Baltic provinces and the eastern part of Finland, receiving in exchange an indemnity of money and some commercial advantages. The government of Sweden had been entrusted to Charles' sister, Ulrica Eleonora; but after a reign of a few years she ceded the crown to her husband, Prince Frederick of Hesse, who became King of Sweden under the name of Frederick I and ruled until his death in 1751.

But the power of the Swedish king was no longer what it had been. By the Riksdag of 1738, which marks a turning-point in Swedish history, the whole constitution of the country was radically modified, so that the actual power of government was transferred from the monarch to the parliament or Riksdag, which had the power of decision in all vital questions. At this time, also, the two contending factions, which for the next half-century fought for predominance in the administration, became clearly distinguishable. One party was called the 'Caps,' the other the 'Hats.' These two epithets were well suited to describe the general characteristics and tendencies of these parties, for the 'Caps' party was composed mostly of representatives of the lower classes — peasants and burghers, whose policy had a tendency to drowsiness and slowness; while the 'Hats' were composed almost entirely of aristocrats, who wanted to carry out a more brilliant and hazardous policy.

The greatest danger of this sharp party-division was that each side tried to increase its influence through co-operation with foreign powers, who were intensely interested in the politics of Sweden. The 'Caps' co-operated with Russia, and the 'Hats' with France. At certain epochs this co-operation became so intimate that the welfare and independence of the country were at stake, for the party politics of the representatives blinded them to the wider issues of their country's existence as an independent state. The 'Hats' actually entangled Sweden in a war with Russia, which involved little glory and great expense, and finally led to their downfall. The King had neither the power nor the intelligence to put a stop to this dangerous playing with the fate of the nation. His slender prerogative had gradually dwindled to

the vanishing-point, and his personal signature on official documents had been replaced by a name-stamp with the royal signature engraved thereon.

King Frederick died without issue in 1751, and Prince Adolphus Frederick of Holstein-Gottorp was elected as his successor to the Swedish crown. He was no stronger a personality than his predecessor, and would have given the Riksdag even less trouble had it not been for the ambitious promptings of his masterful consort, Louisa Ulrica, the sister of Frederick the Great of Prussia. She was a most intelligent and ambitious woman, and made some attempt to regain part of the old prerogatives of the Crown. But the time was not yet ripe for a restoration of this kind; Adolphus Frederick and his queen had to submit to great humiliations imposed by the estates, who actually gave them instructions as to their duties and rights.

Louisa Ulrica devoted herself with so much the greater energy to the encouragement of scientific, literary, and artistic efforts, and it was due partly to her interest and liberality that many of Sweden's greatest geniuses got the opportunity of study and development. Although this period was not a very glorious one in the political history of the country, it was a time of the greatest importance in the life of the nation — a time when new spiritual forces were called into action, producing thinkers, poets, artists, scientists, and industrialists whose names shine with unfading glory in the annals of humanity: Carolus von Linné (Linnaeus), the great botanist who laid a lasting foundation for the general classification of plants and trees; Emanuel Swedenborg, the great scientist and author; C. W. Scheele, who discovered oxygen; the poets Olof von Dalin, Count G. P. Creutz, and C. M. Bellman; Jonas Alströmer, who founded large factories in Sweden, and first introduced potatoes into the country; Christopher Polhem, the engineer who constructed the great canal across Sweden; and many others. The Queen also saw to it that the young crown prince Gustavus received a most thorough education, so that his unusual natural gifts were given full opportunity for expansion.

When Gustavus became king, in 1771, under the name of Gustavus III, the Riksdag was still attempting to limit the power of the monarch by imposing on him a humiliating coronation oath. But this was more than Gustavus would submit to. Deciding instead to stake the fate of the Crown on one card, he started a revolutionary movement in which he was supported by part of the army, and which, thanks to his brilliant power of persuasion and quick action, led to a complete triumph for the King. This most memorable though bloodless revolution was accomplished on August 20th, 1772. The King forced the Riksdag to accept a new constitution, which converted "a weak and disunited republic into a strong but limited monarchy, in which the balance of power inclined on the whole to the side of the monarch." The Riksdag could assemble only when summoned by him; he could dis-

## HISTORY OF SWEDEN

miss it whenever he saw fit; and its deliberations were to be confined exclusively to the propositions which he might see fit to lay before it. Yet the estates were granted much power of control in both the legislative and the economic problems of the country.

Gustavus III sounded a new note in the history of Sweden. In the earlier years of his reign his figure was surrounded by a halo of light, and it was not without reason that his admirers loved to see in him a Northern Apollo. The period between 1772 and 1786 has often been called 'the happy years of Gustavus III.' It was marked by salutary domestic measures, such as the abolition of judicial torture (which had been reintroduced after the death of Charles XII), the re-establishment of the freedom of the press, the regulation of the finances, and sweeping but necessary reforms in the army, navy, and judicature. Gustavus must, however, be particularly remembered as the great patron of the arts. Never has a monarch ruled in Sweden who was more interested in literature and art. He was himself a successful writer and a great actor, and he encouraged liberally poets like Bellman, Kellgren, and Leopold, and artists such as Sergel, Roslin, and Adelcrantz. During his time the Swedish Academy was formed, after the model of the famous French Academy.

During his later years Gustavus showed an increasing inclination towards autocratic methods, thereby causing a growing dissatisfaction among those who had been affected by the new ideas of freedom and self-government which had been promulgated in France and led to the overthrow of absolutism in several European countries. A successful war against Russia in 1789-90 postponed, but could not prevent, the action of these dissatisfied elements in the population, who finally formed a conspiracy against the person of the King. These Jacobins in Sweden took the occasion of a midnight masquerade in Stockholm on March 16th, 1792, at which the King was present, to get rid of their powerful opponent. He was shot by a masked nobleman, and expired a few days later.

Gustavus III may be charged with many foibles and extravagances, and his genius was directed toward cultural conquests rather than toward political achievements. Yet he was indisputably one of the greatest sovereigns of the eighteenth century, and his death brought dark days to Sweden. His son was only a boy, and the men who acted as regents for the prince had scant respect for the liberal ideas of Gustavus III. All kinds of false mysticism began to spread among the upper classes, and some of the educational and scientific institutions founded by Gustavus received little attention. Even the defenses of the realm were neglected.

When the young Crown Prince became ruler, in 1796, under the name of Gustavus IV Adolphus, he was hardly fitted for his responsibilities. His education had been greatly neglected, and his natural gifts were entirely

inadequate, to say the least. The most striking feature in his character was an almost abnormal obstinacy, which, coupled with very little mental capacity, made him a great danger. His one leading idea was to oppose Napoleon the Great, who at this time had the whole of Europe at his feet. Napoleon, who well knew the inclinations of Gustavus, therefore encouraged the Tsar Alexander of Russia, who at this time was his friend and ally, to make war on Sweden. War was begun in February, 1808, coming almost like lightning from a clear sky. The Russian army invaded Finland, which was entirely unprepared. As soon as the Finnish and Swedish armies were mobilized, they were ready to sacrifice everything for the defense of their country; and if they had only had an able leader, the war would probably have ended successfully. But at the head of the army was placed a general over seventy years of age, with no understanding of the situation. His strategy was a continuous retreat. The greater part of Finland was evacuated. It was of no avail that some of the subordinate officers like Adlercreutz, Sandels, and von Döbeln fought several glorious battles against the Russians: the commander-in-chief did not want to take a stand against the enemy; his only desire was to save the army, and thus he let Finland gradually become occupied by the Russians. As the home government of Sweden did not support the gallant officers in Finland, who had only a very limited number of men at their disposal, the army was finally forced to surrender, though it was allowed to return to Sweden.

By this time not only the independence of Finland, but the very existence of Sweden herself, was at stake; for in accordance with the compact made with Napoleon, the Emperor Alexander was preparing to attack Stockholm from the north and east, while the Danes co-operated from the west. The crisis was acute, and the King had plainly lost his head. His violence had alienated his most faithful supporters, while his obstinate incompetence paralysed the national efforts. The only expedient remaining was to remove the King, and this was done on March 13th, 1809, when he was seized and shortly afterwards transported to Germany, ultimately settling in Switzerland, where he died in 1837.

The crown was bestowed upon Duke Charles, the younger brother of Gustavus III, who was a useful instrument of the revolutionists and in no way interfered with their plans. A few months later, Nov. 1809, peace was concluded at Frederickshamm, Finland, at which Sweden had to submit to the humiliating terms of ceding to Russia the whole of Finland up to the Torneå River, and also the Åland Islands.

As Charles XIII had no children, the question of the succession to the throne soon became acute. After various attempts in different directions, it was agreed to elect Marshal Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals, as successor to the throne, this choice being directed principally by the desire



## HISTORY OF SWEDEN

to have a man who could, to some extent, again restore the political power and military prestige of the country. He became king under the name of Charles XIV John. No doubt he was an able man, and desired to serve his new country honestly and wisely, but naturally he was always looked upon by the Swedes as a foreigner.

At this time Napoleon was opposed by an alliance including practically all the other European powers. Not only did Sweden join the alliance, but Charles John actually took part, in Germany, in the battles against his former Emperor. As a reward for this aid, in 1814, in the rearrangement of the map of Europe after the Napoleonic wars, Sweden acquired possession of Norway, which up to that time had formed part of Denmark.

Charles John died in 1844. He was succeeded by his son, Oscar I, a man of great intellectual gifts and liberal ideas, who instituted important improvements in the administration and in the educational institutions of the country.

Oscar I died in 1859, and was followed by his oldest son, Charles XV — one of the most beloved kings of Sweden in modern times. Charles was gifted as an artist, and possessed an unusually genial nature, though not of very strong will. His main interests lay not in the political government of his country, but in the cultivation of art and the enjoyment of the society of artistic circles.

Charles XV had no son, and therefore when he died, in 1872, he was succeeded by his younger brother, Oscar II, who reigned during thirty-five years. Like his brother, Oscar was highly gifted artistically, and particularly was a most brilliant orator. The longer he reigned, the more it became evident that he was also a man of great heart and noble character. His unusual sense of justice and the purity of his motives granted him a place as an arbitrator in many conflicts among foreign nations; and when, in 1905, Sweden and Norway were on the verge of internal warfare, King Oscar prevented so disastrous a calamity. The dissolution of the union was accomplished in peace, to the great advantage of both countries; and when Oscar passed away two years later, he was more beloved and appreciated than ever, in Norway as well as in Sweden. He was a friend of Katherine Tingley's humanitarian work, and had a deep feeling for the inner, spiritual side of human life.

At present Sweden is ruled by the eldest son of King Oscar, Gustavus V, whose motto is, "With the people for the country."

THE END

## ANCIENT CLASSICS



VERY Râja-Yoga boy and girl studies the ancient classics. There surely has never been a modern writer or philosopher who could surpass the Greeks in telling a beautiful story, at the same time concealing within it true philosophy. Take the story of Perseus, for instance. Briefly, it is as follows:

King Acrisius of Argos had been warned by an oracle that he would meet death at the hand of the son of his daughter, the beautiful Danae. He accordingly had the unfortunate maiden confined in a brazen tower. But Jupiter wooed her in the form of a shower of gold. Their son was Perseus.

King Acrisius then placed both mother and child in a box and set them adrift on the sea. They were rescued, however, by a fisherman of Seriphos, who took them to Polydectes, king of the country. Polydectes at first treated them kindly, but afterwards made the lives of both very unhappy.

When Perseus was of age, Polydectes, planning to dispose of him, sent him to slay the Gorgon, Medusa. Many before him had tried to accomplish this feat; but if they looked even once upon the monster they were immediately turned to stone.

But Mercury, Minerva and Pluto helped Perseus. They directed him to the terrible Graeae — three old women who had but one eye between them. While they were passing it from one to another Perseus seized it, and made them show him, as the price of its restoration, the way to the home of the Gorgon.

With this information, and armed with the shield of Minerva, the sword, pouch and winged shoes of Mercury, and the magic helmet of Pluto (which rendered its wearer invisible), he found his way to the cavern of Medusa. All around him were the petrified forms of men who had perished in the perilous undertaking. But by watching the reflection of the Gorgon on Minerva's bright shield, he slew her.

Putting the head in his pouch, Perseus rose on high and started homeward. From his lofty position he beheld Andromeda, a lovely princess, chained to the rocks by the seashore. When he alighted and asked her the cause of her woe, she explained that she had been fastened there to be the prey of a dreadful sea-monster, in order to appease the wrath of the gods, whom her mother had offended. Perseus then agreed to fight the terrible sea-monster if she would be his bride. He was victorious, and the two then proceeded to Seriphos, where Perseus turned Polydectes into stone and rescued his mother. Then with Andromeda and Danae he returned to Argos. While engaged in a game of discus-throwing, Perseus threw much farther than anyone else and before it fell, a gust of wind raised the discus with such force that it struck Acrisius and killed him, thus fulfilling the oracle.

The allegorical significance of this story is great or small, according to the character of the one who reads it. It probably represents all of life's

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struggles and sacrifices, all of its victories and joys. It shows how clearly the Greeks realized that when the true warrior needed divine aid — represented in the story by Minerva, Mercury and Pluto — he would always receive it.

One modern writer has cautioned us against believing in the reality of the personages represented in Greek legend. But why should we not believe in them? Is not the very fact that the old legends still exist, sufficient evidence that there is something in them that appeals to all hearts? Whether the incidents recorded are actual or not, they must typify basic traits of human character, or they could not have lasted through all these centuries. The noblest and most unselfish feelings have but little power until we give them a definite form. The legends of the ancients gave them such a form, making them what they are — living powers in human life. STUDENT



GREEK THEATER AT THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE

### EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

#### I

*"This day put on a waistcoat and my false tabby waistcoat with gold lace."*

*—Samuel Pepys' Diary, October 13th, 1661*

**T**HE word 'tabby' with most of us calls up a picture of a gray cat with brown wavy markings on her fur, purring softly to herself as she absorbs the pleasant warmth of the parlor fire. To a student of the dictionary however, the word is like the wand of a magician which transports him in an instant to far-distant countries, or revives the daily life of bygone times.

The first meaning which the dictionary gives for 'tabby' is that it is

## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

the name of a beautiful silk cloth of waved or 'watered' silk. This cloth was manufactured first in far-away Bagdad. The particular district of the town in which the weavers plied their trade was called Attabiya. The newly-invented fabric was very naturally called 'attabiya' after the place where it was made, just as cambric handkerchiefs were called after Cambrai in Flanders, where that superior linen was first produced. At a time when 'tabby' was a fashionable material, it struck somebody that cats with brindled hair resembled the fashionable cloth, so he started calling them 'tabby cats.'

The peculiar effect, as of moving water glancing in the sunlight, to be seen on 'tabby' cloth, is brought about by passing it between two rollers which nearly touch one another. This process was called calendering, and people who made it their business to treat silkstuff (or paper) in this manner were called 'calenders.' Now you will understand John Gilpin's "good friend, the calender" a little better. Many people who read William Cowper's 'Diverting History of John Gilpin' in a careless way, have the dim idea that the "friend" thus alluded to, had some connection with the almanac; but lovers of their dictionaries know better.

The word 'brindled,' used just now, is not very well understood as a rule. It comes from the same root as burn. A brindled cat is really a cat that looks as though someone had marked her coat all over with a red-hot iron.

We often speak of a good 'brand' of flour, meaning a particular quality of ground wheat sold under a special name. Frequently the name or trademark is stencilled on the sack or printed on the package; but, strictly speaking, such marks are not 'brands.' Long ago the word 'brand' meant a mark that had been *burned* into a thing to indicate its ownership. Cattle are still marked in the western states with a hot iron upon the skin. These are true 'brands' or burned marks.

Another word from the same root is brimstone, which means simply the stone which burns. The word exactly describes the yellow mineral usually called sulphur in these modern days, which is dug out of the ground, and which burns with a light-blue flame.

Out of every ten people who read Tennyson's beautiful poem about the brook, how many have the slightest idea as to what a 'hern' may be? And among those to whom the word calls up no clear picture, how many will spend the two minutes necessary to look it up in the dictionary?

Our beloved tabby still lies dozing on the mat, while we, by the aid of the dictionary, have traveled to Bagdad and breathed the spicy atmosphere of 'The Arabian Nights.' We have discovered how silk is 'watered,' and have been introduced to an eighteenth-century poet. We have paid a flying visit to the Texan cowboy, and have taken a bird's-eye view of the Sicilian sulphur mines. People are usually content to live on in ignorance, when a glance at the dictionary would clear away their mental fogs.      UNCLE LEN



## THE WHITE-BREASTED NUTHATCH

HEAD up or head down,  
Like a jolly old clown;  
In and out,  
Quick about,  
With many a prank,  
And a laughing 'Quank, quank.'

Then hunting for food  
In the bark or the moss;  
And who do you think  
Clipped his tail,  
With the shears,  
Straight across?

With a cut-away coat  
And a broad white vest,  
And a high standing collar,  
He's always well dressed.

— *Garrett Newkirk*



## THE WHITE-BREASTED NUTHATCH



THE WHITE-BREASTED NUTHATCH is quite a little beauty, in spite of his squat and stumpy figure. The top of his head is jet-black, his face is pure white, his back is of a slaty blue color, and the white under-surface is delicately tinged with a pinkish buff.

He gets the name of 'Nuthatch' from his habit of 'hacking' at chestnuts, beechnuts and acorns with his powerful bill, to secure their savory contents. First of all, he tightly wedges his find in a suitable crevice; then, keeping his neck perfectly rigid, he swings his whole body back and forth, using his pointed beak as a pickaxe. When we consider that his beak is part of his skull, and not like a hammer held in his claws, does it not seem very much as if one

## THE WHITE-BREASTED NUTHATCH

were to open a cocoanut by cracking it with one's forehead? If he ever suffers from headache, he never gives the least sign of it in his behavior.

"The fowls of the air," we are told, "have neither storehouse nor barn." But the nuthatch is an exception to the general rule, as he frequently stores nuts in cracks in the trunks of trees until he needs them.

His principal food, however, consists of insects and spiders, which he finds as he winds his way down the tree-trunks. The reason for this curious habit is probably as follows: the tree-creeper, another bird which is fond of insects, always flies first to the root of a tree and spirals his way to the top. He must of course miss a great many insects; and those that escape his keen little eyes are precisely the ones that the nuthatch discovers on his journey *down*. On account of this habit, he is often called 'The Devil Downhead'; but he is really more of a helpful brownie or fairy, because he eats so many destructive insects. The nuthatch sometimes digs out the grubs that burrow under the bark, and then he throws his whole soul into the work, making the chips fly in all directions.

It is often said that a cold winter helps the farmer by killing his insect enemies. It is true that insects are scarce after a severe winter; but this is mainly because the frost sharpens the appetites of the insectivorous birds, and makes them hunt more eagerly for hidden insects and their eggs. The nuthatch is grateful to those who supply him with suet, meat, nuts, or other heating foods in winter-time.

A White-breasted Nuthatch can be seen in the picture, perched on a finger-tip. Birds often become very familiar with their tried and trusted friends; but this particular bird may have been urged by an unusually keen appetite, caused by the cold, to alight on a human hand for the sake of a free lunch. A low temperature cannot be photographed; but we may safely assume that the weather was cold, because the finger is warmly protected by a mitten.

The White-breasted Nuthatch is not found in California; but we have a near relation of his, the Slender-billed Nuthatch, who resembles him in general coloring. A pair of these birds once turned up at the Lotus Home at Lomaland, appearing to have some very important business on the trunk of one of our pepper trees. P. L.



THE little-known Potala in Lhasa is, according to the descriptions of travelers, one of the most unique and imposing structures in the world. Massive ramparts of solid masonry, washed with white and pierced by innumerable windows, rise in sweeping curves to the height of 440 feet, where they are crowned by the rich red walls and golden roofs of the Phodang Marpo, the residence of the Dalai Lama. This stately pile is over nine hundred feet long at the base, and stands on an eminence in the center of the city, whence it commands the country for miles around. One writer says: "The Potala would dominate London — Lhasa it simply eclipses!"



## LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

BY ANNIE DICK



ATTER, patter, patter," on the leaves! "Drip, drip, drip," on the ground. Little One and its companion rain-drops were soaking into the ground, in an old-fashioned garden near climbing honeysuckle.

"This is unpleasant, and we will get stained and soiled," thought Little One.

"Gather what you can! Gather what you can!" murmured a companion.

"Gather what you can," repeated Little One. "Quite true," it thought, "it is better not to waste time, and there are so many strange things that one can unite with." And down, down the rain-drops soaked.

"Welcome, welcome," chimed a group of rootlets in unison: "our children are calling for food, and you may have the pleasure of giving it, if you will."

"We would be glad indeed," was the quick reply. And slowly they entered narrow passages, which were really a succession of small rooms. On the walls, the ceiling, everywhere, were tiny lives — oh so tiny! all calling for food. And how strange! what Little One and its companions had gathered on the way was just what the tiny lives needed! How happy Little One and its companions were, to be able to give!

"I am so glad we gathered as much as we could. How sad we

## LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

should be now, if we hadn't," thought Little One to herself.

Upwards, upwards they mounted, giving, giving all the time. Now and then they passed by strange passages.

"Where do they lead to?" asked a companion of the tiny lives.

"To leaf-land," was the reply. "You may go if you choose — and you would soon pass again into airy climes, and so return to the land from whence you came."

"That would be very nice," said Little One, who was beginning to feel tired of climbing.

"But if you still have something to give," continued the tiny lives, "it would be more noble to go on giving. If you hold back anything simply because you are tired and want to leave off sooner than you need, darkness will come into your heart, and you will fall asleep when the great light shines."

"And the feeling of rest and pleasure is giving, not taking," said a companion, on its way past.

"Yes, taking is wandering from motive pure and true. True giving thinks not of self," added another.

Little One paused. — The passage leading to rest and airy climes was very tempting, but there were tiny lives calling for food. "There are many to give; I shan't be missed," thought Little One, with another glance along the passage. "But," it said aloud in self-defense, "it is necessary for some to go."

"Not for those who have a choice," was the reply.

Another glance, then, "Nay, it would be selfish, and there are tiny lives calling," and onwards Little One passed.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" murmured the tiny little lives. "We have wanted food so badly! — We were beginning to feel quite weak."

"I am glad I did'nt go down that passage," thought Little One, with a happy feeling in its heart. "Oh! I remember now. We came to earth to be tried; to learn how great is our hold on motive pure and true, and to have our natures tested, so we may know how



## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

much of ourselves is devoted to giving, through the light of love and unity."

Upwards, upwards it traveled, with many comrades, stifling always the desire to go in search of adventure and pleasure.

At last a long white passage opened before them. There was no choice now. Nothing else could be seen.

And now the passage opened into a land, oh, so beautiful! And in their hearts was a great glow of joy. Surely, surely, they felt the great light shining near them. Why! could they see it? was it possible? Yes! the light was drawing them to itself!

Slowly they rose from the white petal of honeysuckle blossom, free once more, bathed again in the golden glow of unity.



ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS WE ENJOY  
GOING TO THE BEACH WITH OUR TEACHER

The Rāja-Yoga School has several miles of  
private frontage on the Pacific.

### HAPPY CHILDREN

*By W. D.*

*OH, everything was singing low,  
When we went out to play today:  
The piping breezes blew as though  
They brought glad songs from far away.*

## HAPPY CHILDREN

*A singing tree-top rocked its nest,  
A lark was singing to the blue,  
And blithesome, on our woodland quest,  
We children all were singing, too.*



THE CANYONS OF POINT LOMA ARE GLORIOUS  
PLACES TO PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK IN

*And laughter, like a roundelay,  
Went circling all the happy morn:  
The breeze ran like a fay at play,  
Low-laughing through the laughing corn.  
The trees were shaking mirthfully,  
The brooks laughed, as they always do.  
So gay the whole world seemed, that we  
Shouted with merry laughter, too.*

## THE MIRROR



LITTLE girl who had been unkindly treated and neglected was taken by good friends to live in a beautiful old house where she was surrounded by gentleness. Her lovely new life was so different from what she had known that it seemed unreal. She was so happy, she could not tell her joy; and those who had made her so, were happy in her happiness.

She took great delight in looking into an old mirror that hung in one of the rooms, for the familiar scene reflected there assumed an air of mystery, of great age, as if the trees and paths in the mirrored picture were as they had been hundreds of years before, when other little children had played among them. She longed to get nearer to this enchanting picture, but she could only see it when she stood many feet away from it, because the mirror hung high out of reach.

She had not left all the habits of her old life behind, and one day she determined to get a closer look into the mirror. By means of a chair and a table she accomplished this. But on looking, she saw not the beautiful scene she loved so well. She saw instead the hot face of a self-willed little child, blurred and dimly reflected through the vapor of her breath on the mirror. She was so disappointed that she struck at the glass with her fist. Then, believing she had shattered the lovely picture forever, and because of her naughtiness would be sent back to the old life she dreaded, she got down, greatly frightened, and ran to her teacher, sobbing.

Leading her back into the room where the mirror hung, her teacher said to her: "Cease crying, child, and listen to me. The mirror is not broken, but only seemed so to you in your anger. Now, as long as you love the picture, you shall always see it; and as long as you are happy with us, your old life can never come back to frighten you away from us."

The little girl looked up, scarcely believing her eyes, and saw the unbroken reflection of all the old trees and paths outside, and her smile was a promise to her teacher that she would be true.

leave her babies. When they asked Polly to come and play with them, they never thought of asking Annie too. But Polly never failed to say, "Can't you come over today, Annie? We're going to knit on our dolls' sweaters." Or, "Mother is letting us have a little party in the yard, and I'd love to have you come."

Sometimes Annie would go, but most often she would say, "Thank you, Polly, but my mother wants me to take Bradley and Bruce out after school."

And while the other girls were amusing themselves, they would see her go up and down the street in front of her house, pushing Baby Bruce's go-cart, and, with a rope around her waist, pulling Bradley's 'horse-wagon' at the same time.

"I should think she'd just hate babies," said Evelyn one day, as she and Elsie sat knitting with Polly.

"So should I," said Elsie. "I wouldn't miss *everything*, babies or no babies."

"But, girls," Polly spoke up brightly, "maybe Annie's having a better time than we are. It must be like having the nicest kind of doll. Bradley can talk now, and he says the funniest things you ever heard. And Bruce claps his hands when he sees Annie coming."

Again, on another afternoon, these three little girls were sitting on Polly's front steps. Across the street they saw Annie coming out of the driveway. Bradley was standing up in his 'horse-wagon,' shouting and laughing with fun.

Polly had a happy thought. "Girls," she proposed, "let's go over to Annie's. We can knit sweaters and talk to her at the same time."

"All right," said Evelyn. "It's a wonder no one ever thought of it before."

"I'm going to ask her to let me push the go-cart," said Elsie. "I never pushed one in my life."

That was the beginning of the daily meetings of the 'Go-Cart Girls.' Quite often afterwards they met at Annie's, bringing their



## THE GO-CART GIRLS

books and playthings, taking turns walking with Bruce or Bradley in front of the house and up and down the driveway.

One morning before breakfast Polly came running over breathless with excitement. called up the stairs

"I don't know,"  
ing down. "Some-

"I should say!  
little baby at our  
so happy that she  
Then she ran a-  
news to Elsie and

That summer  
had many happy  
ma soon engaged a  
red-cheeked Irish  
and nearly every  
took part in a ba-

Sheila and Pol-  
the new little ba-  
riage. Annie fol-  
in his new go-cart.

took turns pulling Bradley's horse-wagon and a big doll's carriage heavy with bottles and books, playthings and balls of yarn.

Often on Saturdays they went to the park and stayed all afternoon. When they passed up and down the streets, laughing and chatting and having a good time, many grown-ups would say, "There go those happy 'Go-Cart Girls' again!"

ZELLA



A SWEDISH MOTHER AND  
CHILDREN WHOSE HOME IS ON  
THE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND OF  
VISINGSÖ



## A SECRET

HELEN STEPHENS, a Râja-Yoga Student

*FROM out the long green row,  
I heard a wee voice calling;  
I looked, and saw below  
Only a petal falling.*

*Then I espied a cup  
Of purest gold adorning  
The head it held high up  
To catch a glow of the morning.*

*And gazing within its heart  
From whence I heard the singing,  
I'm sure that I saw depart  
A fairy lightly winging.*

*I turned away with a sigh;  
That little petal falling  
Knew more of the secret than I  
That that wee voice was calling.*

## UNCOMMONLY GOOD VALUE



WHEN old Aunt Cattakin brought her one gray and two yellow kittens into the living-room and deposited them gently on the hearth-rug, Gillie's mother wrung her hands and moaned tragically, "Whatever shall we do with them?"

Aunt Cattakin seems to forget that these are war times," said Gillie's dad.

"Let me find homes for them, will you, Mother?" asked the boy.

"Well, *good* homes — but, my dear son, do you realize that we have already supplied every family in the neighborhood with kittens?" she reminded him.

"But these are 'uncommonly good value,' " said Gillie, who had seen the phrase in an advertisement.

He lined a basket for old Aunt Cattakin and 'Pershing,' 'Haig,'

## UNCOMMONLY GOOD VALUE

and 'Joffre,' as he had named the members of her latest family. "They are in uniform, you see," explained Gillie in answer to his father's question. "The yellow ones are in the English and American khaki, and the gray one is French."

By the time the kittens were able to fight their own battles in the world, Gillie had been to every 'nice home' in the city. His method of work was to take one of the kittens under his arm, and walk until he came to a house he had not visited before. When someone appeared in response to his knock, he would recite a little speech he had composed.

"Madam (or 'Sir'), this is a very fine kitten. I want to find a good home for him. His name is Pershing (or 'Haig,' or 'Joffre,' as the case was). His mother is a famous rat-catcher. I consider him uncommonly good value."

But Gillie's 'uncommonly good values' were still on his hands. They had outgrown their basket, and were taking up rather too much room with their setting-up exercises and drilling, which consisted mostly of frisking and scampering from one end of the house to the other. So one day, when he was writing to his big soldier brother Willem, Gillie put in a paragraph about his cat troubles:

"Willem, old Aunt Cattakin has three more sons — Pershing, Haig, and Joffre. Pershing and Haig are yellow, and Joffre is gray. They are uncommonly good values for kittens, but I can't find nice homes for them here. Has Camp So-and-so all the cats it needs?"

By the next mail Gillie had an answer to that part of his letter. On a piece of wrapping paper Willem had scribbled:

"DEAR GILLIE: Ship the cats by express at once. The boys are wild to have P., H. and J. for mascots. Tell Mother they will take good care of them. Love. WILLEM."

That afternoon, while her children were being prepared to go into military training, old Aunt Cattakin was seen to be fast asleep in the sunshine, indifferent to the sorrows of saying good-bye. But Gillie was not so unfeeling. He had carried the kittens around with him so constantly that he knew he would miss them very much indeed.

## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

However, he was brave, knowing them to be destined to a higher walk in life than that of an ordinary house-cat. He made a nice slat-topped box, lined it with straw, put in some food for them to eat on the train, and carried the big package to the express office.

The clerk asked him to fill out the address-blank to be pasted on the box. This is what it looked like when Gillie had finished:

CONSIGNED TO: LIEUT. WILLIAM PETTIT,  
CAMP SO-AND-SO,  
SUCH-AND-SUCH-A-PLACE.

SENDER: GILLETTE PETTIT  
ARTICLE: 3 KITTENS  
VALUE: UNCOMMONLY GOOD

And before the week was over, every officer and man in the camp where Willem was stationed had had a good laugh about the 'uncommonly good value' of the already famous mascots, Pershing, Haig, and Joffre.

HENRIETTA S.

## A LOMALAND SEA-CAVE



It goes by the name of 'Brownies' Cave'; and indeed there would be nothing at all surprising about meeting the wee folk there, could you arrive unknown to them. But the only entrance is by a long crack in the roof, just wide enough to squeeze through, and down some awkward steps in the wall; so, on reaching the bottom, you have made such a noise that even the little crabs have scuttled out of sight, let alone brownies!

Now you are in a spacious niche; some sea-god's shrine — cave is no word for it, as it is filled with afternoon sunshine instead of gloom. Just over the edge lie a lot of round, seaweed-fringed rocks about which foam is frothing; beyond are the white surf and the blue sky.

You will do well not to look southwards too far, because there the sun has turned the water to blinding quicksilver; elsewhere,



## ABOUT PARROTS

made them lose. But I doubt if you ever see the Little People; they must have some secret way of getting in and out of their cave; perhaps by the shining path that moon and sun make for them over the waves and far away.

M. D.

## ABOUT PARROTS

**W**E little people at Lomaland all love pets, and one of our dearest pets is an old green and red Polly, whose name is Coco. He can say many funny things, and he can sing, too. Some of his songs are 'Life is Joy' and 'Happy Little Sunbeams.' When the telephone-bell rings he begins to squeak-squawk, so we have to put his cover on to keep him quiet. If we turn away, in a minute it is off again—he has taken it off with his bill.


Coco is a very old parrot; we have had him for many years. He cannot bite hard things, so he puts his cracker in his drinking-cup to make it soft. One day there were some stones in the bottom of his cage, and we found him putting them in the water too. He thought the water would make them soft so that he could bite them!

Parrots are certainly affectionate birds, aren't they? I know of one who sits on your finger or on your back. When you let him out of his cage, he bites the screen, so you have to put eucalyptus branches on it, and then he eats them up. He says many funny things, too, such as, 'Hurrah for the Navy,' 'Hurrah for the Band,' and 'Hurrah for the Country.' I think he loves his country as much as we children do.

GRACE K. (age, 9 years)



## THE STORY OF TWO LITTLE BIRDIES

 HIS little story that I am going to relate happened a few months ago. We Râja-Yoga girls of Lomaland found a little birds' nest on our playground. It had two eggs in it. We saw the father and mother birds coming, so we stepped away, that they might not think we would do any harm.

Next day we went there, and to our surprise we found two dear little baby birds. We sat down quietly. At first the older birds did not come near, but afterwards they seemed to know us better and would fly right past us to the nest, and would eat from our hands, for we always brought them crumbs.

It was such a lesson in Brotherhood, watching them feeding each baby bird in its turn, always remembering which one they had fed last.

Every day we saw the little birds growing larger. Their pretty feathers came out. Then we saw that one was a little the bigger, and we called him the older brother.

These birdies were very funny in their eagerness to be fed. They would open their little beaks as wide as they could. The larger one was always so eager to take the food away from the little one that we began feeding it, though it didn't mind the bro-

## TWO LITTLE BIRDIĒS

ther's selfishness, but stayed quiet, patiently waiting.

Well, at last the day arrived when we had the pleasure of watching them start to fly. It seemed as though they waited for our presence before they began. We were watching them as usual, when, suddenly, the larger one hopped a little way from the nest along the branch of the tree, just as though he were first exercising. A little later he took a good start and flew away. The poor little one, which we called the little brother, was left alone, and this made us feel very bad, so we began to caress it.

Next day the little one made us very happy by trying to join the other members of the family. Of course it couldn't fly long without having a little rest, so it stood still on the fence, and there it sang such a sweet tune that it seemed to carry a message of love to the others, and they all appeared.

The whole family then flew happily away and made their home in another place, in a tree far away. Their first little nest was left empty, and it made us feel lonesome to look at it and not see them there. But our Râja-Yoga teacher told us that they were living their happy life just as we were, so we did not mind. But we never could forget them. I.C.




## SCHOOL-TIME

“SCHOOL-TIME, hurry! There’s the bell!  
Don’t you hear it ringing?”

I was shouting after Nell,  
When I stubbed my toe and fell,  
So I missed the singing!

## GROWING UP

 AM growing up. I am one year old to-day!  
I can say “Papa” and “Mamma” and “bye-  
bye!” And I can walk!

To-day I had on my big coat and  
mittens, my leggings and warm cap, and I  
played out-doors with my big sister Flora.



Flora is six years old. She goes to school and can  
read and spell.

To-morrow Flora and I will have a game of ball  
out on the garden path, where the little birdies play.

## THE KITTY

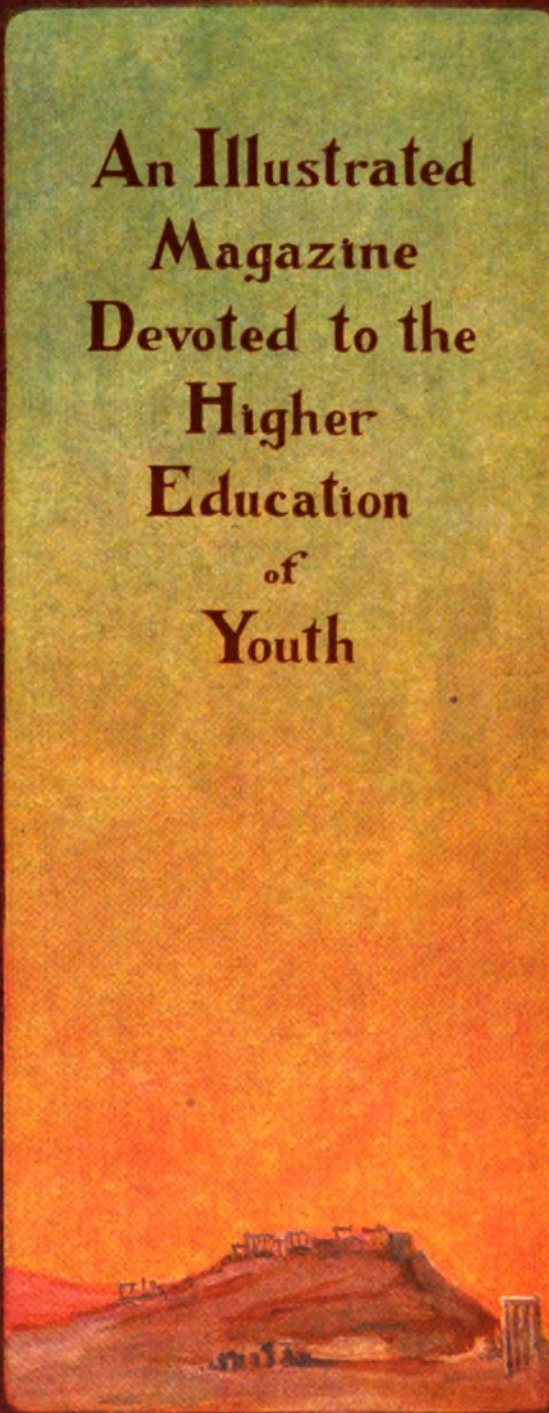
KITTY KIT, why do you sit  
In the house all day?  
Let us run and have some fun  
And in the sunshine play!





# RAJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated  
Magazine  
Devoted to the  
Higher  
Education  
of  
Youth



# Râja-Yoga Messenger

An Illustrated Magazine

Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

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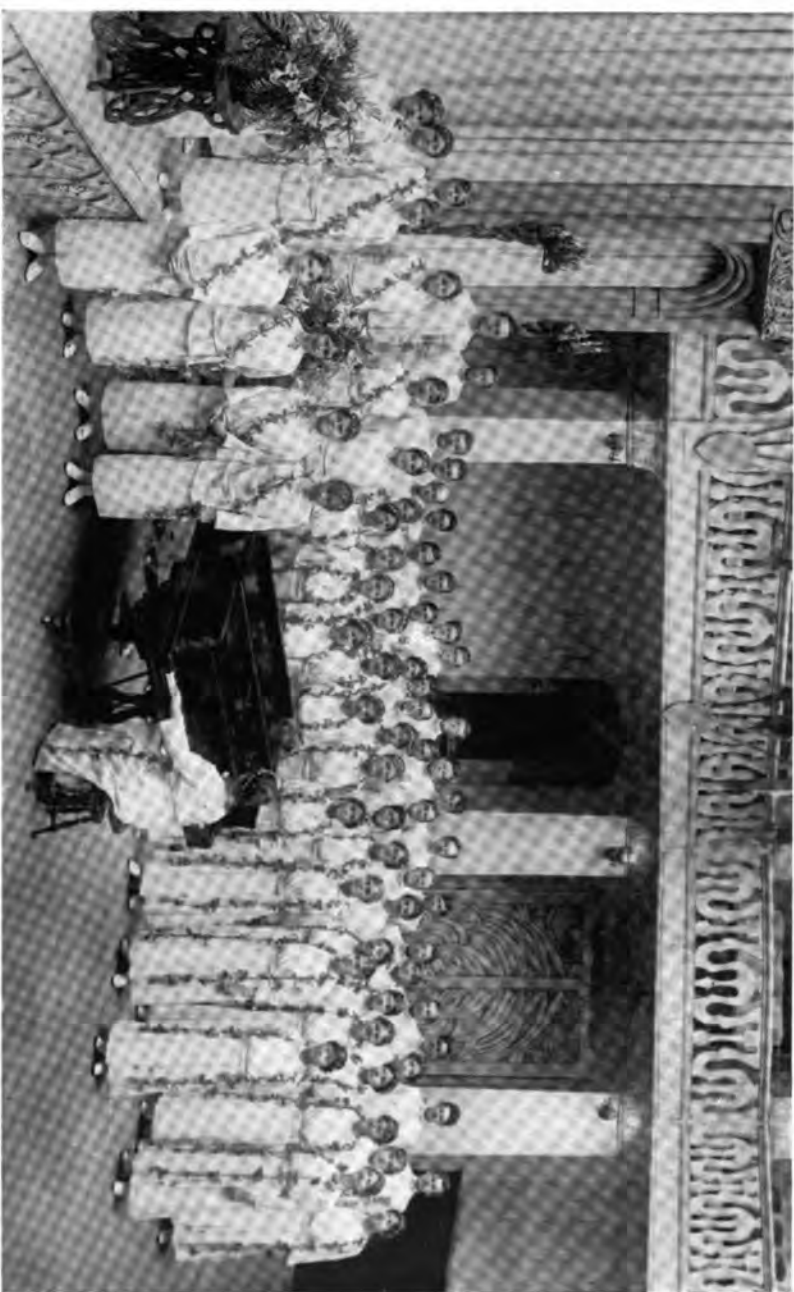
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*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

INTERNATIONAL CHORUS  
RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY AND COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

# RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XV, No. 5

SEPTEMBER 1919

## SEA-DAHLIAS

*THEY grow adown beside the lonely sea  
Within a little hollow in the hill.  
I knew not they were growing there until,  
Beyond the last low-spreading cypress-tree,  
I found beside a stone some two or three,  
Heavy with sunlight, drooping, very still;  
And when I turned and looked below, a thrill  
Of something near to wonder blinded me.*

*Gold ripples down the slopes and on the sand,  
And shining quiet hovers in the air,  
And moving through it like a phantom hand  
Glide shadows of the sea-gulls winging there;  
And silence must be dropping from their plumes  
For every pow'r in stillness broods and blooms.*

HELEN SAVAGE (Râja-Yoga Student)

## PREPARING THE SOIL



OW often it happens that we attempt to do something without observing the necessary conditions for its accomplishment. This necessity does not exist alone for things of great magnitude or of any particular kind, but for everything.

Although experience teaches us that certain effects can be produced under certain conditions, we continually expect to accomplish something without providing the appropriate conditions.

No one would expect to make ice by heating water, for it is clearly seen that the condition is not appropriate. The chemist's reactions either would not take place or would fail entirely if there were not rigorous exactitude in preparing the precise conditions for them.

Considering this idea in relation to our daily life, we come to the fact that, whether we will or no, we are creating conditions all the time, by our



## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

every act, even by our every thought. We create the conditions under which we act. Whatever the external conditions and influences, we decide what kind of an attitude we shall assume towards them and what our actions shall be in regard to them. As W. Q. Judge says: "Man is his own creator, and by his thoughts and acts creates the causes for woe or bliss."

We do not have to lay so much blame on exterior circumstances, but rather on the way we deal with them. We consider it most natural for different people to act differently under the same circumstances. We realize that the point of view is nearly always different, and that people are appealed to by what they contact according to their own natures. Is not the way a person regards things in part an index to his character? It is quite usual to notice how the views and attitude change with the development of the character.

In view of the purpose of life on earth, it does not behoove anyone to stand still and remain bound by the old fetters he has imposed upon himself, and regard the universe from the same, perhaps small-minded, point of view. And who is to break these fetters, if not each man for himself? Help may be extended, but the definite step must be taken by the man himself.

Thus it lies within man's power to change his attitude toward the whole universe. We all know how different the world appears when we are off color, and — what is of more practical value — how it lies within our own power to set things to rights again. We can carry this one step farther, and keep forging ahead to new conditions, which are as much above our ordinary conditions as our 'off-color' times are below them.

Applying this to instrumental study: — What an instrument yields us is entirely dependent upon our attitude towards it and upon the rapport we establish with it. And what we play is only endowed with meaning in so far as we are able to contact and incorporate something higher than the mere notes. Hence the necessity for creating the conditions under which we reach the 'atmosphere' of a piece of music.

Applying this to the production of tone: It needs careful, but not slow, preparation. A thought in the way of preparation leads to immediate improvement; and the introduction of something beyond the mechanism is immediately felt. In playing wind instruments the tone is noticeably improved by less forcing of the tone, and more thought of preparing the lips before striking the tone; also in realising the difference in preparation — not necessarily change of position of lips — for the notes of different registers.

But what happens in the particular, happens throughout life, and it is within man's choice how he shall move through life — a fact that many brave souls have realized and enriched the world by living in it. R. Y. S.



RĀJA-YOGA STUDENTS WHO RENDERED VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL SELECTIONS ON KATHERINE TINGLEY'S RECENT LECTURE-TOUR

## THE POWER OF MUSIC



RUE music, the language of the Soul, is an integral part of the great school of Life. It is not a mere outward accomplishment, to be studied and mastered by the select few, and to be regarded as something unattainable by the many.

Beethoven said, "Music is a more lofty revelation than all wisdom and philosophy." This is because it contains within itself all the wisdom and philosophy of the world, expressed in a loftier and purer form than even the most eloquent oratory.

Everything in nature causes music — sound of some kind, perhaps of a nature too subtle to be heard by our unrefined ears. The life of the Universe is continually playing a grand and noble symphony, through which runs the rhythm of the eternal life-force that pervades all things. But it is just as if this great orchestra of life were divided into two parts. One part, the kingdom of nature, plays rhythmically on, unconcerned with the discord of the human life around it. The other part, the kingdom of man, is divided against itself. Instead of playing together in harmony, the lesser instruments subordinating their parts to those of greater importance, its members are all at odds, and instead of concord of sweet sounds, nothing but jarring discord is heard.

Now we can see the importance of the power of music in our lives, for every time we hear good music or have the privilege of helping to make it,

## THE POWER OF MUSIC

we are lifted out of ourselves into a higher, broader plane of consciousness; a sense of shame comes over us at the smallness of our personal thoughts of an hour ago, and we inwardly make a silent resolve to shut the doors against such thoughts in the future. Thus there is strengthened in each of us a desire not only for harmony within ourselves, but for a deeper consciousness that we are working in harmony with our fellows and not isolating ourselves from the beneficent influence they can impart to us.

In the Râja-Yoga System the power of music in the education of children is fully realized, for our Leader, Mme. Tingley, holds that, as Plato expresses it, "Musical training is a more potent influence than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making graceful the soul that is rightly educated."

Especially is this thought carried out in the training of the little ones. They are taught to sing almost before they can talk; they sing in the morning before their lessons begin, they sing at their play and before going to bed at night. And after the good-night song, what happy little hearts lie down to sleep and pleasant dreams! Not only the little ones, but in fact all the students at Lomaland, young and old, study music.

Great attention is given to ensemble work, for we are taught that by all working together in harmony, each giving out the best that is in him, a subtle force is produced, higher than the mere outward harmony, that operates through the blending of the tones and reacts on the nature of each, both performers and listeners. This power is a building force, synthesizing the higher qualities of man's nature and helping him to find his true Self.

It is this inner power of music that has been known to touch the hearts and stir the consciousness even of hardened criminals, or of those who are discouraged with life and in despair. Realizing this, Mme. Katherine Tingley has used the influence of music with marvelous results, in the work that has been done by the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in the prisons of San Diego and other cities. In this way many a man who found himself on the downward path, has suddenly found his march arrested. His higher nature is evoked. In the harmonies that he hears, there is a voice speaking to all that is noble within him, challenging him to let the warrior within him fight his battles. Thus music has brought about a radical change in his whole life, and henceforth he is a man — not the mere creature of all the evil winds that blow his way.

Let us then realize the great importance that should be attached to music. Let us try to make it a part of our lives; and if we have the blessed power of making music, then let the music of our own hearts touch the hearts of others and lift them silently to work for the perfection of human character. F. S.

## PICTURES OF AN ENGLISH MANOR



**H**ADDON HALL, the most interesting and famous of the ancient manorial residences in England, was never fortified or castellated, and so this picturesque survival has been preserved for later generations. It rises from the meadows through which a winding stream, the Wye, wends its way, in a beautiful district of hilly Derbyshire, fourteen miles from Buxton.

Artists, poets, novelists and antiquaries who have come under its spell, have found Haddon Hall and its vicinity a perfect Sir Walter Scott novel *Peveril of the Peak*. It is also associated with the Dorothy Vernon, history has never been happily, by suffering: on the



annals have been those of peace, generous hospitality and domestic affection. Life at Haddon Hall seems to have been a fine combination of kindness and stately magnificence, and its records do much to support the tradition that 'Merrie England' of the 'good old times' was not altogether a fiction.

Parts of Haddon are at least eight hundred years old, having been built in the Romanesque or Norman style by Sir Henry de Ferrars, one of William the Conqueror's

porters. Con- it passed into the Vernon family and aristocratic Sir Henry Vernon, High Steward Forest in the VIII, and his lived in such a he was called 'Peak.' It was Dorothy Vernon, most charming



The Banqueting Hall

women, who indelibly inscribed her name in the family annals, for it was she who, during festivities in honor of the marriage of her elder sister, ran away with John Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland, who was awaiting her in the woods hard by, disguised as a forester. Her family had objected to her choice, and she had been closely watched and kept almost a prisoner. In the confusion and excitement of the grand ball and entertainment she

don Hall and its mine of treasures, brings it into his *Peak*. It is also as pretty romance of a true story. Its been distinguished deeds of blood or contrary, its only

prominent considerably later the hands of mily, an ancient Norman house. non was made of the King's Peak by Henry son, Sir George, regal style that the 'King of the his daughter, non, one of the and beautiful of



## PICTURES OF AN ENGLISH MANOR

was able to slip away without being noticed. Through her marriage the estate of Haddon passed into the house of Rutland, in which it still remains, though



EAST WINDOW AND FAMILY  
PEWS: HADDON HALL CHAPEL

the mansion has been inhabited since 1779 by caretakers only. The new owners and their descendants, the Earls — and later the Dukes — of Rutland, kept up and even increased the magnificence of their predecessors. The ninth Earl had one hundred and forty servants, and each day the great tables in the banquet-hall were spread as for a Christmas feast.

The fascinating Dorothy Vernon's influence and charm is said to have been great; a romantic garden is called after her; there is a 'Dorothy's Walk,' a handsome avenue; and, of course, the door through which she escaped from the ball-room in the moonlight is called 'Dorothy Vernon's Door'; with its picturesque stone balustrades and steps, overhanging creepers and trees, it has been painted and photographed innumerable times.

In medieval English castles and mansions the banqueting-hall was the central and most striking internal feature. In earlier and ruder days it was used largely for sleeping as well as for living and eating in, but when more modern (and more ancient too) ideas of privacy came in, 'withdrawing-rooms' (bedrooms), kitchens and other necessary chambers were added. The great fire, which originally blazed in the middle of the hall, was moved to a roomy fireplace at the side, and the cooking was done in the kitchens. The Banqueting-hall at Haddon is a large apartment with one of the handsome open-timbered roofs, for which medieval England was specially famed.



BAPTISMAL FONT IN THE CHAPEL

All great houses in the Middle Ages had their private chapels. One of our pictures shows the unusual Romanesque baptismal font with a curious cover, from the Chapel at Haddon.

The greatest the Ball-room, a gallery, 109 feet in in width, with a covered with elabor- cery of great beau- The steps of the the picture, are cut



BALLROOM STEPS

Haddon Hall er handsome apart- to the Banqueting- and all its gardens mantically beauti- stone steps and centuries-old yew expected, the kit- larders, etc., are of furnished with ev-

ance known in former days for keeping open house in the most lavish style. One enormous salting-trough, hollowed out of a solid block of wood, is an object of wonder to all visitors. In the Page's Room there is a frame for stringing bows, thought to be the only one still extant in England. R.

glory of Haddon is splendidly paneled length and 18 feet remarkable ceiling rate geometric tra- ty and richness. ball-room, shown in from a single tree. contains many oth- ments in addition hall and Ball-room, and terraces are ro- ful with picturesque balustrades and its trees. As might be chens, bakehouses, great size, and were ery possible appli-

### THE KELP-CUTTERS

*THEY stand out dark against the waters blue,  
Black hulks that mar the changing sea and sky;  
Listless and dead at dawn, and dull of hue;  
Listless and lifeless when noon flames on high.  
Nor brighten they when day draws near its close,  
But 'neath the sunset grow more worn and old —  
On them the sky no beryl flame and rose  
Sheds, nor the splendors turn their dross to gold.  
Ah, but there's witchcraft in the mind of Night!  
At her approach they change and disappear;  
And in their stead, with jewel-lamps alight,  
And filled with mirth unheard by mortal ear,  
Bright elfin barks twinkle — till the early morn  
Leaves the cold sea day-lit and fairy-lorn.*

HAZEL MINOT (Rāja-Yoga Student)

## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

audience arranged themselves in a circle round the central arena, or 'Orchestra' as it was called, where the dialogue was spoken and the songs rendered. The handsome stage buildings and scenery of the later theaters were all derived from the simple tent and table. The word *skene*, from which we derive our word simply a tent, tent was gradually needed, being into the stage structure behind contained various painted a curious manner for lowering they had to descend from Olympus to set the close of some degrees wooden were provided tators, arranged thirds of the center when the performance stage became of tance, the seats to a semicircle one could get a stage. No roof the Greek theater at any time, though the stage possibly had some protection. We hear nothing of an awning such as hung from great masts across the Colosseum in Rome.



MARBLE THRONE OF THE  
PRIEST OF DIONYSUS

'scenery,' means or booth. This ally enlarged as so transformed and the high it. This latter rooms and supplied scenery and chine or elevate the gods when descend from O-things right at of the plays. By seats, in tiers, for the spect-around two-trial ring. Later, mance on the greater importance were restricted so that every-good view of the was added to

In the year 499 B. C. the wooden benches for the spectators in the Theater of Dionysus, Athens, collapsed, and the citizens determined to build a permanent structure in marble. It took a long time to erect, not being finished till about the year 330 B. C. Six hundred years later a Roman, "Phaedrus, son of Zoilus, ruler of life-giving Attica," put up a new stage. After the fall of the Roman Empire the theater disappeared entirely from view and its very site was forgotten. In 1862 excavations were begun, and now all that remains is fully exposed to view. It stands on the south-eastern slope of the Acropolis, on a spot originally dedicated to the god Dionysus, well sheltered from the cold winds that blow in the late winter and early spring, the season when the principal dramatic representations were held. The most interesting parts remaining are the splendid marble thrones in the



## THE GREEK THEATER

front row and the rich sculpture in front of the stage. The carving was placed in the third century A. D. when the theater was Romanized by Phaedrus. The reserved seats or thrones were kept for the priests and a few officials; we know the titles of fifty-four out of the sixty-seven occupants. The priest of Dionysus took the central chair, for the theater was regarded as a sort of temple of Dionysus, and as the plays were given in his honor it was only right that his priest should occupy the principal place, even though the priests of the more important gods, Zeus, Athene, Poseidon, etc. were present. The names now to be seen carved on the thrones mostly date from the Roman period, but there are a few early ones.

For a long time there were no painted scenes, but by the middle of the Fifth Century B. C. the general plan of the scenery was settled. There were not many changes of scene. Temples, houses and palaces were the principal subjects for the scenic background, but trees, mountains, caverns and the seashore were also represented. It would be a mistake to imagine that the Greeks were so much attached to the natural landscape that they would not block it out by artificial scenery. The scenes were built up so high that they shut out the view from all but the highest and worst seats.

The stage scenery was, however, quite a secondary matter; the music and the acting were the important things. The same scenes were probably used over and over again. The Grecian audience had such power of imagination that little artificial aid was needed to realize the picture the poet wished to convey. The actors themselves wore masks, which deprived them of the power of facial expression, yet by voice and action they powerfully affected the imagination of the spectators. We can hardly understand the possibility of a dramatic entertainment in which the faces of the characters were hidden, even though, as with the Greeks, the masks were very realistic. In their appeal to the imagination the Greeks resembled the Chinese and Japanese, who use the simplest and fewest scenes and stage properties, and yet produce powerful effects by good acting. In the Greek open-air theater at Point Loma simplicity of stage effect has been successfully employed. For instance, when Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* is given by the Raja Yoga Players under the direction of Madame Katherine Tingley there is not even one change of scene, yet the simple and harmonious background of foliage and white temple pillars give the imagination enough support in building appropriate surroundings for each incident.

The Theater of Dionysus at Athens held at least 15,000 spectators, some say 27,500, yet it was not the largest Greek Theater. The Theater at Epidaurus was much larger, and that at Megalopolis held 40,000. Every important city in the Grecian world followed the example of Athens and constructed a fine stone or marble theater, usually in the side of a hill.

The Athenian audience was the most critical in the world. Although,



## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

of course, there would naturally always be many present whose opinions were not of much value, the proof of the fine dramatic taste of the Athenians is shown by the character of the most popular pieces. The triumphant career of Sophocles lasted more than fifty years, and the plays of Aeschylus were frequently called for, after their first successful appearance, to compete again with the works of later dramatists.

The dramatic festivals in the Theater of Dionysus were always of the nature of competitions between the dramatists for prizes given by judges selected by the audience. The spectators were very enthusiastic, and it was not easy for the judges to give a decision in opposition to uproarious demonstrations by the people. Unpopular plays were often hissed off the stage before they were finished; even stones were thrown at the actors. An amusing story is told of an inferior musician who asked a friend to lend him stones to build a house, saying he would repay by giving his friend the stones that would be thrown at him during his next public appearance in the theater!

During the short festival season the performances began early in the morning and there were no intermissions throughout the day, even between different plays. A substantial breakfast was eaten before going to the theater, and light refreshments were taken while the less important parts of the plays were being given. When the great actors appeared everything was put aside and everyone concentrated on the drama. As few of the seats had backs, and the people were closely packed together, and there was no shelter from the sun, the enthusiasm must have been great to hold the audience through the long day's performance. Though not in general use in Athens, hats were often worn in the theater, and each person brought a cushion to mitigate the hardness of the stone seats. Very luxurious persons provided themselves with rugs for the feet.

There were several marked differences between the Athenian stage and ours. In ancient Athens there were few books, and the annual production of new plays, both serious and comic, was looked forward to with the greatest excitement and expectancy by the mass of the people as their great intellectual treat of the year. The noble thoughts of the great dramatic poets had tremendous influence upon the minds of the Greeks. The drama was a most important part of the national life. Any person too poor to pay the small charge of admission to the theater (two *obols*, about seven cents) was given a seat at the expense of the state. The state selected the actors and the authors, and had entire charge of everything to do with the theater. During the period of Greece's glory plays were never produced merely as popular entertainments. Each year a limited number of dramatic poets were chosen by the state authorities to compete for rewards offered for the finest dramas. No other dramatic performances were given in Athens

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except the grand semi-religious affairs at the two festivals of Dionysus, and even the most successful plays were, with very few exceptions, only produced once on the Athenian stage.

The drama was not only a high intellectual entertainment for the citizens but, in a sense, a religious ceremony. It developed from the sacred songs and dialogues in honor of Dionysus, a very mystic deity, and it was only performed at his festivals and in his honor. During the Dionysiac festivals peace and joy reigned supreme; the breaking of harmony by any fighting or assault was punished with extreme severity, as being an offense against religion. The statue of the god was always carried to the theater by torch-light with solemn ceremony and placed in full view of the stage, so that it was said that he was the only spectator who had not missed a single performance since the inauguration of the building! By late writers, during the Roman domination, it was considered an outrage that Dionysus should be compelled to visit a theater where blood was shed in the barbarous gladiatorial combats so popular with the Romans.

Another matter in which the Greek play differed greatly from ours was in the number and duties of the actors. There were only three leading actors, of which only the chief, the 'protagonist,' was entitled to the prize for acting. The subordinate actors were compelled to exercise the utmost self-denial and to restrain their powers so as not to interfere with the interest concentrated upon the 'star.' The three actors took all the important parts in the play, however many. As they always appeared in masks the change of character was easily made by a different mask and costume. There were extra characters, of course, but they had little or no speaking to do. Notwithstanding the handicap of the mask, the art of acting was carried to a very high pitch indeed, and we have records of many famous actors. The art was held in high esteem.

The Chorus was a peculiar feature of the Greek stage. It consisted of a number of persons who stood at the back and occasionally spoke or sang. The remarks of the Chorus helped out the action of the play and made things clear. Now and then a single person would step out and make a short statement or announcement. While the Chorus was not properly a part of the play but was a kind of stage audience which criticised and discussed the actions of the three leading actors, it was a necessary part of the Greek drama. In the Middle Ages we find something of the same kind in the 'Mystery Plays,' and there are traces of it in Shakespeare's *Winter Tale* and elsewhere. The Greek poets often gave the Chorus some of the most important speeches. C. J.

## "AND THE DAY BREAKS"

*FLOWERS with bright eyes lightly shut had wept  
Their tears of sparkling dew, and through the night  
To cooing of a lonely dove they slept.  
The moon, with dragonfly-like wings did light  
The heaven's deep sea. The sky with stars was sprinkled;  
Like snow-white jessamine they brightly twinkled.*

*Some little clouds among the blue had slayed,  
But golden morning coming all too soon,  
From cherokee to faintest rose had strayed  
And hung with beauty all about the moon.  
She, usurper, now is taking flight,  
All pale, to other skies beyond the night.*

*The bringer of all light came gloriously;  
And rippled ragged clouds with ruddy gold;  
He sipped the silver drippings from each tree,  
And to the dew-filled flowers great secrets told.  
Then from some ivy-covered post, a bird  
Sang hymns till then the world had never heard.*

*The abalone humming-birds did light  
Upon the gold-cupped flowers the sun had crowned.  
Some wild canaries in their dresses bright,  
Some linnets in their crimsons, autumn-gowned —  
And sometimes even small gray sparrows too,  
Made love unto the sun or drank the dew.*

JOAN CORYN (Rāja-Yoga Student)

## ON THE DUALITY OF HUMAN LIFE

### II

(For the first of this series see the January number)



It has been said, that on the material plane of development humanity in general has attained its highest possibilities. We can see this in all professions, especially in art. From a technical standpoint our modern art can hardly be excelled. Yet many artists who have mastered the brush, are still dissatisfied, still searching for something. What is that something? Where can it be found?

First, what is art? — true art? It is the expression of the very highest in our natures, and can never be attained by the intellect alone; there is

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only one way to the goal, and that lies outside of the personal self. Every aspiring artist who has mastered the technical possibilities of his craft is either consciously or unconsciously searching for this very truth; and it seems to me that humanity also has come to that same critical point. It has, as it were, run up against a wall — the barrier of the brain-mind or personality — which, according to Theosophy, obscures the pure spiritual light from the soul. We must break down this barrier. It has to be done some time, and until we *do* control the lower and attune ourselves to the great Soul of nature so that it becomes manifest in our daily acts, we shall never be true artists in any line or profession. This takes courage, but does it necessitate a terrific struggle? Not unless we are ambitious.

I have often asked myself, "How can I come in touch with this great impersonal life?" and in answer these words of Mme Tingley's always ring in my ears: "Try to work along lines of least resistance."

I know that if I search conscientiously, I invariably find that selfishness is the cause of all my personal grievances. It may be very subtle; for instance, when I think my aspirations are high I feel a little neglected because more time is not devoted to what *I* think I need. But, as Omar Kháyyám says:

"The worldly hope men set their hearts upon  
Turns ashes, or it prospers; and anon,  
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,  
Lighting a little hour or two, is gone."

Now there is a very simple illustration of the duality of life: a chicken in the egg. In one end of the egg there is what is called the 'air chamber,' a small space divided off by a thin film or skin. When the chick is ready, it pecks open this film and drinks the air; that is its first breath of life. Here is the critical point I referred to in regard to humanity. If after taking this first breath and thinking itself alive, the chicken should settle down comfortably in its narrow little shell, self-satisfied, with no thought of the world outside, it would soon shrivel up. But it breaks through and enters its *real* life, as the Law intended. The shell may be too hard, and it may need assistance, but the hen is always ready to help after the chicken has *first made an effort itself*. Likewise is our soul always ready to do its part to help us advance.

To carry the simile further: like a chicken, the personality in its shell might settle back to sleep on in the darkness, mistaking a few dim sunbeams for the real sunlight of the higher life. But there is the life outside, beyond the barrier of personality and mere brain-intellect; and there also is the Teacher, always ready to help those who make the effort to liberate their souls from the shell of personality.

What an inspiring thing it must be when the soul breaks through and



## ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

enters the real life! Then it looks up for the first time at the sky and the sunshine with eyes that see way beyond the stars as well as down into the simplest little flower. It must be worth while, it must be worth the sacrifice of all these petty little ambitions of ours!

So in our efforts to control our lower natures, the more difficulties and obstacles we encounter, the greater should be our victories in the end. Epicurus says:

"It is difficulties which show what men are, therefore when a difficulty falls upon you, remember that God like a trainer of wrestlers, has matched you with a rough young man. For what purpose? you may ask. Why, that you may become an Olympic conqueror!" G. M. B.

## ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

### CHAPTER XXXVII — ITALIAN AND SPANISH GOTHIC



THE true Gothic style never took firm root in Italy; in fact, in some parts the Roman round-arched style with the classical orders of columns was never actually discontinued. In the northernmost Italian provinces, however, the influence of German Gothic is clearly seen. Milan Cathedral is truly Gothic in spirit; a German architect was associated with an Italian as co-designer, and the entire building, with the exception of the Renaissance front, added by order of Napoleon, is of the best Fourteenth-Century German Gothic with a few modifications in the design caused by the influence of the Italian architect. In size it is only exceeded by Seville Cathedral, Spain, among Medieval churches; in material it is the richest of all, being built wholly of white marble; in decoration it is superb, being covered with elaborate carving: not less than 2000 statues ornament the exterior. But Milan Cathedral, though wonderfully picturesque and interesting, is not characteristic of Italian Gothic and so we must not linger over its beauties.

Florence Cathedral and Giotto's Bell Tower, and Ferrara Cathedral, of which illustrations are given, are thoroughly Italian in feeling. At the first glance the most important contrast to the purer Gothic of northern countries is seen to be the horizontal position of so many of the leading lines of the composition. In France, as we have learned, the effort to strain upwards was carried to the extreme; in England and Belgium there was less strain, but the ascending, vertical principle was dominant. In Roman and Greek architecture there was no such effort; level lines were the most prominent, and an effect of security and calmness was produced thereby. The Medieval Italians, with a few exceptions, never quite lost the spirit

## ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

of antiquity. Even in their purest Gothic the arch of the principal doorway is often round, though the remainder may be pointed. The rose-windows resemble some in France, but are framed in squares of marked Italian character. In Italian Gothic the flatness of the decorations is very noticeable; they are often merely colored bands of marble or brick — very suitable to the sunny climate. Classic details, such as Corinthian capitals, flat pediments, flat lintels to doors and windows, were common in Italian Gothic. Mosaic or fresco pictures covered the blank spaces outside the churches or houses as well as within; the pavements were enriched with gorgeous patterns in marble mosaic; the blue-painted vaults were covered with golden stars; but the windows were rarely filled with painted glass.

The fact that the Italians were not carried away by the passion for painted glass appears to be the cause of the great difference between their Gothic and that of northern peoples. The brilliancy of the southern sun discouraged the use of large windows. Small ones were enough, and large wall spaces were unavoidable. The art of painting wall pictures and decorating walls in color — which was so highly developed in Pompeii — was innate in the Italians, so painting became the natural means of removing the bareness of the wide spaces between the windows and elsewhere. Colored glass windows were not necessary in a building enriched by painted walls; in fact white light was really preferable for the seeing of pictures. The efforts of the northern builders were aimed at the production of wonderful 'storied panes,' huge sheets of glass-painting with as little stonework as possible between, and in reaching this ideal they developed many of the characteristics of the purest Gothic that we have studied in earlier chapters.

But if, as in Italy, you desire small windows, and have very solid walls, strong enough to support the vaulted roof with the aid of a few iron clamps and rods, then the bold buttresses and complicated flying buttresses and heavy pinnacles are unnecessary. The steep roofs, gables, and spires so natural in a wet and snowy climate were not in place in sunny Italy. Everything conspired to make Italian Gothic an architecture of horizontal lines, broad flat surfaces, with colored patterns and ornamental painting. It is surprising that Gothic made any impression in a land steeped in the ancient classical artistic feeling.

Venetian Gothic, as seen in the Doge's and other palaces, is strongly marked by Oriental influences. In Rome there is only one Gothic church, and there are no truly Gothic buildings in southern Italy. The pointed arches in the Sicilian cathedrals were derived from the East, and have none of the characters of northern Gothic, though the Gothic may have developed from them.

Spanish Gothic is very splendid and rich, and has a character all its own. While it was developed on French lines, it has certain Italian features such

as flat wall surfaces and a classical tendency to horizontal lines; it was also influenced by the Moorish style which can be traced throughout. The climate of Spain is not uniform everywhere, and the northern Gothic style with large windows, massive buttresses and other well marked forms giving bold shadows, was freely adopted in the northern provinces of Spain, and even in the south large openings with rich stained-glass were much used. The classical influence was not so strong as in Italy; the Spanish masons in some instances, such as Leon Cathedral, went beyond the French in the lightness of the supporting walls and columns and in expanse of window openings. Still later, when the Spanish had fully grasped the method of constructing very large vaults, they carried the principle to the limit of possibility. The daring architect of Gerona Cathedral created a nave 160 feet long by 73 feet wide vaulted in stone. The average width of English or French vaults is about 40 feet. Though all the Spanish cathedrals are extremely picturesque and interesting outside, and some are bold and striking in grouping, their special glory is within.

Burgos Cathedral is exceptionally noble from every point of view: it has been well called "a romance in stone." The spires remind us of Cologne, and, in fact, they were designed by a German architect. Considering its late date (1567) the central tower is unusually beautiful, though the decoration with which it is covered is an extraordinary mixture of Gothic and Renaissance with a Moorish touch. In spite of a certain resemblance to the filagree sugar-ornaments on a wedding-cake and a complete absence of simplicity and restraint, it is a most fascinating structure.

Among Spanish churches Seville Cathedral is famous. It is the largest Medieval cathedral in Europe; each of the side aisles — and there are four — is practically equal to the great central nave and choir of Westminster Abbey, London, in height, width and length, while the nave of Seville has nearly twice the span. The building is almost square in plan, having been erected upon the site of a Mohammedan mosque; it covers 124,000 square feet. The exterior is not specially interesting; the wonderful and renowned tower, the Giralda, does not properly belong to the church, for it was part of the original mosque. The upper part is Renaissance in style. Within, the cathedral is very magnificent and impressive from its richness and immense proportions.

It is impossible to enter into details in this short sketch, but it may be said that the most striking characteristic of Spanish Gothic is the extraordinary richness of ornamental decoration, although the refinement of the best northern Gothic is somewhat lacking. The simplicity and dignity of such supreme examples of creative imagination and restrained decorative design as are found at Rheims, Amiens, etc., are rare in Spain. Enormous and gorgeously enriched altar screens, carved in wood, painted and gilded,

## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

and 'rejas' or lofty grilles made of hammered and chiseled iron, and splendidly relieved by figures and traceries, are among the most original contributions of old Spain to architectural adornment.

In nearly every fine piece of decoration in Spain the influence of the Moorish style can be traced, even if only very obscurely. The Moorish ogee arch is frequently seen, and Moorish patterns and lace-like tracery were adopted with modifications. R.

## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

### II



NE of the first stumbling-blocks that we meet with in our reading is the word 'native.'

From books of travel and adventure we are led to believe that a native is a black person with very little clothing who comes down to the shores of foreign countries, brandishing a spear and shouting rude remarks at the explorers who are trying to land. As a matter of fact 'native' simply means 'one who is born,' and thus every living person is a native. When we say, "a native of Boston," we mean a person who was born at Boston.

'Native' does not mean 'inhabitant,' for although in a long-settled country village you may be almost sure that everyone you meet is a native, yet in California large numbers of the population were born in other states, and so while they are inhabitants, they are not natives.

THE word 'nature' is derived from the same Latin word as native, and also means something born. Everything we see around us, the rocks and the good brown earth, the trees and flowers, the birds and the animals and the white clouds sailing overhead, are all parts of Nature. From the Unseen they were *born*, and to the Unseen they will return, so that we may say that Nature is the visible body of the invisible Soul of Nature which never is born and never dies, but lives on for ever.

*Natividad* is a Spanish word for Christmas because that holiday is kept to celebrate the *birth* of Christ, and John Milton has written a beautiful poem '*The Hymn on the Nativity*,' which deals with the same subject.

THE word 'nightingale' has also been somewhat of a puzzle to many. It is the name of a little brown and gray bird no larger than a sparrow, which fills the woods in many parts of Europe with its sweet, plaintive song during the nights of spring. The 'gale' at the end has nothing to do



with the breezes that waft the song to distant hearers; but is simply the German *galen*, to shout or yell. The nightingale, then, is the bird that shouts or makes a noise at night.

The word 'yell' is nothing but the German *galen*, a little changed by being turned into English. In Swedish the word *gala* means to crow like a cock, and in early times the word 'nightingale' was sometimes used as a name for the night raven, which may truthfully be described as a bird that crows or yells at night.

The word was first written as 'nightegale,' but an *n* was added later because it made it easier to pronounce. We have done the same thing with two words borrowed from the French, *passager* and *messenger*, which have now become changed into 'passenger' and 'messenger.'

WE often hear it said of a man who died suddenly while hard at work, that he 'died in harness,' and a picture arises in the mind of a patient, plodding horse who falls in the street while drawing a loaded cart.

As a matter of fact, in olden times 'harness,' from the French word *harnais*, almost always meant body-armor for soldiers, and indeed *harn* is really only our word 'iron' in a slightly different form, for the *h* is not pronounced in French. To die in harness is to die as a warrior in battle, as the following quotation from Shakespeare's *Macbeth* clearly shows:

*"Ring the alarum-bell: Blow wind! come wrack.  
At least we'll die with harness on our back."*

THE writer once happened to overhear part of a snake-story which one man was telling to another as he passed by, and one sentence has never been forgotten: "And after that he decapitated his tail."

Now the word 'decapitate' is derived from two Latin words, *de* (from) and *caput*, genitive *capitis* (a head), so that to 'decapitate' is to behead. You can only be said to 'decapitate' a snake, therefore, when you cut off his 'head' end. Unless it is a poisonous snake, however, it is far better to let the useful reptile go about his business with a blessing, as they kill an enormous number of mischievous vermin for us.

*Caput*, a 'head,' appears in the phrase, 'a capital offense,' which means a crime so bad that it is supposed the guilty person must be beheaded.

The capital city of a country is the chief or head city, and the capital of a pillar or column is the enlarged part at its head. To 'recapitulate' is to run over the chief points or heads of an address, the *re* being Latin for 'again.'

THE 'polar' bear is unfortunately named, as it leads people to suppose that white bears are to be found at both ends of the axis of the earth.

## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

Some people seem to believe that the snow-caps at the Poles naturally produce bears, as a carcass is supposed to breed maggots; but just as maggots are only hatched from the eggs laid by the bluebottle fly, so bears only inhabit those places where their ancestors have found their way before them.

The 'Arctic' bear is a much better name for this animal, and arctic is a word worth following up in the dictionary. The Greeks had noticed that the constellation called 'The Great Bear' (or, as we often call it, 'The Dipper') was far to the north of their country; and as their word for bear was *arklos*, they used the adjective *arklicos* to describe the lands over which the Great Bear kept its watchful eye. From *arklicos* comes our word 'arctic.'

The Antarctic Pole is of course the Pole opposite the Arctic Pole, and being short for *anti*, which means 'against' or 'opposite.'

It is a curious fact that there are no land animals at all at the Antarctic Pole.

SPEAKING of arctic bears leads us to think of other menagerie animals, such as the monkey, and it is probable that many a young mechanic has had a pleasant vision of the circus when asked to fetch a 'monkey' wrench. Have you ever noticed that it is never called an 'ape' wrench? Well, there is a good reason for it. The 'monkey' wrench has no connection with that animated little nutcracker who has so often amused us by his acrobatic feats; but owes its name to the inventor, a Mr. Monche (with the *ch* pronounced hard), and it is easy to see how Monche wrench became corrupted into monkey wrench.

The mackintosh and the hansom cab are also named after their inventors.

HERE in Lomaland we have two kinds of rabbit, the cottontail and the jack rabbit. The cottontail looks exactly like the wild rabbit of Great Britain, only that its white tail is much larger. The jack rabbit is a bigger animal altogether and resembles the British hare; in fact, properly speaking, it is a hare. Many have wondered how he came by the name 'jack,' but the answer is very simple. 'Jack' rabbit is a contraction of 'jackass' rabbit, the name bestowed upon it by the early explorers because it possesses enormous ears like those of a jackass or donkey.

THE word 'donkey' is quite new to the language, and you may look all through the plays of Shakespeare or the Authorised Version of the *Bible*, made in the reign of James the First, without finding the word at all. Indeed, right up to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century this patient little burden-bearer was always known as the 'ass.' Even when the Revised Version of the *Bible* was finished in 1884, no change was made in the word, as the revisers considered that a Bible animal deserved a more dignified name than donkey, which seems to suggest familiarity, with perhaps just a touch of contempt. It was the costermongers in the east-end of London who appear

to have invented the word donkey at the beginning of the last century, and it is said to mean 'the little dun-colored animal,' but 'dun' has now been altered to 'don,' perhaps to correspond with monkey. UNCLE LEN.



SWEDISH COUNTRY HOME

## COUNTRY LIFE IN SWEDEN



COUNTRY life in Sweden! These few words are like a spell for the one who has lived in that far-off fairyland of the North. The spell creeps in on you and gets hold of you before you are aware of it. At first everything grows very still around you. All the tearing and wearing sounds of the great cities die away, one by one. Then it seems as if you were surrounded by everlasting silence.

But soon sounds come and go. They are so different from those out in the big world that you can hardly hear them at first. There is a big undertone that goes through everything and blends with everything else. If you listen, you will hear that it consists of several tones that blend so well that they make the only possible accompaniment to all the other sounds and tones. It is the wind rushing through dense pine forests or playing in the branches of graceful and fairylike birches, stately oaks, and shady beeches. There is also the murmur of waves lapping against smiling shores or the boom of the mighty sea dashing against some rocky promontory; and with it all blends the sound of the rushing waters of rivers and the low gurgles of the brooks.

It is really before you distinguish all these sounds as being separate from each other that lights and colors dance before your eyes. They also blend strangely with the sounds and capture all your senses, making you see more clearly the beautiful visions that unfold before your eyes. You see the perspective widening, and you feel yourself in the midst of beautiful green plains cut up by lakes or rivers; you are carried through blooming meadows and wild forests, and out onto the desolate heaths, over treacherous swamps, and back to inhabited places again. Here there is so much

## COUNTRY LIFE IN SWEDEN

to stay you — the very atmosphere is fraught with content, the fruit of incessant labor.

It is a strong and vigorous race that lives and works here. The good old times still linger and leave traces in their lives, and that is because those times were happier than ours, although it often went hard with the country people. It was then that the housewife made her own butter, cheese and bread, and to her lot fell also the making of candles and the spinning and weaving to cover the needs of the big household. The households were all big in those days — for the daughters were educated at home and also took their share of the household duties together with the servant-girls. All the men were kept busy on the farm to supply the materials for the women's industry. Family ties were stronger in the old time than now. At Christmas, for example, relatives from far and near would assemble, and they led a merry life while the holidays lasted.

In spite of all these rustic surroundings, culture was not lacking. The long winter evenings gave plenty of time after the day's work was done, and then many a tale was told by the fireside, and the guitar or violin was often taken down to accompany songs and dances. The minister's or curate's home was in each community the center for all educated and thinking people.

How much sparkling wit and genuine talent would be gathered there! But all this talent and wit was for the home, and it was only *through* the home that it reached the public. Each one was contented to stay at home and build up and brighten that home with his gifts.

Since then a new time has dawned and the individual claims his right to independent existence. But these old homes in Sweden served as ballast when the new time of individualism broke in upon the old traditional life of Europe, and they with their lingering influence are still keeping the people to the simple life, and thus the best of the Swedish people will ever be among the home-makers of the world. INEZ VAN ASSCHE



GETTING IN THE HAY



SWEDISH HOUSES BLEND  
INTO THE LANDSCAPE



## A SCANDINAVIAN MIDSUMMER



WOKE to the sound of hearty laughter and a joyous "Good Morning."

The sun was pouring in through the open window and a light breeze moved the curtains.

The sound came from the garden below, and as I looked out I almost held my breath. Midsummer! It thrilled through the air with a sense so full of joy that it seemed to burst out everywhere. The little brooklet which usually flowed so still and clear was rushing along. The lark there high up in the air, and rising still higher, was pouring forth his song with all his might; then suddenly he would stop, fold his wings close to his body, and fall through the air down and down, almost to the ground; then out with his wing, and there he was again high above the treetops with something like a laugh in his song.

Yes, here it was truly midsummer, away from the hot streets. Here were the fields and hills covered with flowers and grass. The trees had all a light-green shade from newly-opened leaves, and a fresh cool breeze blew from the sea.

It was yet early morning when we younger people started to gather the flowers for the may-pole. What a wealth of flowers! Mostly daisies and bluebells, buttercups and cornflowers, some purple or white, but the most of them as blue as the sky above. Then on the edges of the little brook, and on the water, were kingcups, forget-me-nots, and water-lilies; and farther on, in the park, grew little stepmother-plants, lilies-of-the-valley, and primroses. We picked all we could carry.

The children grew wild with delight, and rolled down the hills almost as quickly as the hedgehogs, but with the difference that when they landed at last in a big ditch filled with nettles or in the midst of six or seven gooseberry bushes, they did not stay there very long.

All the flowers were taken to a big lawn, and there also was the may-pole; it had the shape of a cross and looked far from midsummer-like, but long before the sun had begun to sink it was covered with flowers and birch-twigs. One big wreath for each arm, and one made of primroses, forget-me-nots and bluebells at the very top; and there it lay all ready to be raised. How proud we were, and how our hearts jumped for joy when we saw it standing up on the lawn.

When the twilight began to fall, colored lanterns were lighted among the trees and bushes, but we could not stay after the dance had begun; seven fences had to be climbed, seven different kinds of flowers picked before midnight; and it was no easy task, for the old tradition forbade a single word to be spoken; laughing was out of the question. Never was it harder to keep in the merry talking; and in spite of rules and traditions, now and then

## WHERE IS ART?

a hearty laugh would burst out and ring through the air with all the joy of being free, even if the dream should not come true.

Far past midnight we could hear the tunes from the violins, and before all was still, the light summer-night had changed into a new morning. AGDA O.

## WHERE IS ART?



JAREN sat on a low stool by the window in his studio. The day had been dark and drizzly; and the grayness was intensified by the tall, bare, smoky walls of the factories which towered up and obscured what little light was left in the sky. The room was gloomy and dingy; the floor was strewn with paint rags, brushes, paint cans, stretchers, and all the rubbish which is characteristic of an untidy studio.

Jaren, though outwardly rough and unattractive, was unlike the majority of young art-students who aim to acquire brilliant technical skill, believing it to be perfection in art. Quite unlike these, he longed to be free and unfettered; to break away from these things which bound him. But all seemed dark and unpromising. How could he?

He looked at his latest picture with disgust and discouragement. What was it? Simply a combination of colors and forms; a correct imitation of the natural physical objects; but it was not art; there was no soul there, no inspiration. Yes, he had allowed the means to become the end, and it was not satisfying and never would satisfy the true lover of art.

He could please and amuse the multitude, because he had learned to copy physical objects; but within his own soul there was discontent, discouragement with such a life, and a constant striving towards the truly great art. But how could he reach it?

He was hungry, cold, and tired — tired of the struggle. "What is it for?" he asked himself. "What am I struggling for? Is it for the bare necessities of life? A life which will last but a few years? And what then? Is that all?" No, it could not be. That was not all. There was something which he was striving for, something just beyond his reach. "What is it? Oh! what is it, and how, oh! how can I reach it?" said he to himself.

There was poverty staring him in the face, depriving him of much that was advantageous to art. And had he not been told that he must go abroad to study and copy the old masters as the others had done, those who were apparently successful in art? But were they satisfied with their efforts? Were they happy? Far from it, the more worldly success they gained, the farther away they drifted from the real higher life.

As he sat in the dark watching the cold, drizzling rain fall, with no hope,

no encouragement, his thoughts wandered back to the days when he played out on the hills; when he walked with his mother to gather wild flowers and sweet, red wild strawberries on the hillside just below the apple-trees, where the grass grew tall! It was there the red clusters of berries were gathered in his little pail to be carried home for little sister, and father.

How bright the sunshine was, just down the hillside where the old creaking sidewalk went over the brook like a bridge; and the blue flag-lilies and water-cress grew on the water's edge! There were white perch and black bass in the stream; and just up the road the cherry-trees were in bloom above the clay bank where, after the showers, we used to model the soft cool wet clay into forms of pears, apples, cows, animals, and even people. Tom always made the best, and put them in the sun to dry. It was so warm! So bright! and the brook; how clear! and what a soft music it made among the grasses and rushes; and the bright, pale buttercups, so many! and so sunny!

It was dark and dreary inside where Jaren sat before his easel. The rain beat against the window-pane, rushing down the sides and over the sill. His head dropped forward —

He was sitting on the top of a mountain; the tall black pines were singing over his head; the dew on the new young grass sparkled in the clear morning sun; the birds chirped about him, the wild flowers and all the wild things were opening their hearts to the Sun.

There was silence; a great singing silence about him. He could hear the stream flow down the mountainside, and the far-away sound of cow-bells came up from the sweet valley below. A rabbit scuttered through the brush and stood still looking at him; it seemed to ask, "What is the reason you are here?"

There was silence. The rabbit scuttered off into the forest. The young artist stood up breathing in the fresh, cool morning air. He wandered on through the forest of pines. The branches were talking to him, the squirrels and all the little wild creatures, the very air seemed to speak. Not to his ears, but to his heart; and they spoke in the silence. There seemed to be *everything* in the *silence*.

*There* was the answer to it all. Was not this the source and inspiration of art? In the great silence of Nature — Ah! that is where the magic lies. He had found it at last. How simple it was! Then he awoke. FILOTEO



## MISSY'S HATES

Her elder sister Vi entered just then to say, "Good news, Missy! Cousin Letty and the children come this evening for all summer."

Silently Missy fiercely computed, "July and August have sixty-two days; times three meals; plus extra sweeping, extra bed-making. Oh, I hate, *hate*, HATE it!"

Amidst the gaiety of the long first meal with the city cousins, Missy's frown was out of place. Her dark looks grew black as Vi went on changing plates — as if there were servants or fairies in the house! "And this will last all summer!" she inwardly groaned, as her proud mother explained, "We all take care of our own rooms — even the boys, who do the outside work. Vi and I cook, bake, serve the meals and iron; little Missy does all the sweeping, dusting and dish-washing."

Laura, the eldest of the visiting children, said wistfully, "I wish I could learn something useful like that."

Missy looked as though Laura had spoken in Chinese. Then, rudely leaving the table without excusing herself, she rushed to the kitchen, pulled down her old blue apron, and attacked the piles of dishes angrily.

Vi, serving the dessert, heard Cousin Letty saying, "Well, Laura, if we may, you and I and the little ones will do the work here this summer, and let these busy Browne bees play that they are our guests."

"Oh, you couldn't. You're not used to hard work, Letty!" exclaimed Mrs. Browne.

"Didn't I cook and dish-wash for our big family at home?" laughed Cousin Letty. Laura was eager with excitement.

"May I start now?" she asked. Her mother nodded.

Out in the kitchen Missy's wild slam-banging was interrupted by Laura's smiling question, "Will you show me how, Missy?"

"Oh, soap and soak and sozzle them through the big pan; scald them in the shallow one and lay them on the sink-board. Then wipe till you come to the end," said Missy, madly drying saucers.



## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

Laura dipped the tips of her fingers into the water in the deep pan. "It's cold," she said.

"Boiling water's in the kettle," snapped Missy.

Laura had lifted the heavy pot and raised it to the edge of the pan, when Missy turned, suddenly remembering the cracked spout that had to be handled "just so" or bad burns resulted.

"Let me!" she cried, snatching the kettle. A quick twist saved Laura's hands, but the hot stream poured over Missy's shoes.

For three weeks she did not walk. One morning her brothers carried her to the side veranda, where she sat idly dreaming — then listening, wondering, growing more and more astonished, because with the rattle of dish-pans was mingled Laura's low, happy singing.

Missy put her face to the window and peered into the living-room. The tables and chairs and bowls looked happy now. How brightly they shone under Laura's rubbings, and what pretty patterns had come out in the faded rugs! The brass door-knobs gleamed like gold.

The first of September came, the time set for the busy visitors to return to their big city house — so filled with everything but practical opportunities for simple home-making. Missy's burns had long been healed, but she had not yet been allowed inside the kitchen.

When all the affectionately sorrowful leave-takings had been said, Missy rushed to her room. She pulled out the bureau, picked a little slip of paper out of a crack, unfolded it and laughed. Tearing it into bits, she put on a fresh apron and dusting-cap. Then she ran downstairs, whispering,



"I love to wash the dishes;  
I *love* to sweep the floors;  
I LOVE to scrub and brush and dust  
And polish knobs on doors."

ZELLA



## HAVING A HALLOWE'EN PARTY

W. D.

**L**AST Hallowe'en I was sick in bed.  
I was awfully lonesome — when —  
A nice bright idea popped into my head,  
And I gave a party for ten!

I was alone in my room — and yet —  
Ten gay little folk pranced,  
Scampered about, and I can't forget  
The way they wiggled and danced.

Mr. Left-Thumb was the first to appear.  
I asked him, "Where is your brother?"  
"Why, Missy, my dear," he said, "right here!"  
I could hardly tell one from the other.

Then eight young ladies began to waltz —  
The two Miss Pointers, the two Miss Longs,  
The two Miss Stiffs, and the two Miss Smalls —  
All whirled while I hummed little songs.

The knotted fringe that edged my spread  
We pretended was while popcorn.  
The brass knobs at the foot of the bed  
Looked like apples, as sure as you're born!

My nimble guests tired out pretty soon,  
And I too wanted to sleep;  
When, who should arrive but the big round moon,  
And in on our party peep!

"Why, that's our jack-o'-lantern," I said.  
"It's the nicest I've ever seen."  
Then I tucked all my company under my head —  
Glad not to have missed Hallowe'en.

## QUEEN BLANCHE AND HER PAGE



DEAR Children: Did you see the pretty picture, 'Queen Blanche and her Page,' in the January RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER? Didn't it make you wonder if there is a story that could tell you more about it? There is a story, for the queen and the little page were real people; though you can see by the way they are dressed that they lived long, long ago.

The lady is Queen Blanche, the mother of Louis IX, who was one of the great kings of France. She is nearly always called Blanche of Castile, for she came from Castile, a kingdom in Spain, which her father ruled over. Queen Blanche had to govern France for many years until her little son grew old enough to take care of his big country himself, and she was a very good queen and governed wisely. It was not easy to do this, for many of her people had different ideas of what was best to be done, and some did not want her to rule over France. But Queen Blanche overcame these obstacles and took charge of all the many cares of her great kingdom.

Would you like to know the story this picture has to tell, and who the little page was? His name was Herman, and he was the son of Duke Ludwig of Thuringia, a country far away from France; his mother was Elizabeth of Hungary, a lady who loved very much to help others. When Herman went to the court of Queen Blanche, he must have thought often of his father and his mother, and of his home so far away. Perhaps Queen Blanche thought of this the first time she saw him. He stood before her, a bright-faced boy with golden locks like those of her own son, King Louis. She spoke to the little page, and her words must have made him very proud and happy, for she said —

"Good youth, you had a blessed mother. Where did she last kiss you? I would kiss you there too," and then, just as you see in the picture, she bent down to give him a kiss in memory of his mother.

HAZEL



selves. From what I heard, I think they liked them very much, and it pleased me to see how nicely my babies behaved. When I said "Good-Morning" to the children, they seemed to understand and talked to me very kindly.

My house has two nice rooms, a bed-room and a parlor, both of which are very comfortable. One day my Master took my carpet out to clean it; and forgot to put it back. When night came my chicks were crying and chirping, wanting to go to bed, but our bed-room was too cold with no carpet. So I went and told my Master, — I simply could not put my chicks to bed until he brought it back.



SOME OF GRANNY'S CHILDREN HAVING  
A MEAL

Once my Mistress had a little dog named 'Jo.' He was a very small, white, fluffy dog, and very lively. We used to have lots of fun romping in the garden. One day, when we were playing, my Mistress came out and took Jo in. I suppose she thought he was too rough, and was hurting me, but I just got up, shook myself,



## DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY'S GRANDMOTHER

and chuckled and wished he would come and play some more.

When my children grow up, there are other things I have to attend to. Every day I lay a nice, big, brown egg. My Mistress always looks for one, so I do not like to disappoint her.

I heard my Master say I liked to talk too much, but I like to be sociable. Whenever anyone comes into the orchard, I go up and say, "Good-morning." They do not always understand, because they often laugh at me.

I do not talk so much now, as I am getting quite old. Just think, I am over five years old and still very happy. (You know that is quite old for a chicken.) I live in such a beautiful place, it is only natural I should be a very happy Brotherhood Chicken.

Hoping that doing every day's duties as they come makes you as happy as it does me, I will always be,

Your loving 'Granny'

## DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY'S GRANDMOTHER

**P**ERHAPS you know that gay Daffy-down-dilly, who "came up to town," has a very famous ancestor, the asphodel, that "pale-flowered weed" that bloomed so often in the poetry of other days. And do you recognize 'daffodil' for the same name, like Ted for Edward and Dot for Dorothy?

Greek *asphodel* was dressed up by the botanists of the Middle Ages to look something like 'affodylle,' appearing later in English as 'affodill' or 'affadill.' Of course it soon found our little word-handle 'the' a close companion, a part of itself, 'th'affodill'; and the next downward steps in the corruption of the name of the wan bloom of Proserpine's garden brought 'd'affodill,' and finally 'daffodil' — a word that makes us think of laughing sunshine. H.



## HUMMING-BIRD FOLKS

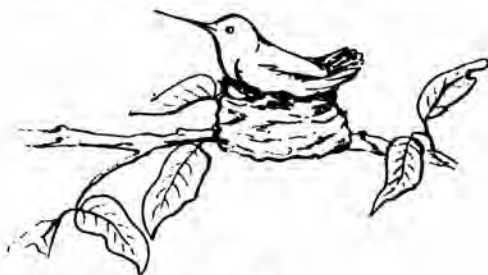
EDYTHA PIERCE

**T**ING-A-LING! *Who's on the wire?*  
*Humming-bird with throat of fire.*  
*Scarce can hear him when he sings,*  
*Just a squeak and whirr of wings.*  
*Pretty shining throat of fire.*  
*Humming-bird upon the wire.*

*Somewhere on a bush near by,*  
*Snugly hidden from the eye,*  
*There's a nest—but 'tis so small*  
*That it cannot hold them all.*  
*Master humming-bird, the sire,*  
*Needs must rest upon the wire.*

*Mother bird, all she can do,*  
*Is to warmly cover two*  
*Little baby birds, so small*  
*That they cannot fly at all.*  
*Mistress Hummer, all in green,*  
*Thinks she's safe from being seen.*

*But we've found them out, you see.*  
*Little nest upon the tree.*  
*We will only take a peep*  
*While their babies are asleep.*  
*Tiny birds of green and fire,*  
*Near the nest or on the wire.*



## MASTER PETER PAN



PETER PAN, the parrakeet, calls himself 'Periquito.' This is because he came from Mexico where they talk Spanish, for Periquito is the Spanish for little parrot and also means 'Little Peter.'

He is about the size of the American robin or towhee, only his legs are shorter, his head larger, and he has a large hooked beak, such as belongs to all the parrot family.

Most of his feathers are green — light-green on his breast underneath, but darker on back and wings with the exception of the twelve long wing feathers on each wing, which are dark blue tipped with black. He has blue on the top of his head, while right across the front he has a crest of bright orange feathers. So you see he is a gaily dressed little fellow. He has a tail of twelve long green feathers which spread out like a fan when he flies, but fold over one another like a closed fan when he is not flying.

He is very fussy about his tail and does not want it touched. If you should touch the end of his tail-feathers with the tips of your fingers, Peter Pan would screech as if you had stuck a pin into him. Yet he loves to have you smooth his back and scratch his head; and he will lift his wings so that you may smooth his little downy feathers under them.

He is very tame and loves to be petted. He will sit on your shoulder, or on the back of your chair, or on your knee, and puff out his feathers and preen them, or pretend to talk to you in his funny jabber, often using words and sentences such as, "Peter come here; what, you doing." He has learned to say a number of words, which sound strange enough coming from a little bird that can be hidden quite out of sight between your two hands, all except his long tail.

I have not told you about his feet of four toes each — two turning front and two back — which he uses as hands when he wishes to eat his bit of cracker or apple, or to hold his playthings.

"His playthings?" I fancy I can hear you saying. Oh' yes! Peter has his little round box of beads and odds and ends of bright

## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

buckles or rings, with which he amuses himself for an hour or more at a time, as he stands on one leg, using the other foot to hold things as he turns them around and around with his beak. He is certainly handy with his feet. So delicate is his touch, that he can hold a tiny glass bead in his while he examines it

I have noticed that he uses part of his beak under his tongue often carrying from one or two to eat, or small He certainly knows just what he intends to do, that is more than many

He takes his bath about twice a week in a dish of water sometimes two inches deep. In and out he goes, shivering when it is cold (he won't have it when it is warmed), and splashing the water at a great rate, keeping up a happy little twitter all the while. When all be-draggled and dripping, it is funny enough to see him sit on the back of the chair and shake out his wings to dry over the oil heater.

He sleeps at night on a shelf, in a curtained box about as large as a paper shoe-box. He goes to bed between four and half-past four in the afternoon. As strange as it may seem, he loves to go to bed, and will make the sweetest little noises you ever heard after he has gone in and pushed the curtains together with his beak. He doesn't go to bed himself; I carry him to his bed on my finger.

He always raps several times when I put out my light and go to bed, as if to say, "Now we will have silence." If he forgets to rap, I have only to tell him to do so, and he does it; then I say, "Good night, Peter," and he is quiet all night.

He is sitting between his little curtains in the morning when I arise; but he is very quiet until the sun is up, and then he is ready to talk and squawk and have his breakfast.

He goes to his cage for food and water. The rest of the time he



claw between his toes with his tongue.

he uses part of his for a sort of a pocket, place to another a seed beads to play with. what he can do, and and what not; and human folks know.

about twice a week in



## AN INTERESTING FAMILY OF QUAIL

flies about the room or sits on the sash curtain-rods, or on the backs of the chairs, or on my shoulder. He is only caged when I am away.

Such birds can become most interesting companions when you learn to know them. They are very wise in their bird ways, and many times set good examples for people. I could tell you many funny things that Peter says and does, for he is always doing funny things, and some very bright things too. PETER PAN'S MISTRESS



## AN INTERESTING FAMILY OF QUAIL

NOT long ago on the roof of one of the bungalows in Lotus Home there was a nest built by two quails. Every morning one quail used to stand on the center of the roof, to watch whether anybody were looking, while the other got sticks for the nest.

But one morning what should happen but that ten little quail chicks, all close to their mother, came walking around the roof three or four times. It was an amusing sight.

This program continued for about two weeks, and then the mother thought that it was getting time for them to get a feeling of the earth and to do a little worm-hunting for themselves, so when the morning was a little warmer she took them to the edge of the roof. Then they saw how far it seemed from the roof to the ground, and were frightened. But by and by one of them took courage and went right to the edge of the roof; then over it went, a little ball of feathers, falling through the air. Then the others followed his example, and before long all were huddled close to their mother on the ground.

Then they crossed the road and went under a honey-suckle vine, and from thence under a big lantana bush, which probably became their new home.

RAFAEL S.

## THAT OLD FAVORITE, 'HIDE-AND-SEEK'

DEAR CHILDREN:

Isn't it great fun to play 'hide-and-seek'?

I used to play it by the hour, but I never had such a beautiful big tree to play around as the one in the picture; did you?

It is a silk-cotton tree. See how its big trunk is divided into nooks and corners, as though made for children to play 'hide-and-seek' in. It grows in Trinidad, in the British West Indies.

These two children are Gerald and his little sister Winifred, who are having such a good time hiding from each other and their good mother.

She is a very dear mother, who loves to join in her little ones' games, and yet knows when it is time to stop and go to lessons or little duties that make their lives full of interest and pleasure.

COUSIN B.



A GAME OF 'HIDE-AND-SEEK'





'SEE-SAW, MARJORIE DAW'

## PLAY-TIME FOR THE LITTLE ONES



OME, let's go out and play!" said Elizabeth to her little brother Arthur.

"What shall we play?" said the boy.

"Oh, let's ride on the see-saw, it's such fun!"

Arthur was quite over-balanced because he was so



FIRST STEPS

small, so a kind lady held him safely on and helped to make the children happy.

"Oh, look!" said Elizabeth.

"What is it?" said her little brother.


"Why, it's Mother helping Baby Margaret to take her first steps."



## WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,  
For I have my little rubbers on;  
They make a cunning three-toed track  
In the soft cool mud; quack! quack!"



 "I," cried the dandelion, "I,  
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry";  
And she lifted a trowsed yellow head  
Out of her green and grassy bed.

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,  
And wish they'd never need to stop  
Till a big, big river I grew to be,  
And could find my way out to the sea."



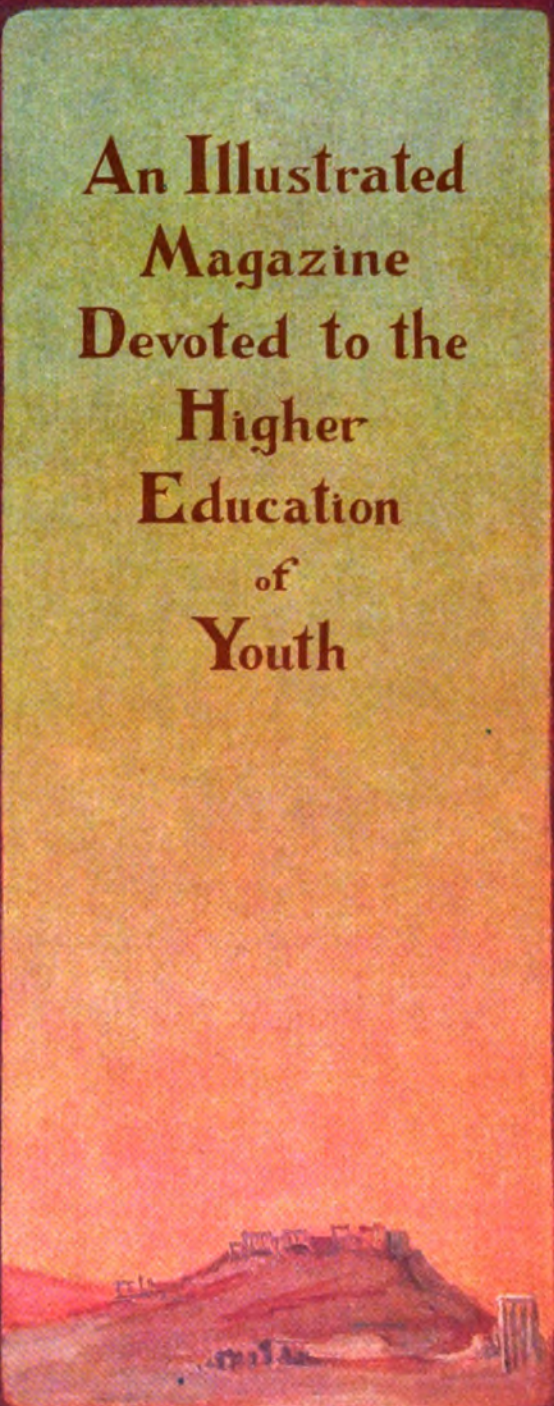
"I," shouted Ted, "for I can run,  
With my high-top boots and the  
raincoat on,  
Thru every puddle and runlet and pool  
That I find on my way to school."

—CLARA DOTY BATES



# RAJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated  
Magazine  
Devoted to the  
Higher  
Education  
of  
Youth





# Râja-Yoga Messenger

An Illustrated Magazine

Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Conducted by

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# RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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"The power of feeling for animals, realizing their wants and making their pains our own, is one which is most irregularly shown by human beings. One thing I think must be clear: till man has learnt to feel for all his sentient fellow-creatures, whether in human or in brutal form, of his own class and sex and country, or of another, he has not yet ascended the first step towards true civilization nor applied the first lesson from the love of God."

—Miss F. P. Cobbe

## CLEAR AWAY THE RUBBISH PILES



O live truly is our one great task. But how? This question has remained so long unanswered that we had well-nigh come to believe it unanswerable. Then in the midst of our bewilderment, like housewives without brooms, here comes Râja-Yoga to help clear away the rubbish in the midst of which we sit grieving, offering plenty of brooms and brushes if only we will bestir ourselves. Râja-Yoga answers the question completely, victoriously, and the strength and joy that accompany the Râja-Yoga life prove it true. We can each live it, and the earlier we begin, you know, the easier it will come.

Suppose we begin with our love of ease. The majority of us are surrounded by that sort of rubbish, and the Râja-Yoga 'helpfulness habit' is the only broom that will remove it. It is an ancient rubbish pile and we shall have to ply our broom with care to remove the last particle of it. Perchance it may be a slow and tiresome process, but in it we shall find a strength not to be considered along with the worth of the old rubbish heap; and not a little joy will come out of our clean surroundings.

Suppose we forget to wonder what people are thinking or saying of us, and employ the time we have devoted to that unproductive pursuit in the cultivation of the sense of right and wrong. Every thought, every act, brings an opportunity to cultivate this discrimination. Can we estimate the strength of one who perfectly discriminates, the joy of one who knows the right thing and always says and does it?

Suppose we supplant self-gratulation with loving thoughtfulness for another,—exchange our idle longings for helpful thoughts. What would happen? We should be living the Râja-Yoga life, and the strength that came with that life would make us veritable pillars of the world. W. D.

## THE JOY OF DAILY DUTY



AS a usual thing, when we wish to describe an object or condition we compare it with some other, saying that it is like in some respects and different in others; or at the utmost we say that it is the opposite of the other. But here at Lomaland, the home of the Râja-Yoga life, conditions are so wholly different that they can scarcely be compared with conditions outside. One of these is the position of those doing what is commonly known as 'drudgery' and 'menial labor.'

Scarcely anything could convey a more erroneous impression than those terms used in reference to the diversified practical work of Râja-Yoga students. In very truth there is no drudgery or menial labor. It is true of course that some work is more humble, requires less skill, and in some ways may seem less pleasant. The one who is hoeing weeds may think his work harder than the gathering of flowers, but it is necessary work and has its joy — as great a joy as the gathering of the flowers. The one who hoes the weeds is in reality doing work that will add to the happiness of others, and this equally with the one who gathers flowers.

I sometimes wonder if it is right to call some of the duties of life the lesser duties; may it not be that from one standpoint they are the greater ones? For after all what is the purpose of any work? Perhaps there are two purposes, one outer and one inner. The outer is easily seen, it is that for which the work is done, but the inner is not always recognized. The inner purpose is the building of character, the development of the inner real life. The real music of life comes not from the instruments that we play — violin, piano, harp, or whatever it may be — but from the character, the soul. In fact oneself is the most wonderful instrument of all, on which we can make either divine music or harsh discord.

From this standpoint, the hoeing of weeds or the sweeping out and cleaning of one's room is of as great importance and is as beautiful, from the standpoint of service and character-building, as the learning to play exquisite harmonies upon a violin or piano.

This is one of the keynotes of the Râja-Yoga system of education, the dignity and beauty of all service. The spirit of joyous service lives in the life of the whole and even the humblest knows that he is helping to do those great and beautiful things which are being done at Point Loma "for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures." R. W. F.



## THE LAIRD OF ABBOTSFORD

it just for the story might seem pretty slow reading for some; but to one who can appreciate the word-pictures of those old historic days and enjoy the richness of Scott's imaginative power and the skill with which he wove together those wonderful old times with all the romance which characterizes a great genius, it does not seem remarkable that Sir Walter Scott's works still occupy a prominent place in our libraries. Time has little to do with what is really true in his works; they live on as the years go by and — except for the antique style in which his pictures are clothed, and the old country in which his land-are painted, figures — Walter Scott is still loved story-tellers.

Goldwin Smith, preceding a number poems, tells us that in medieval life were feudal force of character, sentiment, and military. Surely, these are the all enjoy in his works. Smith tells us that strong proud man tantant upon pride, works." Certain it pride and ambition, vest unwisely in ex-



SIR WALTER SCOTT

scapes of romance tively speaking — Sir one of our most be-

in his introduction of Sir Walter Scott's the things he loved chivalry, adventure, action, aristocratic tary picturesqueness. very things which we ings. Further, Mr. the "character of the with the weakness at- underlies all his is that Sir Walter's which led him to intensive property a-

bout his great estate in order to make such a grand affair altogether beyond his ability to carry financially, together with the investment in an unfortunate publishing house, brought a reversal of fortune which shortened his life by many years, no doubt, and made the latter part of his life very difficult. And yet the outcome of some of his very best works came with the stress of work he took upon himself in order to repay the heavy indebtedness occasioned by his unwise extravagance. But the splendid way in which he *did* repay every one of his debts before he died, will always excite our admiration.

Most of us are more or less familiar with his life, still we like to recall little incidents which give us glimpses of him as he appeared to those who knew him in those old days. They tell us that he was a little lame child from the time he was two years old; that after the illness which caused his lameness, he was often taken by the shepherd on his grandfather's farm to a sheltered spot where the sheep were grazing; and that there he lay on the ground among the sheep in the sun and fresh air, which doubtless had

much to do with his recovery of health and strength; but the lameness never left him. However, he allowed the lameness to hamper him but very little, nor to deny him any of the outdoor sports and pleasures that other boys enjoyed, such as tramping, hunting, riding, etc. He was a favorite in school; for he had a happy nature, and was loved by all who knew him. Indeed, there seems to have been much in his life of a wholesome and unselfish nature, particularly a friendliness toward all with whom he came in daily contact. All who ever met him, or were entertained by him in his beautiful home at Abbotsford (and it was one of his great joys to so entertain

many great people), forever afterwards seemed to feel that they had made a lasting friend. Not only was it the great pleasure of his life to have known him intimately, and to tell us about Sir Walter Scott and their affection for him. There is an amusing story of a little black pig, at one time his especial pet, joining a hunting party, much to the amusement of his guests, until some one was obliged to capture and lead



THE GARDEN GATE, ABBOTSFORD

poor piggy back many protestations on his part. There was a particular hen which would follow Sir Walter wherever he went, and which upon one occasion showed much affection. At another time a couple of donkeys were his especial pets. But perhaps his greatest pets were his dogs, who were his companions on his rides and walks about the country. It is touching to read that when, during his last illness, having returned to his beloved Abbotsford after a sojourn on the Continent in search of health, he was hardly conscious that he had at last reached home; but when his dogs gathered about his chair and fawned on him, it seemed to awaken him to the fact that he was indeed at home at last, for he roused himself and tried to pet them as he was accustomed to do. The devotion of those dumb creatures to their beloved master must have been great indeed to so arouse the sick man, and no doubt he found comfort in them.

Perhaps some who have never visited that part of the country between England and Scotland called 'the Border' might wonder how it could furnish

## THE LAIRD OF ABBOTSFORD

such a setting for so many of Sir Walter Scott's stories. But we of this new country, and particularly those of the middle and western part, can scarcely realize what it means to live in a country that has been inhabited for many centuries, and fought over for nearly three, so that almost every rod of ground has its separate story. Another thing which is hard to realize, is that the old dividing-line, should a road be run straight from coast to coast, would only be about seventy-five miles in length. An automobile could easily cover the distance in a couple of hours or so.

The Border country in the neighborhood of Sir Walter Scott's home is more interesting than beautiful, for it is hilly, stony, and therefore there is little wooded, and more or less of a sameness about it. It is mainly the historical interest of the place which makes it so attractive. The river Tweed is rather a small stream, at least it appears so looking across it at Abbotsford; but it is bright and clear as it babbles over its stony bed, and it adds much to the picturesqueness of the old estate.

Abbotsford is a stone mansion built quite irregular and belongs to the Hon. a lineal descendant of it is now used as



ENTRANCE TO THE LIBRARY

contains quite an extensive collection of Sir Walter Scott's relics, antiquarian and historic, together with many of his own belongings, which naturally become greater treasures as the years go by. His library is just as he left it; his desk and chair, and many of the utensils and furniture which he used to use in his daily life, are displayed; and there are many things placed so naturally and homelike about the rooms, it is hard to believe that nearly a century has passed since the great novelist and poet lived and wrote there. There are several fine portraits and a bust of Sir Walter, and pictures of different members of the family painted by great artists.

Among the interesting things to be found among the treasures in the collection are many souvenirs which were the property of several of the historic characters in his books; for instance, a lock of Prince Charlie's hair, Rob Roy's purse, Helen MacGregor's brooch, Flora McDonald's pocket-book, a piece of Queen Mary's dress, keys of the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and many others. Then too, there are relics from Waterloo and curios from other lands, historic and otherwise. Indeed, one could spend many

STANZAS FROM SCOTT'S 'LADY OF THE LAKE'

*H*ARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hung  
 On the wilch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,  
 And down the filful breeze thy numbers flung,  
 Till envious ivy did around thee cling,  
 Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—  
 O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?  
 Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,  
 Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,  
 Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

. . . . .  
 Oh, wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand  
 That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;  
 Oh, wake once more! though scarce my skill command  
 Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:  
 Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,  
 And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,  
 Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,  
 The wizard note has not been touched in vain.  
 Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,  
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;  
 In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,  
 The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.  
 Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,  
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;  
 Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,  
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,  
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp!  
 Yet once again, forgive my feeble sway,  
 And little reck I of the censure sharp  
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.  
 Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,  
 Through secret woes the world has never known,  
 When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,  
 And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.  
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.



## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

*Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,  
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!  
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,  
'Tis now the brush of fairy's frolic wing.  
Receding now, the dying numbers ring  
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,  
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring  
A wandering wilch-nole of the distant spell —  
And now, 'tis silent all! — Enchantress, fare thee well!*

## A RAILROAD OVER THE SEA



BETWEEN the southern point of Florida and the United States Naval Station on Key West there are over a hundred little islands called 'keys.' This word comes from the Spanish *cayo*, meaning a sandbank or rock in the sea; it is also connected with our word 'quay.' A hundred miles south of Key West lies Cuba, which island is well known to all who have read the RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER and *Luz Star-Eyes' Dream Journey*. Nearly twenty years ago a millionaire who had constructed many railroads in Florida, decided to build one across the sea from the south of Florida to Key West, and to establish a ferry line between Key West and Havana, Cuba. In this way trains could run between Cuba and any part of the United States without changing their freight, some products of the island that would be damaged during a long sea voyage could be exported, and people could travel from one country to the other very much quicker than by steamer.

From the start the work was very difficult, both because of the entire originality of a sea-going railway and the nature of the ground in the swampy everglades on the coast and on the islands. New road-building machines had to be used; dredges had to be built that could navigate in two feet of water; while derricks, concrete mixers, electric lighting plants, track-layers, etc., all had to be on boats. The engineers in charge of the work had planned to build a solid embankment all the way to Key West, but as the Government at Washington thought that such a big sea-wall would affect the tidal flow in the Bay of Florida, they changed their plans and built bridges and viaducts between the keys. A new difficulty was encountered in the terrific hurricanes which occasionally blow there during September and October; many boats and much valuable machinery being lost by breaking from their anchors and floating out to sea. The road steadily grew longer, however, and by 1910 was entirely finished.

The railway from Miami, Florida, to Key West is 156 miles long; fully

## THE FIRST AIRSHIP TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC

75 miles of this lies over the water; the track crosses 47 keys, none of which are longer than 16 miles; there are 23 miles of embankment, 6 miles of viaduct, and 10 bridges crossing the open sea. These being all more than 30 feet above the sea-level, no big waves can wash over the track. Before the railway was built, it took several days to travel from the United States to Cuba, but now the journey from Florida to Havana takes between eight and nine hours. So we can see what a great convenience the Florida Bay Railway is. When a Râja-Yoga School is established in Cuba, who knows but that some who read this article may travel over this same railway. Then they can write some more interesting facts about it. STUDENT



THE R 34 BEING TAKEN FROM HER HANGAR

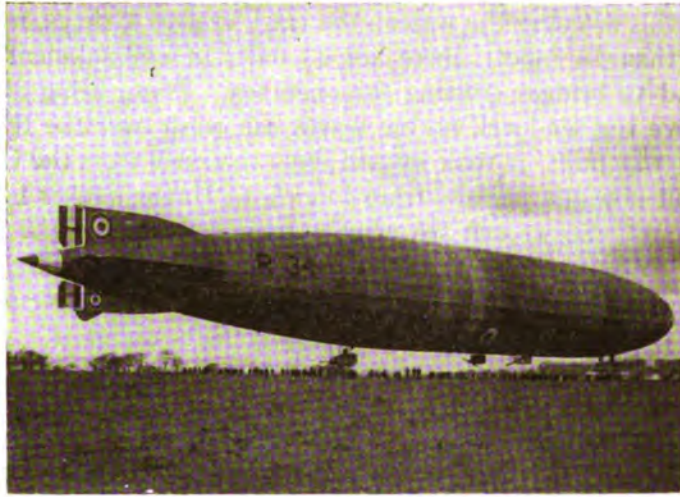
## THE FIRST AIRSHIP TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC



HE English dirigible airship R-34 was the first of its kind to cross the Atlantic Ocean. This wonderful feat was accomplished early in July, 1919. After a short stop at Mineola, Long Island, the vessel returned safely to England, completing the round trip of about 6200 miles in 185 hours' actual flying (or sailing) time. The return voyage was shorter than the outward crossing, and would have been still less than the 75 hours it actually took, if one of the five engines had not broken down. The winds were generally favorable on the return journey, but there was some fog.

The dirigible airships are not so fast as the aeroplanes; the record of the marvelous crossing of the Atlantic by Alcock in an aeroplane is sixteen hours and a few minutes. But it is likely that the balloon types will be safer

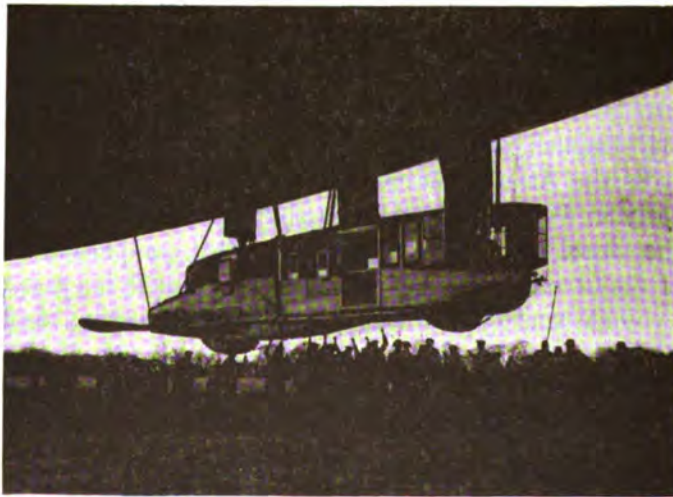
## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER



MAKING HER FIRST FLIGHT

and much more practical than the aeroplanes for a long time. Major Scott, after navigating the R-34 across the ocean and back said: "I think the large type of aircraft will be the best suited for trans-ocean work in the future. Improvements will be made, chiefly in size and accommodations. I think a speed of at least 100 miles an hour, irrespective of winds, should be aimed at."

There are three kinds of dirigible airships, the Rigid, the Semi-Rigid, and the Non-Rigid. The Rigid type has a lattice-work hull holding a large number of separate gas-bags. A passage-way runs along the inside of the hull at the bottom and forms a stiff girder which adds greatly to the strength of the framework. The non-rigid airships have no framework but keep



THE MAIN GONDOLA, JUST BEFORE THE FIRST FLIGHT

## ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

their shape by means of the pressure of the gas within the envelope. Their advantages are cheapness, simplicity and low cost of maintenance, but they cannot travel very far, nor can they be made as large as the enormous Rigid kinds. The Semi-Rigid airship has a stiff keel fitted to the under side of the gas bag. The cars are suspended from this keel, which is attached to the envelope at many points. The gas pressure is not nearly as high as that of the Non-Rigid types, and therefore the envelope can be made much lighter.

There is a great advantage in increasing the size of dirigibles. While an airship of 2,500,000 cubic feet capacity with a speed of 70 miles per hour can carry  $8\frac{1}{2}$  tons of passengers and their baggage, one of 5,000,000 cubic feet (or double the size) and traveling at the same speed can spare 28 tons (more than three times as much) of its lifting power for passengers. J. R.



THE TOWN HALL, BRUGES, BELGIUM (FOURTEENTH CENTURY)

## ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

### CHAPTER XXXVIII — BELGIAN AND GERMAN GOTHIC



OTHIC architecture in Belgium largely followed the example set by France, but the ecclesiastical buildings are not quite so well-proportioned, nor are the details so well-considered. As in France, the cathedrals are comparatively short and wide — Antwerp Cathedral, for instance, is 390 feet long and 170 feet wide, and has seven aisles; and the ends of the choirs have the round *chevêl* form, the glory of French architecture and almost invariable in France, though rare in England. It is a matter of congratulation to the lover of



art that the great Belgian cathedrals, including those at Brussels, Antwerp and Tournai, escaped the destruction which befell so many of the famous historical buildings during the great war.

In municipal architecture Belgium surpasses in taste and magnificence every other country north of the Alps put together. Nearly every city possesses before the war a Townhall, and Guild-halls. In the Middle Ages the prosperous independent cities vied with one another in the arts of peace and war. The possessing a bell-tower to call the citizens together for business purposes or in case of tumult was an early privilege granted in the charters of the cities, so that the Belgium is full of them. Some of the finest belfries were destroyed in the war, but many have been rebuilt. The belfry of Bruges is one of the finest, of which Longfellow wrote:



THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

"In the market-place of Bruges  
Stands the belfry old and brown;  
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt,  
Still it watches o'er the town."

Most of the large municipal halls were designed on similar lines. A high, steep roof with rows of dormer windows covers the long, two-or-three-storied building, and, in the case of the Townhalls, a tall belfry rises gracefully above, the upper part being richly decorated. The Cloth Hall at Ypres — cloth was the principal industry of Belgium in the Middle Ages, — now unfortunately completely destroyed, was the most magnificent of the Trade Halls and the oldest; it was built in the thirteenth century in the

## ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

purest style. It was 440 feet long and had a high and noble tower. This famous building was unique, and there was nothing in Europe which could compare with it.

Brussels Town Hall, fortunately uninjured, is the finest in Belgium, and probably in Europe. The spire, 375 feet high, is particularly fine; though it is late in date (1455) and Flamboyant in style, there is no extravagance in the general design or in the details. The open-work tracery of the upper part is specially noticeable. This peculiar method of constructing spires was invented in Germany, and later adopted in France, but never followed in England.

Medieval architecture in Holland never rose to the perfection that is found in Belgium, and no buildings of the first class, either ecclesiastical or municipal, are found in that country. The ancient dwelling-houses are picturesque, and their quaint appearance is increased by the water and trees around them.

The German architect reluctantly borrowed from the French, for the pointed style was not the highest development of German artists; that more splendid round-arched style lasted there till late in the thirteenth century.

A special German feature is a gigantic, steep roof, covering both aisles and nave in one span. The aisles are often raised to the same height as the nave, and the churches in which this occurs are called Hall Churches. Vienna Cathedral is a notable example of this kind of roof. The dwelling-houses had great roofs also, with many small windows. German architects invented the openwork spire, not a particularly suitable form for a roof intended to keep the rain out, but, when not overdone, elegant and light enough to please the eye. The French adopted it, and improved it, but it was always more popular in Germany, where curious and ingenious inventions in stonework, requiring great patience and technical skill, were encouraged.



THE CATHEDRAL OF FREIBURG,  
SHOWING OPENWORK SPIRE

Germany, and later France, but never land.

architecture in Holland to the perfection of Belgium, and no first class, either municipal, are country. The ancient houses are picturesque, their quaint appearance is in combination of so common in

Gothic style was borrowed from the Romanesque and style was the invention of the German. The bold style was and original in elsewhere. The

## THE SHADOW

The general appearance of German Gothic cathedrals does not follow any special rule, though there is a strong tendency to build high, wide, and comparatively short structures, with one or two high towers and spires at the west end, but there are many exceptions. Sometimes towers — as at Vienna — take the place of transepts. Great cavernous western porches, such as are found at the west end of nearly all the best French Gothic churches, are unknown. The German architects showed great ingenuity in the invention of quaint and unusual compositions in the general design of their buildings, but, while there is much that is admirable and well worthy of study, it is to France that we must go for the highest expression of the style which was never a natural development of German genius.

Cologne Cathedral, the largest in northern Europe, is the supreme effort of German Gothic, and, with the exception of the west front with its two enormous spires 512 feet high, greatly resembles Amiens Cathedral in France; in fact the eastern part, in plan and dimensions, is almost identical. Though it is certainly one of the most magnificent buildings in the world, its proportions are not entirely satisfactory. The enormous height of the towers — greater than the whole length of the building — dwarfs the church, and there are weak points in the interior. It was begun about 1270, and the choir completed in 1322; the rest was finished in the Nineteenth Century from the original design; so Germany possesses one building entirely in accordance with the wishes of the architect, a remarkable thing, unknown in France or England. R.

(The End)

## THE SHADOW

*L*AST night the yellow moon was hanging low,  
Out of the velvet darkness of the sky  
So near, it seemed a night-bird passing by  
Would brush its wings upon the silver glow.  
I saw a shadow bended like a bow,  
Across the moonlight on the white road lie.  
'Twas but a shadow, yet I wondered why  
The very air above it quivered so.

Perhaps some lone god walked among the stars,  
And looking downward through the sea of night,  
Leaned over bright and planet-built bars  
With eyes to see the world's lost heart of light —  
And yonder lay the shadow of his plume  
Holding the moonlit road in breathless gloom. — H. S.



## A VILLAGE BY THE SEA

**I**F you approach this little old fishing-village from the sea side you first enter through a strait between some bigger islands into what might be called the harbor of the village.

The first things to be seen there are the landing-places with their boat-houses. Some are old and gray and stand leaning against each other; others are new and are painted a vivid red. The landing-places and boat-houses are built very close

together and follow the coast-line for a considerable way. There are always many old fishing-boats just landing, letting down their patched and ragged sails, or safely anchored by the shore.

Beyond the roofs of the boat-houses you can see a maze of roofs and fronts

of little houses perched on the low hills and crowded together between higher ones or spread out in a wide valley. In the middle rises Vatteberget dividing the village in two, except that the coast-line remains unbroken by its gray mass. In some places the mountain leans threateningly out over the little houses that so trustingly cluster at its foot. Only three streets can be found— one following the shore, and the



THE STRAIT



THERE ARE MANY ROCKS AND OPEN SPACES  
BETWEEN THE HOUSES

other two going uphill by some important places; otherwise there are only little crooked alleys or country-lanes on the outskirts. The houses are not



## A VILLAGE BY THE SEA

so very close because of the unevenness of the ground. There are many rocks and open spaces between them. Some houses have an attempt at a garden with marigolds, lavender, sweet-williams and honeysuckle.

Towards the seaside there are not many trees, but if you go round the hills you can find some favored places protected from the sea-wind, where there are orchards and grainfields. Coming from the sea, everything looks

gray and sad; but hiding behind the hills are patches of green and flowers.

The village is very quiet—you see only old men, women and children. Everywhere you can meet with old men, hands in pockets and a pipe in the corner of the mouth. They always look as if they had plenty of time, walking about slowly, now and then throwing a critical glance on the sea or the sky to decide upon the weather. Perhaps you will find them sometimes sitting several together on an upturned boat, telling stories and thus passing many a



LANDING-PLACES

long summer evening. There is a feeling of waiting in the whole village—everybody is waiting for something or someone coming home from the sea. It is not an anxious restless feeling: no, you feel as if you could wait and wait for all time to come. It is as if you were listening to a mysterious, lulling song; you go about in a happy waking dream, fascinated by the weirdness around you.

Still the village is not asleep. It progresses, but slowly, with the rest of the world. In a house on top of the hill, beside the little granite church, political meetings, prayer-meetings, lectures, movies, sometimes bazaars, balls and afternoon teas are held, exactly as in other 'progressive' places. It is the young people who are drawn to these meetings.

Every summer a great number of visitors come to take advantage of the good bathing-places and the sailing. Then the dance goes merrily round on the old landing-places, and the mountain re-echoes with rippling laughter, where otherwise nothing but the wind and the great silence speak. It is the present day dancing over the dreaming past in a little out-of-the-way place by the sea.

IVA

## THE FAIRY LUTHNERE'S WORK

*I*N a meadow running down to the sea  
There grew long ago an old oak tree,  
Wherein there dwelt, year after year,  
A lonely fairy named Luthnere.

Silent she lived and heard no sound  
Save of waves of ocean tossed around,  
Or of branches sighing overhead,  
Or of dead leaves rustling on the ground.  
"It is very dull here," Luthnere said.

And then one blue-bright summer day  
Two small boys came there to play.  
They loved and were happy, brother with brother —  
Alwin was one, Allos the other.

From that time forth until they were men,  
These lads sought the tree again and again.  
There they would talk, and Luthnere would hark  
All day long till the sky turned dark.

Then for years the two were gone,  
While silently waited Luthnere alone,  
With nothing to live for and nothing to do;  
Yet cheerful she kept the long while through.

"Sometime, someday," she would often say,  
"I shall have my chance, I shall find a way,  
To give some joy to some one in pain.  
Perhaps — for sun always follows rain —  
Perhaps my boys may come again!

Alwin and Allos had parted in wrath,  
Each of them taking his chosen path:  
Alwin, East, where deep sea-hollows moan;  
Allos, West, to high hills, alone.

Far from each other the brothers thought  
To find sweet peace, but they found it not;  
For always they missed the old play-tree  
On the meadow running down to the sea,  
And the happiness there that used to be.

Old was Alwin when he came back,  
Up from the sea along the track  
He had taken in youth. But sad was he  
When he lay down at the foot of the tree.

## THE FAIRY LUTHNERE'S WORK

"Ah," he murmured, "if Allos were kind  
And hated me not, I am sure we could find  
Joy in this place where we found it — we —  
When I loved him and he loved me.  
I wish that we two could here abide."

That selfsame night from the other side  
Allos returned and lay down. Sighed he,  
"Oh, if my Alwin hated not me  
How glad this home-coming hour might be!"

Luthnere, listening, knew it was they —  
Her long-lost darlings who used to play  
Beneath the tree the livelong day —  
But alas, poor dears! How bent and gray!

"My hour is here," said good Luthnere  
As she stooped to whisper at Alwin's ear,  
"Your brother loves you just as of old!"  
Then to dreaming Allos the same news told.

When morning blew in from the Eastern skies  
The brothers looked into each other's eyes  
And smiled in brotherly glad surprise,  
To see how kind each had grown, and wise.

From that time on until they died,  
They dwell near the play-tree, side by side;  
And all day long until it was dark,  
They would chat (and happy Luthnere would hark)  
Of what had happened since Noah's ark  
Sailed off and the first young trees grew bark.

And after long other years had gone  
Luthnere lived alone from sun to sun,  
But happy because of the good she had done.  
"I have learned so much from my dear old dears,  
It will take me at least a hundred years  
To think it all over," she said to the tree.  
"And by that time, who knows, but what there may be  
Dozens of boys between here and the sea,  
Playing and quarreling as our first lads did?  
So I'll stay on here, silently hid,  
Awaiting the chance that must come this way  
To do another good deed someday!" — W. D.



## HARRIET HOSMER



THE publishing of Harriet Hosmer's *Letters* brought her once more before the world, and those who are too young to have heard of her when she first became famous, may perhaps be glad to know something of her interesting life.

Harriet Hosmer was born in Watertown, Massachusetts, on the 9th of October, 1830. Her father was a physician, and he was determined that his daughter should grow up strong and healthy, the more so as he had lost his wife and another daughter.

At an early age she learned to take and to enjoy all outdoor sports. Her home was on the River, and skating and swimming were her favorites. It gave her a healthy, robust physique. Dr. Hosmer, her school physician, so highly recommended her to Har-  
Lenox, Mass., where she met Mrs. Sedgwick. There she grew into womanhood. It seems to have been a happy one, and a great many

When still  
et Hosmer had  
animals, and  
making small  
she grew older  
diminish, and  
to become a



HARRIET HOSMER

other daughter. age Harriet had part in and to door exercises. on the Charles ing, boating and among the plea- her. She grew robust girl, and gan to think of riet was sent to where she enter- wick's school. from girlhood to Her life there been a very she soon made friends.

a child, Harri-  
loved to model  
had spent hours  
clay figures. As  
this love did not  
she determined  
sculptor. Find-

ing that the study of anatomy would be necessary, she applied for admission to one of the medical colleges in the East, but was refused. In St. Louis, however, she was able to take the much-needed course.

After having finished her studies Miss Hosmer traveled for a short time, visiting the Dakota Indians, learning many things, and making friends. She did a great deal of walking, and climbed mountains; but it was all a pleasure, and one that her early life had made her capable of enjoying.

When she returned from this trip Miss Hosmer began her statue of 'Hesper.' Her conception was very beautiful, and the completed work was full of promise. With this accomplished Miss Hosmer felt that she was ready



## HARRIET HOSMER

for Rome, and went there with her father in the autumn of the same year.

It was her desire to become a pupil of John Gibson the great English artist, then living in Rome, but he had found young women very undesirable pupils. However, a friend showed the artist a picture of 'Hesper,' and Gibson then determined to teach Miss Hosmer all he knew.

'Daphne' was her first original work after she began studying in Rome; the next was 'Medusa,' and both of these were exhibited in this country the following year.

During this time steadily endeavoring She was determined teur, and said she had to gain her own the news that her property, and Harly began working nest. It was then her 'Puck,' one of pieces, representing one of his mischiev-

In 1857 Miss America, and while idea of 'Zenobia.' thy of marble, and herself capable of as she had already treating other sub-

In 1860 Dr. Hosmer was attacked by a severe illness, and Miss Hosmer returned to care for him. During this visit she was given the commission for the statue of Thomas Hart Benton, one of Missouri's greatest statesmen. After the necessary preparation she returned to Rome and there carried on her work.

Miss Hosmer's life in Italy, aside from her art, was one of great interest. She had an intimate friendship with the Brownings, and knew many other literary people then in Rome, among them the Thackerays and the Trollopes. She speaks also of Hans Christian Andersen who often visited her studio.

Miss Hosmer's intimacy with the Brownings must have been delightful, and in her letters she gives many charming pictures of those days.

Famous as the Brownings became, recognition was slow, and was received in this country before it was met with in England. Indeed, Miss Hosmer tells us that some even thought them Americans, and spoke of them as countrymen



MISS HOSMER INSPECTING  
HER STATUE OF THE STATES-  
MAN, THOS. H. BENTON

Miss Hosmer was to perfect herself, not to be an am- would work as if she living. Then came father had lost his riet Hosmer resolute- for her living in ear- that she produced her most successful Robin Goodfellow in ous moods.

Hosmer returned to here, conceived her. It was a subject work. Miss Hosmer showed portraying history, proved her talent in subjects.

mer was attacked by

of hers. While in Rome she made a cast of the clasped hands of the two poets. Mrs. Browning loved fun, and could laugh as heartily as any, despite statements to the contrary. Mr. Browning himself had excellent spirits, and encouraged laughter, and as Miss Hosmer had a keen sense of humor, we may well believe that they often had a good laugh together.

That she found pleasure in her artistic life is testified by a friend, who wrote: "She is the happiest human being I know, and thinks herself so."

Miss Hosmer spent many years in Rome, and several were passed in England, where she still carried on her work. Then she returned to America, making her home in Watertown. It was there that she passed away on the twenty-first of February, 1908. The greater part of her seventy-eight years had been devoted to art, but had she turned her attention to letters she could have won a name as an author. Work seems to have been a delight to her, and whatever she undertook was done to the best of her ability. She made the most of her opportunities, and won respect and admiration for her work. For herself, let her many happy friendships bear testimony. HAZEL

## THE LITTLE RED CALF



SOME prospectors had made their camp close up against a rock-pile on the edge of the desert. Rocks were the only shelter from the blazing sun. The few grease-wood bushes only knee high, which were scattered over the ground, were the only growing things, except that here and there a lonely cactus raised its spiny arms as if in distress. The desert mountains skirted the horizon to the north and east, bleak and barren, their ragged outline cutting ever the same uneven edge into the skyline, yet ever changing their colors as the sun and clouds made their journey across the sky in the course of the day. It was winter, but it was hot, hot in the middle of the day, and the tent flaps were wide-spread to catch any breath of air which might be stirring.

One of the men was busily preparing the dinner while the other two, just returned from a tramp, had thrown themselves down upon the sand in the shade of a tent flap. Presently one arose on his elbow and, looking towards the man who was busy with the food, said: "See here, Cooky, how long are you going to keep us on dried meat and hardtack when there is fresh meat in camp? How long are you going to feed that calf and give us beans? Beans! when there is veal to be had? Say now?" and Sam Williams got up and lounged into the mess-tent to get an answer from Fred Dudley, the cook of the camp.

"Fetch on your fresh meat and I will cook it, but I didn't hire out to be butcher when I hired out to be cook of this camp, and if you boys haul in a live calf for me to fat up and then knock in the head for you to eat,

## THE LITTLE RED CALF

you are up against the wrong party this time sure," Fred answered him.

"Oh! ho!" Sam Williams called to the other man, "Here's Cooky gone soft on the calf! Say Bill, look here, next time you bring meat home, don't bring it in the shape of a pet if you expect to get any nourishment out of it."

"What's that?" Bill Andrews said, "Can't have any good grub after we have been starving on canned beans and red leather chips for a week, waiting for Fred to get the calf fat enough to eat and now he won't kill it? Go on, you soft-hearted molly-coddle, we want something decent to eat!"

Fred did not reply, but went about his business of cutting open the bean cans, while Sam began to sing, "Freddy had a little calf, its hair was white and red. He loved it so, he could not bear to knock it in the head."

Bill began to laugh, but stopped suddenly and said: "Look here, Sam, we are forty miles from anywhere, and four days from the next express load of supplies, and there is fresh meat tied up to a grease-wood bush not fifty yards away, and here is Cooky been making love to the calf while we have been climbing all over those blazing hot hills, and him expecting you and me to share up with the prospects in case of luck. Here gi'me that gun, I will settle this here nonsense mighty quick!" and out he stalked toward the spot where the little calf was tethered on the other side of the rise of rock towards the back of the tents.

As he came in sight of the calf, the little creature ran to meet him, looked up into his face with its large innocent eyes, and then licked his hand. Just a little ordinary red calf with white spots, a little fuzzy tail, and big soft ears, and it bleated "Ma" as all six-weeks-old calves bleat, as it trotted towards Bill on its little shaky legs.

"I'll be dog-goned," he said to himself, "and that Fred has kept the thing alive for a week on condensed milk for — for us to eat!" and he stooped down and patted the little creature on the head." "No," he said, "it's too much like home and Mother. Wonder it I can't scare up a jack or cotton-tail or two for dinner," and he whistled for the dog.

"Seems as if Bill was a long time killing that calf. Havn't heard the gun yet, have you Fred?" Sam said.

Fred turned the bacon over in the skillet and poured on the water to make the gravy, and his reply, if any, was drowned in the sizzling noise. Half an hour went by and the faint sound of a gun was heard twice. Both men looked up, but said nothing.

Soon after Bill came in with two cotton-tails and a jack-rabbit dangling over his shoulder, and he tried to look as if he had gone out for no other purpose than to hunt rabbits for dinner.

"Where is the calf?" called Sam.

"Calf be hanged! Won't a couple of jacks satisfy you, you ungrateful

## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

piece of humanity? Must have veal, must you?" Can't do without it?

Fred began to grin, and turning to Bill he asked, "Ever live on a farm, Bill?"

"Yep," Bill answered. "Did you?"

Sam looked at the two men. "Oh pshaw!" he laughed, "What's up between you two and that calf?"

"My dad gave me a little calf like that out there to raise, when I was a kid. The old cow died, and I taught it to suck milk by putting my hands in a pan of milk and letting it suck the milk from my fingers, and when it was old enough to follow me all over the farm and draw my little wagon, they slaughtered it there on the place. I never could eat calf's meat after that. Something horrible about killing and eating things you raise like that — something horrible about killing things to eat, any way!" Fred said.

"That's a fact," Bill said, "and when that little fellow looked at me with those eyes of his with such a friendly, trusting sort of a knowing look in them, all I could think of was that he had a right to live just as well as me. I couldn't kill it, Boys; it is just as Fred says, there is something dead wrong in this killing business. No wonder we are more brute than anything else more than half the time, when we kill and eat such things."

"Well what are you going to do about it?" Sam asked.

"I am not going to have that calf on my conscience, if I have to lug it on my back forty miles to the station," Bill replied.

"Somebody else will eat it if you don't," Sam said.

"Well it won't be me."

"Nor me neither," declared Fred "and there'll be two men in the world with better hearts and consciences —"

"All because a little red calf made two more calves by the look in its eye," laughed Sam; but there was a sound in that hearty laugh which did not irritate the other two men, and when the bleat of the calf came to their ears as Fred carried out a warm pan of milk to feed it, no doubt that all three were glad that the sound of a gun had not ended that homelike plaintive cry of the little red calf.

COUSIN EDYTHA





## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

### III

"A horsel a horsel my kingdom for a horse." — *Shakespeare*



IN last month's excursion it was said that the 'gale' at the end of nightingale has nothing to do with the wind. But though not derived from 'gale,' meaning wind, it certainly is related; because it comes from the old root *gal*, which signifies singing or making some kind of a noise. We have all heard the wind moaning and whistling around the chimney-pots; and when it blows so strongly as to 'sing,' it is called a 'gale.'

We have so little to do with zebras that one word suffices to describe the males, the females, and their young, whereas horses have been friends with us for so long that we have invented a great many names for them. We call fathers and mothers of horses stallions and mares; young horses are known as colts or foals, while their sisters are called fillies. We have, in fact, at least eighteen different names for the horse, and the number might easily be doubled by a little search. Here are some of them: palfrey steed, nag, charger, hobby-horse, tat, mount, courser, hack, destrier, hunter, stallion, pad, roadster, and cob.

'Palfrey' has been shortened from *paraveredus*, a Latin word which meant an extra courier's horse or post-horse, but later on it was used to describe a horse suited for a lady to ride.

A 'steed' is a spirited horse, and comes from an old English word *stod*, a collection of horses for racing or other purposes. We still speak of a *stud* of race-horses, and horse-fanciers always keep a *stud*-book where their horses are all recorded, together with their relations for many generations back.

A 'nag' or small horse is simply an animal that neighs, and in Denmark they still call a small horse a *negge*, a word which is derived from the same root as 'nag.'

A 'charger' is a war-horse, and its origin needs no explanation.

A 'hobby-horse' is an ambling nag, and the word is also used for the toy horse on which children ride. The word is related to the Swedish word *hoppa*, a young mare, derived from *hoppa* to hop, because horses are so good at jumping. 'Tat' is a word very often used by the English in India for a polo-pony or even for larger horses; it comes from the Hindu word *lattu*, a pony.

The word 'mount' is used for any kind of horse on which a rider may be mounted, and means simply a saddle-horse.

The 'courser' is a race-horse or a war-horse, the word being derived from the Latin word *cursus*, the past participle of *currere*, to run. From this root we also get the word 'race-course,' a place where races are run; a 'water-course' is a running stream of water; 'currency' is the money that runs

between buyers and sellers: and 'excursion' means a running out, a pleasure-trip of city people into the surrounding country.

'Hack' is short for 'hackney,' and meant at first a horse kept for hire. Such horses are frequently overworked, and are always at the service of everybody who needs them. We often speak of a much-quoted proverb or poem as being 'hackneyed,' by which we mean that it is too much used; and a writer who hires himself out to produce dull, unoriginal books is often called a 'hack.'

'Destrier' is a word sometimes met with in the romances of chivalry, and signifies a war-horse. The knight used to ride upon one horse and lead another at his right side for use in tournament or battle. We have simply taken the word over unchanged from the French, and they condensed it from the Latin *dextrarius*. *Dexter* is Latin for the right hand.

A 'hunter' is a horse used for hunting, less swift and slender than a race-horse because he has to run over rough country; yet not so strong as a cart-horse, for then his limbs would be too thick and heavy.

The 'stallion' gets his name from the stall in which he is kept.

'Pad' is short for 'pad-nag' — a horse used for traveling on roads, the old word for road being 'pad.' The word is really still in use by us to mean a narrow road for foot-passengers, only we have changed the *d* into *th* and pronounce it 'path.' In Holland they still call a path a *pad*. Nowadays we should call a 'pad-nag' a 'roadster.'

The 'cob' is a stout, thickset horse for riding, with no particular grace or elegance, just as a corn-cob is a thick, inelegant, 'chunky' thing. The name 'chub,' which belongs to an English freshwater fish, is really the same word as 'cob,' only it has been slightly changed. This fish has a broad, blunt head and a thick body, and is in fact a 'cob' among the fishes. When a child is short and plump, he is said to be 'chubby'; but such children often grow up tall and graceful, so no one need feel discouraged at being 'chubby.'

The word 'chivalry' stands for the whole body of knighthood, and also for a knight's code of honor. It may be traced back to the French word *cheval*, a horse, because the knights were clearly marked off from the working classes by their habit of riding on horseback wherever they went. From the Latin *caballus*, a horse, the Spaniard formed the word *caballero*, which means gentleman, because gentlemen like knights were distinguished from the common people by riding on horseback. The modern Latins, the Italians, have altered *caballus* into *cavallo*, from which we get our word 'cavalry,' which means mounted soldiers. A 'cavalcade' is a procession of horsemen, though it has sometimes been used for a procession of men on foot; but we who have learned that the *caval* in cavalcade is the Italian for horse, can never fall into this mistake.

The word *horse* is often used in compound words to denote something

## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARYLAND

large and coarse; thus a 'horse-radish' is a large kind of radish with a very strong taste. In England they have a delicate, little daisy growing on their grass-plots with crimson-tipped petals, and also the large 'horse-daisy' or marguerite which is found in the fields. The 'horse-mackerel' or tunny is one of the largest of the mackerel family, and the 'horse-mussel' is a large marine mussel which lives on our northern coasts. The words '*horse-play*,' and '*horse-laugh*,' '*horse-sense*' can be accounted for in the same way.

Who would suppose that the word 'marshall' had any connection with horses unless he had looked it up in the dictionary? It seems that there was an old Anglo-Saxon word *meorh*, which meant a war-horse, from the feminine of which we get our word 'mare,' a female horse; and the man whose duty it was to attend to these war-horses was called a 'marshall' or horse-servant. The 'shall' at the end of the word is from an old German root *shal*, to owe, to be obliged to do a thing; and from this root 'shall,' a servant is derived. Our modern word 'shall,' which expresses futurity, comes from the same root, because whatever it is our duty to do, that is what we *will* do. The word 'marshall,' though meaning no more than groom or stableman at first, was applied later on to the high official who had the management of the tournaments where knights fought each other on their battle horses.

'Shall' meaning servant also appears in the old word 'seneschal,' a household steward. These domestics were chosen, on account of their age and experience, to superintend the affairs of the household. 'Sene-schal' means 'old servant,' and the root 'sen' may also be found in '*senior*' and '*senile*.'

The word 'walrus,' the name of the huge seal-like animal with enormous tusks, which sports in the cold seas of the Arctic regions, contains the word 'horse' in its last syllable. The old Saxon word for 'horse' was *hros*, something like the modern Swedish *ros*, a horse. We have now shifted the *r* to the end of the word and added an *e*, making it 'horse.' A 'walrus' is thus a 'whale-horse,' because he makes a queer noise something like the neigh of a horse. Some people have imagined that the 'rus' in walrus had something to do with *Russia*; but the walrus is found on many northern coasts, besides the coast of Russia, and we have other reasons for knowing that 'rus' is simply a variation of the word 'Horse.'

The study of words, their parentage, and their numerous relations, carries us all over the world, and puts us in touch with men and women of times long gone by. As they molded the language, shaping and softening the words and adapting them to their use, changing by slow degrees their spelling and pronunciation, so they have come down to us. And even now from day to day we are still making alterations, so that these living messengers from the dead past will be handed down to our descendants in a very different form to that which they had when we received them. UNCLE LEN

## CHRISTMAS IN THE GLEN

"What do you do, usually?" Rose asked.

"It is very white and quiet, usually," Bell answered. She did not like to tell her playmate just how she felt about all the other Glen Christmases she had known.

Realizing that it was growing late, the girls started back to the house. Slipping and sliding, screaming and laughing, they clambered over the stones, down the steep cliff.

"This has been the nicest day of all," exclaimed Rose, as they went in to tea. They found the Glen Woman reading a note from Dr. Barthling. He had come home and would send for his daughter sometime during the next day.

"Oh, let's go up the Heights once more!" urged Rose. "I'd like to take home some of those little pine cones we saw on the upper hills."

Soon after breakfast the girls set out again. They intended to return early and took with them nothing but two cloth bags in which to carry the pine cones. While they were resting on the Heights rain began to fall.

"Hurry, Rose! We must get down quickly! It's very dangerous among the rocks when they are wet." Bell had slipped over the cliff ahead of her companion, leading the way downward by the shortest paths.

"But I haven't any cones, Bell! And that's what we came for," Rose said impatiently.

"Never mind! I'll get some and send them to you by Parcel Post," Bell promised, trying to make Rose understand that each minute lost would increase the dangers among the slippery rocks. The rain fell heavily, and soon Rose found herself falling at every step. Bell, surer-footed, kept her balance. Twice she caught Rose as she seemed to be sliding off.

The most difficult passage was near the foot of the Cliff. Above a water-hollowed cavity a wide flat stone lay like one side of the sloping roof of a little house. Coming up, in order to get to the path above it, you heaped up stones until you could climb to this 'roof'; coming down, even when it was perfectly dry, was never easy. The day before the girls had crawled to the edge, hung by their hands over the hollow place, and dropped.

Now by the time they reached this 'roof,' a stream of water was pouring over it. They saw that if they tried to crawl out on it they would be dashed down to the rocks below. For a long time they stood waiting for the rain to stop. Instead, it seemed to come down faster than before.

"I know!" Bell said at last. "Let's tear open these bags and tie the ends together. I'll hold one end and stay up here. You take hold of the other and slide down to the edge. When you get there, let go, the way we did yesterday. We're both wet to the skin now. A little more won't hurt us!"

"But what will you do?" asked Rose, as she timidly let herself out along the 'roof.'



## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

"I'll fasten the end around this stone here," Bell answered, not sure that it would hold, but it was the only way.

In a moment she felt Rose letting go of the other end of the improvised bag-rope and heard her calling, "All safe, Bell come on!"

Down Bell came. But just as she reached the edge of the 'roof,' the stone above worked loose, the rope came away, and the girl fell, crumpling up at Rose's feet.

Shortly afterward, the servant who had come to take Rose home had heard her screaming, had found where she was, and had carried Bell home to her grandmother, the Glen Woman.

The several letters Rose had written, Bell had answered when she was strong enough, but never telling of her "bad" back. A child from a neighboring farm had brought her pine-cones from the Heights and these she was planning to send to her playmate for a Christmas present when the Glen Woman could find time to pack them. Wouldn't it be wonderful if she could move about, find paper, shears and string, make a Christmas package ready, all by herself? But here came Christmas Eve, with Bell still sitting helpless in her big chair on one side of the fireplace. The Glen Woman, too tired to do more, sitting on the other — the same quiet, the same un-Christmasness as ever — when, hark! What was that? A faint jingling out on the road. Then silence.

After some time the Glen Woman went to the door and pulled it wide open. There stood a Christmas tree and dozens of packages. Bringing them in, she placed them close to Bell, who began unwrapping everything that was Christmassy — holly and mistletoe, a fat turkey, cranberry jelly, a great pudding, two mince pies, candies and nuts and raisins. Little, big and in-between tissue-paper parcels, more Christmassy than these first, with "Ohs" and "Ahs" came open, when, hark again! There was someone at the door.

Rose it was; behind her, Dr. Barthling. The girl came running to half-buried Bell, crying, "Dear, we just heard! A man from the Glen saw Father yesterday and told him your back had been hurt that day when we came down from the Heights. Father's going to fix it. You and Granny are coming home with us. Backs are Father's special specialty, do you know?"

Bell was hugging her playmate. "My wish has come true," she said. "I have wished for something new and wonderful, a different Christmas, and here it is."

"And *my* wish has come true, too," said Rose. "Do you remember that I said I wanted to see how Christmas Eve would be here with you and Granny? All my other Christmasses have been so unlike Christmas — but here — oh, it's really Christmas, here in the Glen!"

WINNIE



## BABY-LAND

*HOW many miles to Baby-Land?  
Anyone can tell;  
Up one flight,  
To your right,  
Please to ring the bell.*

*What can you see in Baby-Land?  
Little folks in white,  
Downy heads,  
Cradle beds,  
Faces pure and bright.*

*What do they do in Baby-Land?  
Dream and work and play;  
Laugh and crow,  
Shout and grow;  
Jolly times have they.*

*What do they say in Baby-Land?  
Why, the oddest things;  
Might as well  
Try to tell  
What a birdie sings. — Selected*

## ALFRED LEROY AND THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

**T**HIS concerns a small boy named Alfred Leroy, who had every newly-contrived game or toy: engines and airships and building bricks, mechanical clowns up to all sorts of tricks, dreadnaughts and cruisers and swift-sailing sloops, merry-go-rounds and high loop-the-loops. So many fine playthings had this one lone boy, although he knew never the meaning of joy!

The Spirit of Christmas had never yet been inside of the child's house — he couldn't get in! He said to himself when he thought of his plight, "This really to me is a very sad sight — to see this one laddie so fussed about, while thousands of children must just do without. I spend more time thinking of Alfred Leroy and how to steal in with some mirth-bringing toy, than I do of all the rest of the hundred and twenty-five millions of kiddies together. Over and over I've tried, but always I've blundered right into a storm of very bad weather — of grumbling and blubbering — and I wonder whether it would not be better to pass him quite by, and let him spend Christmas with an old-fashioned cry, companioned alone by the Spirit of Sighs, with his puffy-up cheeks and his washy-out eyes."

"What are you thinking of, may I ask?"

'Twas the Joy-Spirit speaking, hard at her task of painting the blossoms, of teaching the birds the light blithesome gladness that is older than words.

"As ever, I'm bothered by Alfred Leroy," groaned the Spirit of Christmas. "Oh, Spirit of Joy, can't you think of some way to cheer up that boy?"

"Dear sad little man! I'll do what I can." The Joy-Spirit beamed as she tinted a blush on the face of a rose. "But now I must rush to dabble the sunseting place with this brush."

She caught up a pot filled with paint, flaming red. She touched all the low clouds and clouds overhead, till children and grown-ups admiringly said, "Oh, isn't it beautiful? Look at that glow!" While the Joy-Spirit giggled, "They do like it *so*!" And then as

she rubbed out the crimson eye and painted night's blue back into the sky, she thought that she heard a cross-tempered sigh.

"Oh, dear!" someone whined. "Oh, dear!" and "Oh, dear! There's nothing of any interest here. The house and the garden, the street, the old stream, the people around me, so tiresome they seem that I think I can't stand them. I'll just run away!"

"It's Alfred Leroy!" laughed the Joy-Spirit gay. "Now, really, 'twill help him to have his own way."

She led him afar by the light of a star that she held in her hand like a lantern all night; and when morning came not one thing was the same. Young Alfred Leroy looked around in a fright.

Flower-scents and bird-songs beginning to be; and poetry-words like beads on a string; and story-book folk, he thought he could see. The Joy-Spirit smiled while he kept muttering, "Why, I never heard tell of any such thing!"

It was up to the Spirit of Christmas she led the wondering boy, and jokingly said, "Dear Christmas, I've brought you a helper today!"

"Not Alfred Leroy, you don't mean to say?" The Spirit of Christmas laughed, "Oh, I am glad, for there is plenty of work. Come along, lad!"

They visited homes all over the world. From Pekin to Canajoharie they whirled; from Bagdad to Guadalupita and back; from Yokohama to Hackensack; and everywhere some children



CHRISTMAS CONTENT



## ALFRED LEROY AND THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS



CHRISTMAS JOY IN SUNNY TRINIDAD,  
BRITISH WEST INDIES

they found who kept Christmas hearts the whole year 'round by means of a wonderful clear white light burning steadily day and night. This light shone out of their bright young eyes, and it made them look happy, contented and wise.

The Spirit of Christmas and Alfred Leroy saluted and chatted with each girl and boy. They sang and they danced; they romped and they played, and had a good time wherever they stayed. But Alfred Leroy came away with a sigh, for he could not discover the reason why all of these children — some poor and distressed — had a treasure about which he'd never guessed.

"What is it that keeps them laughing and singing?" he asked his companion the while they were winging from a weather-browned cot on a mountain-top to a dark little room behind a shop. "Not one of these children has half of the things that I have at home. What is it, then, brings the wonderful shine I have seen in their eyes?"

The Spirit of Christmas exclaimed in surprise, "Well, bully for you now, Alfred Leroy: you've noticed their quiet expression of joy? That shows me indeed you yourself are improving, for it's only a few who can see it. It's loving! it's giving! it's helping! it's trying to be the very best possible kind of child. See?"

Alfred Leroy nodded his head. "I think I understand now," he said. "Please, Spirit of Christmas, I would like to go back and put all my playthings into a sack and distribute them round among

these girls and boys who have no really-and-truly toys."

"If I were you I wouldn't do that," said the Spirit of Christmas, with a benevolent pat on Alfred Leroy's sun-brightened curls. "More than they need, have these boys and girls!"

"More than they need! Why, how can that be? Some are poor, some are hungry, some lonely, like me." The boy thought a moment and then said, "I see! They are giving themselves! They are helpers to you — and that is what I'm going to be, too."

They had now reached Alfred Leroy's front door.

"Come in," he invited, "and look at my store of playthings — of engines and ships, of puzzles, of blocks and of whips, of every conceivable maker of fun — I want you to have them, every one."

"I'll call this Headquarters!" Old Christmas smiled. "That is, if whenever we find a poor child who hasn't a plaything, you'll carry him one."

"Oh, gladly I will! It's as good as all done!"

"Just see! You have summoned the Spirit of Joy!" said the Spirit of Christmas to Alfred Leroy. "Here she is! Let her in, and let us begin to brighten this house. Long have we two waited to see this day fittingly here celebrated."

"Merry Christmas!" they shouted — the Spirit of Joy, the Spirit of Christmas, and Alfred Leroy. If you had seen him, you'd have known he had found the way to keep Christmas the whole year round.

GWENDOLYN BRAE



## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

*"And O, sure," Biddy said, "'tis the queen of all pies!  
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes!  
Now its my turn, I think; and a sweet ginger-cake  
For the motherless Finigan Children I'll bake."*

*"A sweet-cake, all our own! 'Tis too good to be true!"  
Said the Finigan Children, Rose, Denny, and Hugh;  
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice  
To poor little Lame Jake — who has nothing that's nice."*

*"O, I thank you, and thank you!" said little Lame Jake;  
"O what bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake!  
And O, such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,  
And will give 'em to each little sparrow that comes!"*

*And the Sparrows they twittered, as if they would say,  
Like old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,  
If you want a good time, then give something away!"*

— MARIAN DOUGLAS (Selected)

## A CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN



LITTLE Inga stood at the window looking wistfully out on the snow falling steadily. Everything was gray and white, damp and cold, except in the room where she was. She had become wearied of all her toys and books; the time of waiting was too long for her. Darkness had come, but not the evening lamp, and not yet her father and brothers. They were gone to the forest to cut a Christmas tree, and ought to have been home before dark.

Everybody was too busy to remember Inga. She knew that she was expected to keep in the nursery and not peep through doors, nor over the banister; because then there would not be any nice surprises. Mother had told her that 'Jultomten' was coming tonight, and that he only liked good little children.

Long before dark she had finished the presents she was going to give her parents and brothers. She had done up the packages in real Christmas fashion, with great big seals and dabs of sealing-

## A. CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN

wax everywhere. She had even attempted to write rhymes on them, although rhymes were a little hard to put together. Just the same, she was proud of her packages, and had already forgotten her burnt and inky fingers.

At last she heard the stamping of feet and the sound of merry voices — the Christmas tree had come! After an hour or more Inga was called downstairs for the Christmas dinner. The flood of light that burst upon her from the open door was blinding. Everywhere a candle could be put, there was a three-armed candle,— the Christmas candles. The tree stood in the big dining-room, all decked with tinsels, gaily-colored candles, red apples, and candies in fancy wrappings with angels on the outside.

After dinner the big table was moved to one side and the Christmas tree put in the center. Now the moment has come for which all the children have longed — the lighting of the candles on the tree. This is also the time when 'Jultomten' is to be expected. Inga is half afraid of him, and still she has to run to the door every few minutes for fear he is not coming.

Soon 'Jultomten' comes. He is dressed in gray furs and a red top-shaped cap ending in a fluffy tassel, red mittens, and boots. He has a big sack on his back full of presents — *Julklappar*. There is something for everybody in that bag!

When all the rhymes have been read and all the packages opened, the Christmas games begin. It is hard to make Inga put down her new doll to join in the 'long dance'; but when she sees 'Jultomten' lead the way, she also wants to come. Everybody takes hold of hands in a long string, 'Jultomten' first. To begin with, the dance winds around the tree, but soon the circle gets wider and wider. Accompanied by the merry tune of the Christmas songs, the dance goes in and out of all the rooms, up and down the stairs, and does not stop until even attic and cellar have been visited. The one who happens to be at the end has a hard time; hanging on with both hands, he can hardly clear the corners. This time Inga was the end; and she had never had so much fun.



## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

It was a very happy little girl who went to bed that night, especially happy because one of the nicest parts of Christmas was still to come. Very early the next morning she was waked up and dressed to go to 'julottan' mass at six o'clock in the village church.

The morning was dark, as in the middle of the night. No snow fell — the air was clear and cold and the stars twinkled, throwing a faint light on the snow-covered landscape. When Inga and everybody else was warmly wrapped up in the sleighs, Father lighted the torches and gave one to each sleigh. Then all were ready and the little bells on the horses began tinkling, first slowly and then faster as they sped down the slope. This is what Inga likes the best on Christmas morning — it is like driving through a fairyland. The dancing torchlight on the snow, the frost-sparkling trees, the dark blue sky with its silent stars, the dark mysterious forest — all give her a feeling of awe, but also of calm serenity.

As they came nearer the village other sleighs fell in behind theirs, each with a torch. Soon all the roads are dotted with lights and the merry tinkling chorus of bells increases. In the village there is a light in every window, and in front of the church is a huge bonfire where all the sleigh-drivers have thrown down their torches.

In the church there are hundreds of lights and garlands of evergreen. But Inga hardly sees it at all; she is all expectancy, and does not think it complete until the choir begins the song about "The Star of Bethlehem."

An hour afterwards Inga was riding homewards in the gray of the morning, well pleased with her Christmas. INEZ V. A.



the garden more pleasant. Also, the little hut is a beautiful bower in spring and summer, and a delightful place to sit and read, or to tell stories in.

W. VON G.



### THE SMALL DOLLY AND HER CLOTHES

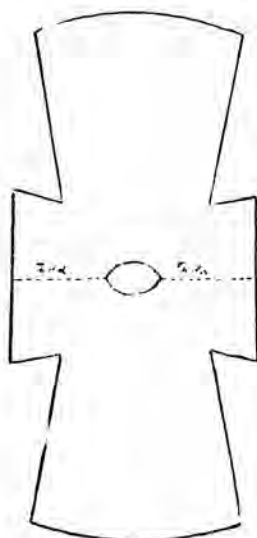
**T**HERE comes a time in the life of every little girl when she likes to play with the small dolls the best because she is learning to sew. Her chief delight is to make little clothes for them.

The great difficulty in making very satisfactory clothes lies in the fashioning of any kind of sleeve for such small arms. Cutting two holes in a straight piece of cloth and trying to sew sleeves into the holes is almost impossible, and then it can never be made to fit properly about the neck, even if one manages to get the sleeves to stay sewed into the holes.

The best plan is to use the so-called kimona pattern which, with certain alterations, can be used for coat, dress, blouse, chemise or night-gown, and is very easy to make.

## THE SMALL DOLLY AND HER CLOTHES

Here are some drawings of the kimona pattern showing how it can be used for different garments.



No. 1

Number 1 is the outline of the pattern when it is opened. Fold it in the middle on the dotted line, and cut it out as in No. 2, and you have the chemise or night-gown pattern.

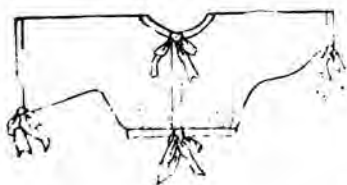
If you cut the hole for the neck very small at first, and cut it wide enough at the belt or waist line, it can be made into a dress or coat. This will also allow for an opening, front or back, to be faced or hemmed.



No. 2

For either the chemise or the night-dress, cut the neck large enough so that it can be slipped over the head; it will need no further opening. Of course you must cut the night-gown longer than the chemise.

It is a very good plan to finish the bottom of the sleeves with an edging or a hem before you sew the garment together. Next, French-seam the side seams and under-arm seams of sleeves in a straight seam; turn up and hem the bottom; make a tiny hem about the neck, or roll and whip it and sew on the lace or edging, and then the chemise or night-gown is done.



No. 3

No. 3 shows the way to make a blouse or an underwaist by using the top part of the same pattern. You can make full



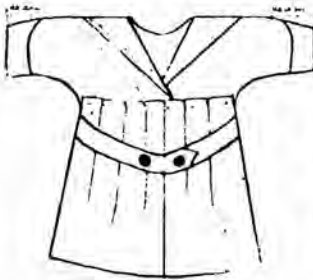
No. 4

sleeves by putting a hem in the bottom of them to run a ribbon in, which, when pulled up to size of dolly's wrist makes the sleeves full. Finish the bottom of the blouse in the same way, by hemming first

## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

and running in a ribbon. The blouse should be opened down the back and hemmed or faced. Always sew the under-arm seams of the blouse before you hem up the bottom.

This same pattern can be used for the waist of a dress (No. 4), with straight full skirt. Decide how full you wish your skirt to be. Sew up the seams and press them. Make a placket, then gather and fasten to the waist. If you wish to make your shirt separate from the waist, put the skirt into a band the correct size, and have ribbons or straps run over the shoulders. When you are sure it is the right length, put in the hem. See pattern No. 4.



No. 5

The coat (Nos. 5 and 6) can be made, using the same waist pattern No. 3; simply open it in the front. You can curve the sleeves at the top a little, if you like, and not gather them at the wrist. The skirt to



No. 6

the coat can be either pleated or gathered, also opening in the front. Cut the sailor collar very carefully and fit it to the dolly's neck. Sew the collar on, after you have hemmed it or trimmed it.

All these little garments can be finished nicely on the inside with no raw edges, and all can be made to put on and take off if the very smallest hooks and eyes and snap-fasteners are used.

It is possible to use these patterns on dolls only six inches high, and they will be found quite as satisfactory for much larger dolls as well. You will find they will help very much in dressing the small doll easily and neatly and in a pleasing manner. AUNT EDYTHA



## PICTURES AND RHYMES




WHEN I go out to take  
the air,  
I always take my little  
chair;  
And Carmen comes along  
to play,  
On every bright and sun-  
ny day.

Sometimes she brings her  
Teddy bear  
And sits him in the little  
chair.  
So we play, happy as  
can be  
Beside the tall old pepper  
tree.

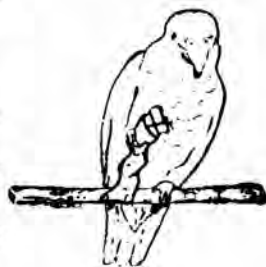





## DAPHNE'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING

 PARROT who had a Christmas stocking! Who ever heard of such a thing! Big polly Daphne had one on Christmas, and I do not believe that any boy or girl enjoyed theirs very much more than she did hers.

It was a little red stocking and would have been just her size, had she a tiny human-shaped foot; but her feet are bird's claws, which she uses to stand and walk on, as well as to hold things with like hands.

When first given the stocking on Christmas morning, she held it tight in one claw and just looked at it. Next, she began to pull out all the packages, which were tied up in paper with red raffia, and dropped them on the bottom of her cage until she had her stocking empty. Then she climbed down and brought each package up to her perch



 again and tore off the string and paper. In the bundles  she found  a little china teapot, cup and saucer, plates and milk pitcher, just the right size for her to play with. And down at the toe of the stocking was a piece of candy.

By this time she was spreading her tail and puffing out her feathers, and giving her squeal of pleasure every once in a while. There were so many things, she didn't know which to play with first! She would pick up one dish, turning it about in her claw with her beak, when her eye would light on another



dish at the bottom of her cage; then she would drop the one she had in her claw, climb down, pick up the other and climb up again on to her perch; then spying yet another dish, down she would go after that, sometimes trying to bring two up at once. She found she could hold a little cup in her claw and

drop a marble in it and then turn the marble around in the cup, and this occupied her for some little time. All day she played with her dishes and did little talking, and each day afterwards she had her times of playing with her toys.

By and by she began to get rough by playing too hard. Getting down on the bottom of her cage,

she would lie on her back in order to use both claws. In one claw she would hold her cup or teapot, and in the other her little iron spade or hoe, beating them together and biting them with her beak. It was not long before the teapot was without a spout, and the cup without a handle. This was play for her; and she being a bird and not a child, it was useless to try to teach her that she must not break her pretty toys. I doubt if she knew that she broke them.

The funniest thing I ever saw her do was with a round-bottomed enamel drinking-cup I gave her. Lying on her back in the bottom of her cage, she suspended the cup in both claws above her, then suddenly she would lift her head and put the cup on it like a hat, putting it on and taking it off several times. This she did every once in a while in her play. But one day she caught me laughing at her, which hurt her feelings. Since then she has been shy about letting me see her play.

Many tame birds learn to play, even canaries; but only birds like the parrots use their claws to hold the things they play with. Daphne has always had her box of playthings, and that is why she had such a good time this Christmas. COUSIN EDYTHA



# Râja-Yoga Messenger

An Illustrated Magazine

Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

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# RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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JANUARY 1920

*"Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story  
Tomorrow, and the rest more dilatory.  
Thus indecision brings its own delays,  
And days are lost lamenting over days.  
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;  
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;  
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;  
Begin, and then the work will be completed."*—GOETHE

## SPRING DUTIES



GOOD housekeepers the world over look forward to spring, because of the freshening and airing and cleaning that every room goes through. Carpets are beaten, closets are flung open, attics are explored, and useless lumber and accumulations from garret to cellar are disposed of. Surprising discoveries are made sometimes, and one wonders how it was possible to live with such a weight of unnecessary things all through the winter. Surely we are not going to be more careful of the houses our bodies live in, than of the houses (or bodies) we live in! We are not bodies, you know. The body belongs to us, like the mind, with all the wonderful things it can do. They are our servants, if we know how to train and govern them, and make them obey. But if we let them be the masters, they become very tyrannical and make us a great deal of trouble.

The mind especially needs clearing out and brightening up in the spring-time, in preparation for the work of the summer. The mental store-house gets full of rubbish, which leaves no room for valuable things. Gossip, wastefulness, idling, or moods, take up the room that belongs to cheerfulness, busy helpful ways, and love of study. Tempers and unkindness or deceitfulness darken the windows of the mind, so that everything outside begins to look dark. Just as soap and water are at constant war with dust and grime, so there is the conscience in each of us, which wants to brush down the cobwebs and sweep out all the corners that nobody sees into.

## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

What would you think of a person who was satisfied with sweeping only in the middle of the floor, or dusting just the front edge of the bookshelves? The corners of the mind are filled with mental dirt, which is far worse, when one thinks it doesn't matter if one tells untruths to protect one's self, or harms another behind his back, or deceives those who trust one, or does in secret things one would be ashamed to have another person see. But we ourselves know we have done them; and if we cannot respect ourselves, how can we expect others to respect us?

The body and mind are very dependent on each other, and have both good and bad influences on each other. When we overeat, walk with narrow stooping shoulders, and don't keep clean and neat,—these bad habits injure the mind as well as the body. Grumbling, arguing, spitefulness, are just as bad for the body as the poison of a snake-bite. It is like planting weeds instead of wholesome grain or beautiful flowers. And as things grow so much quicker in the springtime, so do the habits we practise in childhood grow quickly and strong. Then, when the summertime comes, or autumn—that is, when we are grown men and women—we may have fields of nettles or poisonous plants to root out instead of reaping a golden harvest.

Another thing, although a mental spring-cleaning is very important and makes one feel enthusiastic and happy, it is not enough to do it just once a year, because so much goes on *all* the time. Every day we need a good brushing out, so that the troubles or mistakes of one day are not added to those of the next. That is why the Rāja-Yoga children have their 'Silent Moments' every night, so they can throw away all that has gone amiss in the day and start with clean, happy minds the next morning. It is the only plan that really succeeds.

One reason we love the springtime is because it is so beautiful, especially in places where the wintertime brings snow and ice. New flowers come out, nests are built, little birds are learning to fly, and all the wild creatures bring out their families into the sunshine. They are all so full of life and fun, and enjoy themselves just as children do when they go out at recess for games and races. They would like to be friends with the human children if they could; but . . . oh dear! so many boys and girls have never learned that *kindness is the first law of nature*, consequently they torment and frighten, and—would you believe it—sometimes even kill, these dumb creatures who cannot speak for themselves or say how much they suffer. It is a shameful thing to hurt or injure anything smaller and more helpless than we are. One of our most important spring duties is to start being as kind to each other and to animals as we would like others to be to us. If all children had learned this rule, there would have been no dreadful war, no starvation and sickness and unhappiness such as are filling the world today.

In California there is a little golden wild-flower called the 'Sunshine



## ALONG THE SHORES OF LAKE LAUSANNE

Flower' because it looks like a little sun, with its rays. It always seems to be smiling, and is most cheerful. Children can be like these sunshine flowers, always radiating happiness for others, because their good acts bring happiness to themselves. You know, no matter where we go or what we do, we shall always have ourselves for company, and it is far worse to have to live with one's own moods, or ugly impolite ways, than with another person's. So the best use to which we can put the springtime, with all its opportunities, is to find within ourselves the companionship of our Higher Nature. Everything goes well in such company. It can overcome all stumbling-blocks. If we do what it tells us, we shall carry eternal spring in our hearts. K. H.



CASTLE AND CATHEDRAL OF LAUSANNE

## ALONG THE SHORES OF LAKE LAUSANNE



EUROPEAN winter and summer resorts are visited yearly by hundreds of tourists from abroad or from the Continent itself, in search of a warmer climate in winter and a cooler one in summer. Often cities in different parts of Switzerland, as well as the winter and summer resorts, attract the attention of those who are making a tour through the country, and such is the case with Lausanne. Although this city is no more than a few hundred feet above sea-level, and could therefore not be sought for the same reason as the mountain villages of Switzerland, nevertheless Lausanne never fails to be of interest to those who make



## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

a temporary residence there. It is picturesquely situated on Lake Geneva, and is built on the summits and slopes of three hills and the intervening valleys.

The principal building and finest ornament of Lausanne is a cathedral in the Gothic style. The illustration does not do justice to the height of the structure because of the houses around it being built on higher ground.



MONTREUX AND 'LA DENT DU MIDI'

The erection of this edifice, begun early in the Middle Ages, was repeatedly resumed; however it did not assume the form in which we see it today until three centuries later. It was constructed of limestone, a weak and unenduring building material, so that frequent restorations have been necessary. The Cathedral is a marvel of architectural beauty. At either extremity there are two towers, the spires of which attain dizzy heights, the one at the eastern end over the choir being the higher of the two. The interior is of great beauty, with its innumerable columns reaching heavenward, standing separately or arranged symmetrically in groups, while others line the walls. The main portal is in the shape of a Gothic window, and is exquisitely decorated with several borders featuring religious subjects. A corridor, running around the nave and choir, contains an imposing array of statues and tombs of the most eminent prelates and defenders of the ancient town. Circular staircases lead to the summits of the towers. After a toilsome climb up a seemingly endless flight of steps, always through a murky light, the visitor

## ALONG THE SHORES OF LAKE LAUSANNE

is fully recompensed for his efforts by a splendid view of the city with its numerous monuments of art — churches, schools, a university, banks, museum, castle, etc.— and beyond all the blue lake with its surrounding villages, orchards and gardens, the whole backed by the immensity of the Alps.

To the left of the Cathedral in the picture is a castle, erected for strategic purposes on a commanding eminence. It is not a good example of a



THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

medieval fortress, nor is it surrounded by a moat or fortified with parapets. It is a square structure with walls of great thickness, and with watch-towers at each corner. It is now used for administrative purposes, as the meeting-place of the cantonal legislative body, and for that reason has been restored frequently. Although the Castle is not a modern structure in exterior appearance, nevertheless the interior is furnished with all the requirements of an up-to-date house.

Before the south entrance of the Castle is a fine statue of Davel, one of the most celebrated patriots of the canton of which Lausanne is the chief town. He fought with distinction and lost his life in his country's struggle for independence.

A stone-paved road connects the Cathedral with the Castle, and is lined on either side with quaint-looking old houses partly in ruins. This was originally the center and aristocratic section of the city, but is so no longer.

The terrace in the foreground has a commanding view only over the western part of the city, lake, and environs, the three other sides being



flanked by buildings. It is an assembly-place of the townfolk on holidays and other festive occasions.

'Montriond' — a strip of land planted with fir and other decorative trees, shrubs, and flowering plants, is within a short distance from the center of the city. All who are tired of the noisy traffic and hubbub are free to enjoy open-air recreation in the quiet and peace of this park. In its midst is the monumental structure, the 'Tribunal Fédéral,' only a small section of which can be discerned in the picture. Before the main entrance of this building, the dome of which is adorned with a group of symbolical figures, stands the statue of William Tell. It is an easy matter for the beholder acquainted with the legend of William Tell to imagine that the master-archer is drawing two arrows from his quiver —



STATUE OF WILLIAM TELL

one of them selected to shoot the apple off his son's head, the other intended for the Austrian tyrant in case of failure.

Towns, villages and cities are scattered along the shores of Lake Geneva wherever the levelness of the ground will permit. Vevey and Montreux are a few miles distance from one another and from Lausanne. They, as well as many other towns on both sides of the Lake, are noted places of residence for foreigners and stopping places for those on their way to the near-by mountain villages to enjoy the mountain climbing in summer and the sports of wintertime. The scenery around Montreux is beautiful.

Between Montreux and Villeneuve lies the celebrated Castle of Chillon at the northeastern end of the lake. A steep rocky mountain juts into the Lake here, leaving little level ground immediately around its base. The castle stands on an isolated rock a short distance from the shore in a favorable position for defense, thereby avoiding the construction of a moat — one of the prerequisites of fortified strongholds of the Middle Ages. The wooden drawbridge, which formerly could be pulled up against the entrance by

## VIEW FROM A WINDOW

means of chains and counter-weights, has been stationary for many, many years. This stone fortress is a picturesque combination of semicircular and square towers one story higher than the walls and grouped about a central tower. It was built at the beginning of the Middle Ages, but as it stands today it represents the latter part of the fifteenth century. It was long used as a state prison, and later as an arsenal. Some of the rooms have curious wooden ceilings, and the massive ribbed vaulting of the dungeons is impressive.

Chillon is famous in literature and song, especially as the prison where Bonivard, a defender of Swiss liberties against the Duke of Savoy, endured the captivity immortalized by Byron's 'Castle of Chillon.' State prisoners were confined in the dungeons which lie below the surface of the Lake. One can still see and examine the iron chains with which the prisoners were bound to the stone columns; likewise the column on which Bonivard cut his name, and even the old furniture and weapons of defense and attack used by those who lived in this ancient fortress.

The little town at the right of the Castle is Villeneuve. The Rhone here enters the Lake turbid and yellow, but leaves it at Geneva as clear as glass and of a deep blue tint. The snowcapped peak in the center of the picture is the seven-headed 'Dent du Midi,' the ascent of which is very popular with tourists on account of the grand view of the surrounding country to be had from its summit.

ALFRED M.

## VIEW FROM A WINDOW



HE early morning sunshine floods the earth with gold and the ever-changing shadows are playing on the ground. Fluffy clouds are floating across the softly-dappled sky. The spray in the Râja-Yoga Academy garden below me is rainbow tinted, and the light bejewels all the dripping rose-leaves.

A tiny humming-bird is flitting in among the trumpet flowers, daintily sipping the honey. The continual whirr of his wings makes a blurr on each side of his iridescent body. His breast is a shimmering green, and delicate shades of rose and violet glisten on his throat.

Now he flashes by as if playing hide-and-go-seek with some little insect in the honeysuckle vine. Then, as if tired, he settles on a twig, remaining still for several minutes. Suddenly he darts across the garden and alights on the fence where the roses are bending beneath the spray, and begins to take a bath, balancing himself in mid-air as the small drops splash on his wings. After a while he flies down to where the water has collected in a pool, sprinkling himself with his wings. Then, hearing the call of his mate, he flies off for some new adventure.

P. H.



## THE WILLOW MAN

JULIANA H. EWING

**T**HERE once was a Willow, and he was very old,  
And all his leaves fell off from him, and left him in the cold;  
But ere the rude winter could buffet him with snow,  
There grew upon his hoary head a crop of Mistletoe.

All wrinkled and furrowed was this old Willow's skin,  
His taper fingers trembled, and his arms were very thin;  
Two round eyes and hollow, that stared but did not see,  
And sprawling feet that never walked, had this most ancient tree.

A Dame who dwelt a-near was the only one who knew  
That every year upon his head the Christmas berries grew;  
And when the Dame cut them, she said — it was her whim —  
"A merry Christmas to you, Sir!" and left a bit for him.

"Oh, Granny, dear, tell us," the children cried, "where we  
May find the shining mistletoe that grows upon the tree?"  
At length the Dame told them, but cautioned them to mind  
To greet the willow civilly, and leave a bit behind.

"Who cares," said the children, "for this old Willow-man?"

With rage the ancient Willow shakes in every limb,  
For they have taken all, and have not left a bit for him!

Then bright gleamed the holly, the Christmas berries shone,  
But in the wintry wind without the Willow-man did moan:

"Ungrateful, and wasteful! the mystic Mistletoe  
A hundred years hath grown on me, but never more shall grow."

A year soon passed by, and the children came once more,  
But not a sprig of Mistletoe the aged Willow bore.  
Each slender spray pointed; he mocked them in his glee,  
And chuckled in his wooden heart, that ancient Willow-tree.

### MORAL

O children, who gather the spoils of wood and wold,  
From selfish greed and wilful waste your little hands withhold.  
Though fair things be common, this moral bear in mind:  
"Pick thankfully and modestly, and leave a bit behind." — Selected

## AN OVERLAND JOURNEY

BY MARY S. WHITE, A 'PIONEER' OF '59

*Illustrated by her daughter, Miss Edith White, the Lomaland Artist,  
who made this memorable trip as a 'six-months' old baby.*

### PART I



O travel overland to California, six or eight families in a neighborhood in Northern Iowa formed a company. So on the 9th day of May, 1859, we started on our long journey. Our part of the company consisted of my father and mother, four brothers, a young sister, and a married sister, whose family consisted of her husband and two small children, the younger being a baby boy six weeks old. My husband, two little daughters and I were the balance of our part of the train. The rest of the company consisted of a-sons, the married daughters of father had overland journey before, so he Captain of the

We started good-byes and of our many relatives, feeling

What an un-ahead of us! seen the fatigue of that long those little very sure our have failed us; young, in good gor, with no misgivings in had good ses, mules and had two wag-ly carriage be-the other fam-

ons to themselves, which were newly covered with extra-heavy canvas to turn the rain and winds. The wagon-beds were made very tight. There were cleats nailed on each side of the wagon-beds and nicely dressed boards



MRS. MARY S. WHITE, PIONEER

bout ten per-ried sons and one family. My made the same ney ten years was chosen as company.

off with the good wishes friends and rel-very happy.

dertaking was Had we fore-and dangers journey, with children, I am hearts would but we were all health and vi-fear or great our minds. We teams of hor-oxen. Father ons and a fami-sides. Each of ilies had wag-

## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

were fitted in, so that it made a floor for our bedding and clothing, and a place to make our beds on at night. Our food was packed away under this floor.

The first day and many succeeding ones our journey lay over a beautiful rolling prairie covered with green grass, sufficiently mature for the grazing of our live-stock. We had many head of cattle besides our driving animals. Some of the company were in favor of driving faster whenever we came to a fine piece of road; but the Captain was too wise to do that. He believed in short stages, knowing well that the stock would not hold out with fast traveling. Some of our friends were very strict Presbyterians and they thought if we gained twenty miles a week, we could afford to lay by on the Sabbath. I remember one Sunday it rained, and when we stopped at noon there were pools of water standing everywhere. Our children, as well as theirs, made fish-hooks out of pins and played they were fishing in those pools. They told their children that it was wicked to fish on the Sabbath, and the poor little things were taken to their wagons for punishment.

One thing that I shall never forget was the beautiful scenery of my own dear country. Another lasting impression was made upon my mind by the crossing of the Skunk River in Iowa. The stream was swollen by recent rains. Before we started to cross it we saw that there was a bridge made of logs chained together with strong log-chains. But to our great astonishment and dismay, when the first team stepped on the bridge, it sank out of sight with their weight, and they had to pass over in a foot or two of water, I suppose by instinct or feeling, for we could not see the bridge at all. If the oxen had made a misstep they would have gone into the water, no one knew how deep. We traveled over those beautiful prairies in the most perfect weather imaginable. We did not see very much timber while we were yet in the prairie country, for Iowa was not noted for very many trees, except where they were in small groves. When we saw these groves and the green-sward with a good road to travel over, we found it very fascinating. Although we had all the uncertainties of our journey before us, we were full of hope and courage and were glad that our faces were turned toward the great West.

After about three weeks of travel through the yet civilized country, we saw in the distance Council Bluffs and the great muddy Missouri River. Here we were ferried over and landed at Omaha, which was about the last we were to see of civilization for several months. We camped there two or three days and made our decision as to which side of the Platte River we would travel. We chose the north side, having heard that the feed was better there. While we were still camped at Omaha my husband's brother, who resided at Sioux City, Iowa, gave us a very pleasant surprise by coming to meet us there. I remember that he brought us a whole cheese, a number



## AN OVERLAND JOURNEY

of boxes of imported dried figs and other dainties, which was very thoughtful of him. Omaha was only a small frontier town in those days, and not especially interesting. When our brother had taken leave of us we broke camp and resumed our long journey, feeling that we were leaving civilization behind us and facing in earnest the great plains, the home of so many savage Indian tribes. We also felt that we were leaving the land of snow and ice and journeying towards the beautiful summerland of California. Our hearts were linked to the home we were leaving by many sweet associations, but our minds were set upon the anticipations of a better land — the wonderful, enticing land of gold.

Before we had traveled many days we met an army of Sioux warriors numbering one thousand, all young and well armed for battle. This was



our first contact with the Indian tribes of the 'Plains.' They were on their way to Omaha, where they were going to fight the Pawnee tribe. We were at first very much frightened to meet this vast number of Indians, but we were soon assured of their friendliness to us. A short time after meeting this army we came upon the camp of their squaws and papposes and their aged comrades, who had nearly finished the battle of life and who no longer took part in the war-dance or carried the bow and quiver of arrows. Some hours later, as we came to a bend in the road, we met the remainder of the Sioux tribe with all their belongings. They had long poles fastened to the sides of their ponies, and on these poles were all their possessions, as well as their children and those who were too infirm to walk. We were at first more frightened when we saw this long train coming than we had been when we met the army of warriors. But we were soon convinced of our safety, as they neither spoke nor looked at us. This picture has always remained in my mind very distinctly as a picturesque scene. It was in a very beautiful place, on a hillside in a thickly wooded forest. They were



creeping slowly up the hill as we were coming down. These were the last trees and hills that we saw until after we had left the great plains of the Platte River.

Before leaving Omaha we were joined by two men with a cart and only one pair of oxen yoked to it. These men traveled the whole distance with



us after that. They were Canadians, and one was a half-breed Chippawa. They were very kind-hearted men, and always ready to do their share in guarding and in helping everywhere. Our stock was always guarded while feeding

and at night, for fear of being stampeded by the Indians, which was one of their depredations. Sometimes we had to swim our stock across a river to find good feed for them; and these Canadians were always willing to do their part, and could be depended upon even to risk their lives if need be. We never saw them ride. They must have walked the whole journey. Their cart contained only a meager supply of food, as we accidentally found out. One day they were driving on a sideling piece of road when their cart tipped over and exposed its contents, which was a very short allowance of hardtack and some coffee. We were surprised and shocked to learn that these men had been traveling with us day by day without having enough food to keep them from suffering hunger. You may be sure that they did not want for food after that, for we had an abundance to take us all through to our destination.

One morning we were surprised to see one of our best cows standing in the high grass with twin calves beside her. We were, of course, obliged to drive away without her, leaving her there to take care of herself and her new family. A short time after that my father saw that the grain that he had brought for horse feed was not sufficient to last for all the horses. He had a fine large horse with high withers and such a short neck that he could not reach grass enough to keep him alive if he had to work. So one morning we drove away and left him too by the wayside, to take care of himself or perhaps die. These pathetic incidents were seemingly cruel, but they could not be avoided. They were a part of the tragedies of the plains.

*(To be continued)*

## CROSSING THE PLAINS

JOAQUIN MILLER

**W**HAT great yoked brutes with briskets low,  
With wrinkled necks like buffalo,  
With round, brown, liquid, pleading eyes,  
That turned so slow and sad to you,  
That shone like love's eyes soft with tears,  
That seemed to plead, and make replies,  
The while they bowed their necks and drew  
The creaking load; and looked at you.  
Their sable briskets swept the ground,  
Their cloven feet kept solemn sound.

Two sullen bullocks led the line,  
Their great eyes shining bright like wine;  
Two sullen captive kings were they,  
That had in time held herds at bay,  
And even now they crushed the sod  
With stolid sense of majesty,  
And stately stepped and stately trod,  
As if 't were something still to be  
Kings even in captivity.—Selected

## THE PRAIRIES

WILLIAM LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN

**I** LOVE the prairies broad and free,  
For there I know and there I feel  
My heart is not a thing of steel.  
Lost in this tawny, fragrant sea  
I breathe and hear that minstrelsy  
Which Nature's vibrant chords reveal,  
And Nature's tuneful songs appeal  
To all that's best and good in me.  
The stars, the clouds, the azure skies  
And viewless vastness all combine  
To broaden life; my spirit flies  
Beyond the world's low level line  
Till, lost, forgetful of life's sighs,  
It dwells in miraged realms divine.—Selected

## WINCHESTER

In one of the stateliest lie the remains of the illustrious William of Wykeham, architect, bishop, statesman, and founder of two colleges. To him is given the credit of evolving the severe Perpendicular style of English Gothic architecture. He found his cathedral entirely Romanesque in style, round-arched and ponderous, but he left it very much changed. The immense nave was transformed from the massive Norman simplicity into the aspiring fretted complexities of the Perpendicular, with its magnificent groined roofs and large windows filled with stained glass. The example of Wykeham's



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

nave was immediately followed by every builder in England, and the new style remained dominant until the coming of the Renaissance revolutionized architecture in all western countries.

The magnificent simplicity and massive grandeur of the unchanged parts of Winchester Cathedral, such as the transepts, however, have led many critics to wish that the famous architect had let well enough alone.

The roll-call of the eminent men whose bodies lie in Winchester Cathedral is a stirring record. There are kings, warriors, statesmen, and other historical personages whose names are household words; and others, too, of a different class, such as Izaak Walton, Jane Austen, and Lady Montagu, have been honored by interment within these ancient walls.

The walls of the primitive church in 1068 witnessed the coronation of Matilda of Flanders, queen of William the Conqueror, and also his own re-coronation; the unhonored body of William Rufus was brought to Winchester after his death by the hand of Tyrrel in the New Forest. Richard



## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

Coeur de Lion celebrated his second coronation here, and here Henry VIII came with the Emperor Charles V when entertaining him at Winchester Castle. One of the most splendid pageants was that of the marriage of Queen Mary of England with Philip of Spain, when the great building was "richly hanged with Arras and Cloth of Gold," and a raised platform "covered with Redd Saye" was constructed for the royalties to walk "from the west dore unto the Roode" where their thrones were placed. C. R.



HEMP PLANTATION, TALOMO DAVAS, MINDANAO, P. I.

## INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT ROPE



HOUGH the oldtime rope-walks which were once a familiar feature of all ports and harbors have disappeared and wire rope is now generally used, yet the manufacture of cables, ropes, and cordage from vegetable fibers is a great and growing industry.

The earlier rope-makers mainly worked with Russian hemp, and their hand-spun products had a world-wide reputation for general excellence and durability. The Russian hemp plant is allied to the nettles. The old wooden 'first raters' were supplied with 24-inch mooring cables of tarred Russian hemp of great strength and lasting-power. There is still in existence a portion of the mooring hawser of the *Royal George*, which was



## INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT ROPE

sunk at Spithead, England, in 1787. This rope lay under water for fifty years before it was recovered, and even now the fiber is almost as fresh as when new, a striking proof of the non-deterioration of tarred hemp in sea-water.

The fiber par excellence for rope-making is Manila hemp, scientifically known as *Musa Textilis*. The habitat of this plant is the Philippine Islands,



CUTTING AWAY THE WORTHLESS INSIDE MATERIAL

and though many attempts have been made to extend its geographical range, these efforts have not been attended with success. It is obtained from the leaf-stalks of a non-edible plantain. The tree is cut down close to the root and the leaves are cut off just below their expansion. Then the fibrous coats are stripped, split into three-inch widths, and scraped. The fiber, in many cases, is washed, dried, and carefully picked over before being taken to the baling-press. The preliminary preparation of the hemp for shipment is a slow process, two men manipulating about 25 lbs. a day. Over 3000 trees are required to produce a ton of hemp.

Another vegetable fiber which is largely used for rope-making is 'coir,' which is obtained from the inside of the husk of the coconut. The fiber is very short, but owing to the natural twist in the yarn it makes excellent ropes, which possess extraordinary elasticity and have the advantage of being relatively very light. A 'coir' rope or hawser will stretch 40 or 50

per cent., and hence is admirably adapted for mooring purposes where there is a heavy range of sea or where a vessel has to lie off the shore while she loads or discharges cargo. The elasticity of the coir hawser also recommends it for 'springs' in towing-cables, thus ensuring the easement of any sudden strain which might come upon the steel wire ropes which are now widely used for towing large vessels. Coir rope has the additional valuable property of improving by immersion in salt water.


A coir tow-line 90 fathoms in length and  $18\frac{1}{2}$  inches in circumference would weigh over 31 hundredweight. The equivalent tarred hemp rope would have a circumference of  $11\frac{3}{4}$  inches, while white manila, performing the same work, would require to be only 10 inches in circumference. It is interesting to recall that a coir cable of extraordinary size was used in connection with the launch of the historic *Great Eastern*, the ship which laid the first successful trans-Atlantic cable. This rope was 47 inches in circumference, and contained 3780 yarns.

T. B. M.

## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

## IV

" . . . many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy whelp and hound  
And cur of low degree."—*Oliver Goldsmith*

UST as no one knows for certain from which of the wild animals the dog has descended, so the parentage of the word 'dog' has never been traced to its source. All we know is that when first the word appeared in English it was written 'dogge' and was pronounced as a two-syllabled word, so that the child who talks about her 'doggie' is really more correct, in a way, than her elders who have clipped off the last syllable. Once introduced, the word became the parent of many others. From the dog's habit of following its prey or keeping close to its master's heels we get the verb to 'dog,' to follow steadily, and so in the 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner' we read of "the star-dogged moon." 'Doggedly' means perseveringly, and Dr. Johnson once said that "a man may always write well when he will doggedly set himself to it."

The wild rose of England is called the dog-rose; a gentle trot is known as a dog-trot; when utterly exhausted we say we are dog-tired; and things bought at a very low price are said to be dog-cheap. We have four dog-teeth in our mouths corresponding with the four long teeth in a dog's mouth, but they are more often called the canine teeth, from the Latin *canis*, a dog.

## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY LAND

The word 'mongrel,' meaning a dog of a mixed breed, has a very interesting history. It appears to have been shortened from *mongerel*. Now *monger* comes from the Anglo-Saxon word *mangere* and means a dealer in 'mixed' goods, and we still talk about a cheesemonger and a fishmonger. The word 'among' comes from the same root and was formerly written *on mang*. It means 'in a mixture or crowd.' Even at the present day in some parts of England they use the word 'mong' to describe a mixture of different kinds of grain for feeding pigs. The *erel* of *mongerel* means 'little,' and is found in cockerel, a little cock, and pickerel, a little pike, so that we see that 'mongrel' means a little animal of mixed breed.

'Puppy' comes from an early Modern English word *puppie*, which is simply the French *poupée*, a doll or puppet, spelled in an English way. A young dog is called a puppy because it is so soft and lovable that one is tempted to fondle it and treat it as a little girl does her doll.

The word 'whelp' at first meant the young of any of the larger wild animals. In the Bible we read of the "bear robbed of her *whelps*"; but now the word is used mainly for dogs, young or old, for which we have very little respect.

The root of 'hound' is uncertain, but the word is widely spread. The Dutch say *hond*, and the Swedes and Germans *hund*. The Greek word *kuon*, with its genitive *kunos*, is almost the same as 'hound' if we sound the *h* very harshly in the throat. We get the word 'cynical' straight from the Greek *kunikos*, doglike, for it is pretty well known that in taking a Greek word into English we alter the *k* to *c* and the *u* into *y*. A cynical person therefore is one who snarls like an ill-tempered dog and passes hostile criticism upon everybody. It is hardly fair to the dog to call a crusty, bad-tempered person *cynical* or *doglike*.

'Cur' is one of those words like cuckoo, whip-poor-will and peewit, and is simply the characteristic sound of the animal used as a name to call it by. Most dogs make a growling noise when a stranger comes near their kennel, which we may very well represent in print by the letters 'grrr' or 'krrr.' A 'cur,' then, is an animal that says 'krrr.' In Holland a house-dog was formerly called *korre*, and in Sweden a dog is called *kurre* in some of the country districts at the present day. When speaking of dogs with respect or admiration we never use the word 'cur': "a noble cur" would sound ridiculous. But if we have been bitten by a snarling, ill-tempered dog to which we have never given any cause of offense, we may perhaps be pardoned for alluding to it as a 'cur.' Two or three centuries ago people were never tired of poking fun at the dog because, as they said, the only letter of the alphabet which he knew how to pronounce was the letter *r*. Ben Jonson in his English grammar says: "R is the dog's letter and hurreth in the sound." At that time people used to roll their *r*'s conscientiously, whereas now the



## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

letter has almost gone out of use. Few of us make any difference between 'sore' and 'saw,' 'core' and 'caw,' 'farther' and 'father.' The Scotch and the Irish are almost the only ones who do their duty by the letter *r* nowadays. In the time of Shakespeare the letter *r* was not only trilled at the tip of the tongue, but also thickened by a harsh sound in the throat, so that a growling dog really did make a noise like an Englishman of those days pronouncing the letter *r*.

It is said that no wild relative of the dog, such as the fox, the jackal or the wolf, ever barks; and Sir John Lubbock used to say that the dog learned to bark by dividing up his long-drawn howl into short pieces to imitate the separate words used in human speech! It is an interesting speculation, but one that can never be proved. 'Bark' is simply the Anglo-Saxon *brecan* in a slightly altered form, and meant at first to break with a sudden, sharp snap like a dry branch. The idea of 'breaking' has now been lost, and 'bark' now signifies only to make an abrupt, explosive cry like that of an angry or excited dog. We sometimes say of an ill-tempered person whose threats are seldom carried out, that his 'bark' is worse than his bite.

It may be as well to explain that the Dogger Bank in the North Sea has no connection with our household pets, but gets its name from the Dutch word *dogger*, which means both codfish and also the little two-masted vessel used in the cod-fisheries.

Poor, undignified verse which is unworthy of being called poetry is often referred to as 'doggerel'; and though it has nothing to do with dogs, no one can tell us where the word came from.

The word 'dogmatic' also has nothing to do with dogs, but comes from the Greek *dogma*, that which seems to be true, an opinion. If once a man believes that his opinions are true and those of other people all wrong, he is very likely to become *dogmatic*, or so positive that he is right as to be intolerant of the beliefs of others.

Dog Latin, the barbarous offspring of classical Latin used by monks and apothecaries, is named after the dog, just as the eglantine or wild rose of England is called the dog-rose. Both are inferior and uncultivated, just as the dog is barbarous in comparison to a man.

In the next Excursion we may perhaps consider the names of the different kinds of dogs, and also the various sounds used by the dog to express his extensive range of emotions and desires.

UNCLE LEN



## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

and, says an old chronicler: "thither came many valorous men from Sweden and from foreign lands, and broke lances without number."

The following October the wedding between Magnus Eriksson and Blanche of Namur was solemnized. On that joyous occasion, says the same old chronicler, "the King was glad and in a gay mood, and the Queen was radiant with beauty, as she swung round in the dance amongst her maidens and esquires."

Very little is known of the private life of Queen Blanche after she became queen, except what has come down to us through tradition; and historians differ widely in the characters of husband. But to with an unbiased taking both the adverse criticism an even balance, ter to read be- and to see the exerted by the ly during the ear- reign of Magnus.

One of the was to free the following procla- no one who is parents shall be ner whatsoever; the name of the seed of bro- in Sweden in the



BLANCHE OF NAMUR

their estimates of both her and her one who reads mind, and who, favorable and the weighs them in it is a simple mat- tween the lines, influence for good Queen, especial- ly years of the

King's first acts serfs through the mation: "That born of Christian a serf in any man- nor shall he bear serf." Thus was therhood planted early fourteenth

century. The reign of Magnus is important also through the re-compiling of all the laws of the land into one common code, under the title of *Magnus Eriksson's Common Land Laws*. This was another step towards drawing the people of the different provinces into a closer relationship; for whereas hitherto a man had been accustomed to regard himself as a native of Småland or Östergötland, he now spoke of himself as a Swede. These laws related to all questions regarding the ruling of the land, trade, marriage, the treatment of criminals, etc. The second clause in the coronation oath drawn up at this time is especially noteworthy, as showing that the King had some idea at least of the responsibility of a sovereign; it read: "That he (the King) shall uphold, love, and protect righteousness and truth, but that he shall suppress all iniquity and falsehood, both by the exercise of his power of judgment,

## BLANCHE OF NAMUR AND HER TIME

and by his royal might." That the King did not hold to these ideals during his entire reign was due to indiscretion and to lack of will-power, rather than to a desire for injustice and wrong.

The year following the coronation both the King and Queen spent the winter in Norway, where they both won all hearts by their kindly and gracious bearing. Three years later their little son Håkon\* was born, and it is through this event that we have one of the prettiest pictures of Swedish history, for



BLANCHE OF NAMUR SINGING TO HER  
LITTLE SON HÅKON

it is as the mother of Prince Håkon that Blanche, or Blanka, of Namur is remembered, through the little nursery rhyme said to have been sung by her to her babe. It runs something like this:

*"Ride-a Ride-a -ranka!  
Your horse's name is Blanka,  
Little knight so bold and brave,  
Yet no golden spurs you have.—  
You shall win them one bright  
day,  
When childhood's joys have passed  
away.*

*"Royal rider -ranka!  
Your horse's name is Blanka,  
Little lad with eyes of blue,  
Kingly crowns shall be your due.—  
You shall win them all in truth,  
When you've lost the joys of youth.*

*"Little Håkon-ranka!  
Your horse's name is Blanka.  
These caresses that are Mother's,  
All shall one day be another's!  
But you'll win her for your own,  
When manhood's peace away has  
flown."*

And picturing her as she sat amid the splendor of the royal halls, dancing her little one on her knee, a later poet has written:

*"Thus sang she 'mid her weeping,—  
The Lady Blanche of Namur,  
And pressed him in her keeping  
With arms of love secure.*

*"But when King Håkon won both bride  
And spurs and vassals strong,  
Oh! how he longed 'mid all his pride  
For the sound of that childhood song."†*



## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

These verses have been sung and resung to the little children all over Sweden, and as they echo down the years no Swedish heart can hear them but will think with longing of the cherished love and laughter of his own childhood and of his mother's voice as she sang the song of *The Lady Blanche of Namur*.

\*Håkon, son of Magnus Eriksson and Blanche of Namur, married Margaret of Denmark, called the 'Peace-Maiden.' After their marriage they both went to Stockholm to finish their education, and there received instruction from Fru Märta, one of the daughters of Saint Birgitta of Sweden.

†No attempt has been made to give a literal translation of these verses, but only to interpret the spirit of them.



VIEW FROM SITE OF THE NEW RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL  
LAKE CITY, MINNESOTA

### IN THE LAND OF MINNEHAHA AND HIAWATHA

**T**HE last city in which Katherine Tingley lectured on her first Lecture-Tour of 1919, from April 25 to June 10, was Minneapolis, Minnesota. Here the greatest interest was aroused by her addresses and many friends were made. Indeed, the visit to this city was unique in many ways. The beautiful natural surroundings and environment of lake, park and forest, seemed to give to the people of Minneapolis a more ready appreciation of the message of the Heart Doctrine which Madame Tingley accentuated in all her lectures.

It was while staying in this city that the party paid a visit to Lake City, which later events have rendered of the most exceptional interest.

## IN THE LAND OF MINNEHAHA

At Lake City, on the magnificent tract of land covered with groves, nurseries, gardens and park-land, known as the Jewel Nursery, owned and controlled by Mr. J. M. Underwood, Madame Tingley and her party of Crusaders were the guests of their generous and delightful hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Underwood, in their beautiful home in the midst of this great fifteen-



MME. TINGLEY, MR. AND MRS. UNDERWOOD, AND THE  
RÂJA-YOGA CRUSADERS

hundred-acre tract. Here, through the enthusiasm and courtesy of Mr. Underwood, a fine public meeting was held in his home, which was widely attended by the people of Lake City. Before the day had ended Mr. Underwood presented the buildings and ground for a Râja-Yoga School. Since then all the necessary legal formalities have been observed, and today preparations are in progress for the opening of the School at Lake City in September, 1920.

One of the pictures accompanying this article shows Madame Tingley and party with their genial hosts and hostesses on the lawn of the Underwood home on the afternoon of this visit just before the public meeting. Words fail one in attempting to do justice to the exquisite beauty of this property. It is Hiawatha's country, replete with the fragrant spirit of the rich, exuberant life of green woods, pasture-lands, running streams, and living things. As the Crusaders repeatedly expressed it, Lake City is the 'Lomaland' of the Middle West. As the beauties of the Point Loma 'Lomaland' seem to be the summing up and concentration of all the charm and beauty of California,



## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

so the beauty of Lake City seems to be the essence and concentration of the exceptional natural charm and beauty with which the state of Minnesota is filled. Happy and blessed will be the children whose good fortune it is



A DRIVEWAY AT 'OAKHURST,' HOME OF THE NEW RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL

to receive their earliest training in the School which will be erected in this ideal environment. Assuredly, the donor of this estate has merited and will receive the benedictions of many generations of grateful hearts.

The two other accompanying illustrations have reference to a happy day spent by the party with another kind friend, Mr. Martin E. Tew. Deeply impressed with Madame Tingley's message as received by him in two of her lectures in Minnesota, and likewise favorably impressed and interested, as he told Madame Tingley, by the young students accompanying her, Mr. Tew gave practical expression to his interest and goodwill by inviting the whole party on a picnic to Minnehaha Falls, one of the many beautiful features of the city's environs.

A thirty-minute auto drive brought the party to Minnehaha Park, which is attractively laid out on either side of the Creek in which the Falls occur. As one got out of the auto on reaching the Park, the sound of the water was plainly audible. Descending a flight of steps from the main road, one comes to an arbored landing with rustic seats, overhung with great oaks and maples. Here we rested a while to look down upon the pretty little Creek which flows below between heavily wooded banks, whose great trees droop over the water. Descending more steps, we came to a bridge crossing the Creek in front of and below the Falls. Here was taken the photograph which forms the largest of our three illustrations. From this point we were able to



## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

appreciate to their fullest the blending of trees, shrubs, creepers, bold rock banks, and winding stream.

Here we remained some time, drinking in the beauty and poetry of the scene, with the dazzling afternoon sun pouring down great shafts of light through openings in the trees, giving a magic play of light and shadow.



IN MINNEHAHA PARK

One thought of the days when only the Indians and the wild things of the forest intruded on the sacred silences of this fairy stream. Somehow it seemed as though the spirit of the old, old times had never left it, but even today, though the haunt of tourists and sight-seers, some faint mystic aroma of old primeval days lingered about the fairy glen.

From here we pursued our way across the bridge to the farther bank; and as the party made their way along the bank, the young ladies sang some of their choruses, which seemed to blend with peculiar appropriateness with the mighty singing of the falling waters.

Retracing our steps once more, we made our way back to the Park above the Creek. Here, as the guests of our generous friend, we partook of a picnic-lunch under the great trees, listening to the interesting conversation of our host as he told of the history and legend of the place, and ending by reading some very beautiful verses which the loveliness of the spot had called forth from his own heart.

Returning from this outing to our hotel in the city, we were conscious of having received something more than a mere afternoon's entertainment. If Nature be a living organism, as many assert, assuredly in those chosen spots where she finds full and perfect expression, she is ever giving forth

## THE STORY OF RIQUET

some message, some beauty transcending aught that meets the eye, and he who goes to her with pure heart and open mind bears away with him some secret benediction of her giving. Nature in this Minnesota country finds often such expression, and one cannot but feel that here has been prepared a scene for the doing of great good to a great number. May not the messenger of Râja-Yoga be the agent for the bestowal of that good? M. M.

## THE STORY OF RIQUET



IN Switzerland people generally go to the mountains for their vacations. Some people I know went one summer to Zermatt. One day they found two little dogs that were going to be disposed of because their master was too poor to keep them. These people adopted one of the dogs, and called him Riquet. His sister's name was Dora. Later, some other people adopted her. These dogs were a cross-breed of St. Bernard and wolf-hound.

Riquet was very intelligent. His master would whistle for him in a certain way which he learned to know. It did not matter which direction the sound came from, as Riquet would respond immediately. One day we tried to test him out, so we sent his master to the other end of the square. Putting Riquet in a room at the top of the house, we left every door open about one inch. When his master whistled for him, he pushed open the doors until he got to his master.

His *niche* (this means 'kennel' in French) was in a corner of the back yard near where people passed by, and he used to think they had no business there, so he would bark, especially at night. In the back yard there were also many holes in the fence where he could get out; so he stole out sometimes and came back late at night, knowing well that he had done something wrong, because he had been told not to do that. Then he would go straight to his master with his head hanging down and his tail between his legs, so his master could always tell what he had been doing.

About a year ago he learned to open the doors to go into the house. He would jump up and hold on to the latch with one paw, and with the other press down the handle. At first he would only open the doors to go *into* the house, because to go *out* you have to push backwards; but now he can open doors both ways.

One day his master went to the post-office to buy something. He tied Riquet to a fence. While he was gone some other dogs came up, and of course Riquet wanted to be with those dogs. So he pulled and pulled until his strap broke, and when his master came back he could not find him.

Once my brother and I went for a walk, and we heard a bark, and my

## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

brother said, "Doesn't that sound like Riquet?" Just then we heard three other barks, so we went towards the place where the sound came from, and sure enough it was Riquet. We rang the bell and some people came out, and we told them that we knew the person to whom that dog belonged. They told us that they had found him under an auto, just about to be crushed to death. My brother went immediately to tell Riquet's master that we had found him; and when he returned and we took Riquet home, he dragged us faster almost than we could walk. His master was very grateful to the people who had saved his dog.

Later Riquet became so spoilt that he would not eat his food from the ground — he wanted people to hand it to him; so his master would say: "If you do not eat it, I will." Then Riquet would go and eat it right up, and look up into his master's face, as if to say, "Well, you can't eat it now."

Riquet has just gone on an excursion to the mountains, and I am sure he likes it very much, because it makes him think of his native country.

FRANK M., a junior Râja-Yoga

## THE RAINBOW

**I**T was a cold and frosty morning. The sky was blue, with white clouds floating about; but as time went on black clouds gathered all around. Soon it began to sprinkle very lightly; then it rained harder and harder, until there were puddles everywhere.

The raindrops were dancing merrily on the window, but soon they were changed to hail, and the sound grew louder and louder; then gradually it grew softer and softer, and soon, in the midst of the rain, a ray of sunlight came peeping through the tall cypress trees. Then you could see, spread over nearly half the sky as it seemed to us, a beautiful rainbow. It grew paler and paler, and soon faded away. Then the sun shone brightly and the birds began to sing. The heavens were pure blue, and the day ended very happily.

So when we have cloudy feelings, let them clear away as the storm did.

EVALYN B. — a primary Râja-Yoga pupil

My heart looks up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky.

So was it when my life began;

So is it now I am a man.

So be it when I shall grow old.—WORDSWORTH



## SAVED BY A MOTH



HERE did you get that moth, and why are you keeping it like some heirloom?" said Mr. Burk. Mr. Reach's traveling companion.

"Oh! I'll tell you about that when we get to the camp-fire tonight by Lake Reindeer."

They walked all day until they reached the place where they were to camp. When they finished their supper Mr. Reach began:

"My wife was quite sick while I was an engineer on the Chicago Central. I was given leave to see her. When it came time to leave her, I found that she was getting worse. I went to the station and looked over 'Bessie,' my engine. After the job of oiling the hundreds of holes, the time came to start.

"It was rainy and windy. The train was beginning to climb the mountains. When we got half way up, I saw something like a figure in white waving us down. I did not think it was anything, and so kept on, thinking that no one would come out and wave us down at that time of night.

"We went on for about half a mile, and as we were going around a curve, I saw it again looming up before us. I called Jack, my fireman, and asked him if he saw anything. He said he didn't, so I thought it was my imagination, and kept on. But when I saw it again, I put on the brakes and slowed down a bit, and Jack said I was crazy. But seeing it did not move, but only kept a certain distance ahead of me, I kept on, and saw it again and again. Finally when we were about a hundred yards from a certain bridge, I saw it quite distinctly, and it was waving very hard. So I put on all the brakes and stopped about twenty-five yards from the bridge.

"The conductor came up and asked me why I had stopped the train. I told him that someone had waved us down, but he said I was crazy and did not know what I was doing because of my wife being sick. So we got off and went to see who had waved us down. We were walking around, and the conductor had taken but a few steps onto the bridge when there was a big crash, and the bridge was gone in a minute. So the conductor told me to back up to the nearest station.

"When we got there, I opened the headlight to see if it was all right, and saw something fluttering around. So I took it out and kept it, for it was this moth that had been waving me down and had saved me from running on to the bridge.

"After that I resigned my post to some other fellow. My wife died that same night. So I began my wandering, keeping this moth with me all the time.

"But, I guess it is time now for the use of the hammocks."

ASHLEY A., a primary Râja-Yoga pupil

[This story was read to the boys out of a magazine a long time ago. Ashley has retold it as he remembers it.]



TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES  
(SELECTED)

*WE are but minutes — little things,  
Each one furnished with sixty wings,  
With which we fly on our unseen track,  
And not a minute ever comes back.*

*We are but minutes, yet each one bears  
A little burden of joys and cares.  
Patiently take the minutes of pain,  
The worst of minutes cannot remain.*

*We are but minutes; when we bring  
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,  
Taste their sweetness while we stay:  
It takes but a minute to fly away.*

*We are but minutes; use us well,  
For how we are used, we must one day tell.  
Who uses minutes, has hours to use;  
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.*



SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY WATER-FOWL

A still-life study in Museum of California Academy of Science,  
Golden Gate Park, San Francisco

### MRS. CINNAMON TEAL



RS. Cinnamon Teal was moving, bag and baggage she was moving, and that in bird-realm usually means a long, long flight, when suddenly — crash, shiver, whee-e-p. clatter, shatter, bing!! On the floor of the Academy Rotunda, at the foot of the rose-strewn altar and in the midst of wicked-looking slivers and splinters of broken glass, sat a bright-eyed, astonished, but very self-possessed little duck. It was Mrs. Cinnamon Teal, who, for how many months she did not tell us, had been happily living among the bright green waterweeds and snails and other tiny curious things in one of the little lakes of our back country, keeping house and doubtless raising up to worthy and dignified tealhood a brood of bright-eyed, mottled babies.

Then it came time for her to move — or migrate, as we say when we mean birds. And moving is a simple matter in bird-realm. There is no packing-up to do, nor hiring of truck vans, nor buying of anything at all, nor making of reservations on sleeping-cars. All that birds have to do when moving-day comes round is to make up their minds, look at the clock (*their* clock, which is the bright face of Nature, you know), take careful stock of their duties to see

## MRS. CINNAMON TEAL

that all are done, unfold their strong little wings — and fly!

But Mrs. Cinnamon Teal must have looked at the clock in a hurry, for she plainly miscalculated the time. She had meant to reach the ocean by sundown, but instead she was still far inland and it was well into the evening when she found herself just sighting the long, high strip of land that divides Silver Gate Harbor from the ocean, and which for centuries has been called Point Loma.

On the heights of Point Loma are two beautiful buildings which all Rāja-Yogas know — the large Rāja-Yoga Academy and the Temple of Peace. They have immense and very lofty glass domes, and in the top of each dome a bright light glows out every night — so bright indeed, and sending its gleams out over the ocean so far, that mariners have put these lights on their charts just as if they belonged to light-houses. But that is another story.

Mrs. Cinnamon Teal, flying over 'the Point,' was attracted, and then possibly dazed, by the light of the Academy dome, and flew straight towards it. And then it all happened — this astonishing catastrophe, which was no catastrophe at all — for she plunged whir-r-r-r! right through the glass and into the big Rotunda where the Lomaland students and little children were gathered in honor of the marriage that evening of two beloved Comrades, Mrs. Emily Lemke and Mr. E. A. Neresheimer.

Now that dome is some eighty-five feet high, and that little duck was flying at nobody knows what rate an hour — much faster than any railroad train, we may be sure, for the teal are called 'winged bullets,' and deserve the name — and why she was not killed by the impact, or, escaping that, by the sharp glass splinters, it is hard to say. Evidently there was some other plan. A large clean-cut oval left in the glass pane into which she crashed, and an injured bill and tongue, were all.

Kindly hands lifted the astonished little creature from the floor, and she was taken at once to the Lomaland Bird Hospital. There other kind hands and professional knowledge took her in charge. There the bird's doctor found that an artery had been cut at the end



## MRS. CINNAMON TEAL

of the upper mandible, and that in the mouth and tongue were bits of broken glass that had to be taken out — oh, so carefully! Aside from that, Mrs. Cinnamon Teal was quite herself, and in a few days the cut had healed, the sore little mouth was quite well, and she was ready to resume her flight.

How those wings ached to unfold themselves and fly! She was docile, happy, gentle, would eat out of one's hand, and would pose for a portrait as though she had been accustomed to do so all her life. She would sit in one's lap by the half-hour, contentedly dozing away, while human fingers stroked her pretty wings — and that, as you know, is something that few domestic birds will tolerate, and almost never a wild one. And you should have seen her frolic and plunge and dive in the big porcelain tub which was filled for her to swim in every morning.

But she fretted to fly, and so, one bright day, when her wounds had healed entirely, and after an extra bounteous meal of rice and minced lettuce and other good things, we took her out on the hill towards the ocean. For a moment she sat quietly, glad to feel, perhaps, the support of a kindly human hand. But suddenly she saw a sea-bird flying above her, and then, before one can say it, she had spread her wings and was making a bee-line for the ocean. Straight as an arrow she flew, swifter than any arrow it almost seemed, and the last we saw of her she was skirting and skimming the waves, now rising, now dipping, but always flying and flying, a little brown miracle of happiness and love!

What do you suppose she carried back with her to bird-realm? Some new, sweet touch, of a surety, that shall make just a little less wide the gulf of distrust and fear that now keeps apart two kingdoms of Nature and Life that should be joined by a beautiful golden bridge. Some day it will be, says the Teacher of Râja-Yoga, for kindness is growing, and every touch of it is a strong stone set in the unseen masonry of that bridge. Perhaps Mrs. Cinnamon Teal called that evening to help our Râja-Yogas build it. ESTHER

## BUSY LITTLE BIRDS

ONE day I was walking along a fence overgrown with tall sunflowers and daisies, picking up nuts fallen from the trees, when I heard a soft buzzing sound among the daisies. There, working busily, I found four of the prettiest, most fascinating little creatures of the woods, tiny humming-ti-

I lay down on the soft green grass and watched them. They appeared to be so happy, so busy about their work.

Finally one bold little fellow ventured down onto a dry stalk at my feet and looked at me inquisitively, with his head cocked on one side and his busy wings still for only a



WATCHING THE HUMMING-BIRDS

second. Then the next second he was gone like a flash.

I got up presently, and when I was going home I wondered why men didn't take lessons from their forest friends. What a happy, busy world this would be then, wouldn't it? RUTH M.

(This was written for the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER by a little girl who lives at Omaha, Nebraska.— *Editors*)





*Lomalind Photo & Engraving Dept.*

RÂJA-YOGA TOTS WAITING TO GREET THEIR TEACHER  
ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

### *SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE*

*ONE Christmas Eve, when Santa Claus  
Came to a certain house,  
To fill the children's stockings there,  
He found a little mouse.*

*"A merry Christmas, little friend,"  
Said Santa, good and kind.*

*"The same to you, sir," said the mouse;  
"I thought you wouldn't mind*

*"If I should stay awake tonight  
And watch you for a while."*

*"You're very welcome, little mouse,"  
Said Santa, with a smile.*



RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

*And then he filled the stockings up  
Before the mouse could wink,—  
From toe to top, from top to toe,  
There wasn't left a chink.*

*"Now, they won't hold another thing,"  
Said Santa Claus, with pride.  
A twinkle came in mousie's eyes,  
But humbly he replied:*

*"It's not polite to contradict,—  
Your pardon I implore,—  
But in the fullest stocking there  
I could put one thing more."*

*"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa, "silly mouse!  
Don't I know how to pack?  
By filling stockings all these years  
I should have learned the knack."*

*And then he took the stocking down  
From where it hung so high,  
And said: "Now put in one thing more;  
I give you leave to try."*

*The mousie chuckled to himself,  
And then he softly stole  
Right to the stocking's crowded toe  
And gnawed a little hole!*

*"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,  
I've put in one thing more;  
For you will own that little hole  
Was not in there before."*

*How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh!  
And then he gayly spoke:*

*"Well! you shall have a Christmas cheese  
For that nice little joke."*

— Selected from *St. Nicholas*



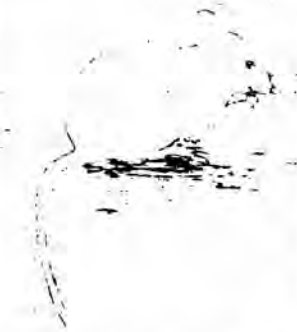
## RUNAWAY MICE



**T**IG and Tag were two little white mice. They had lovely pink eyes like glass beads in the day-time, but at night shining like bright jewels. Their fur was just as soft and white as snow, but their paws and their long tails were pink: also their noses, which they kept wiggling all the time. In fact, they themselves scarcely kept still a second except when they were asleep in their little paper-box bedroom.

They lived in a wire cage down in the flower-house, and they were fed on pieces of cracker, nuts, seeds, and bits of lettuce. They usually slept during the day, but towards evening they came out to frisk about and nibble their crackers, drink their water from the bottle, or play in their sand.

Indeed, there was nibble their food and for exercise; each lit to it that the other one after sitting on his ing his own face with does, he usually gave washing too, for these fur in perfect order.



much to do beside race all over the cage tle mouse had to see was neat and tidy; for haunches and wash his paws just as kitty his brother a good little mice kept their

Another thing they were most particular about was their nest, which they made themselves in a small box, out of pieces of newspaper, which they tore into bits and carried into the box. Each piece of paper was placed just so, until a nice round nest was made.

One night Tig and Tag made a great discovery. They found a way out of their cage and a chance to run away. They had no idea where they would go because they had always lived in a cage, and they did not know they would miss their little warm bed



## RUNAWAY MICE



and their nice seed and water, or that they would be unable to find their way back again to get it. They just ran away in the moonlight.

When daylight came they had found their way under a house and cuddled down in some leaf-mould, and there a lady found them when she went to get some leaf-mould for her plants.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the lady, "what are you two little white mice doing here? Making a nest, and expecting to go to housekeeping and raise a family, and have this house over-run with white mice? This will never do!" So she shook them out of the leaf-mould and shut the door. Poor little Tig and Tag were so hungry; they thought the lady had come to bring them their breakfast, and now they had not even a bed to sleep in.

"I wonder," said the lady to herself, "if those mice can be somebody's pets, for they certainly are not afraid."

Meeting a friend a little later, she mentioned finding the white mice under her house, whereupon her friend exclaimed, "It may be that my white mice have gotten away; let's go and see." And sure enough, Tig and Tag were gone from their cage. So they hunted everywhere under the house, but no white mice could they see.

"Suppose I prepare a box," suggested the first lady, "with paper and different things in it such as mice like to hide in, also a bit of biscuit. I will put it under the house, and perhaps by evening they may return and you can catch them again." So the box was put under the house.

About eight o'clock in the evening the mice were discovered safely tucked away between the newspapers in the box, and a few minutes after that they found themselves safely back in their wire cage, with a good breakfast, dinner and supper spread out before them, together with a fresh bottle of water, and, best of all, their nice warm nest to sleep in.



Indeed, I have no doubt that they were glad to get home again, for these white mice come from Japan, and are born and raised in cages and know of no other kind of life. It was fortunate for them that they were discovered before they had gone far, and that they were brought safely home before they suffered for food or water, for they would not have known how to take care of themselves like their little cousins, the field mice.

AUNT EDYTHA

### GIP'S UNDERSTANDING



OTTIE!" cried Gwen excitedly as she burst into the sitting-room; "Mother says we may go and see Grandma this afternoon! Auntie will take us! and we will look for bird's nests all the way!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Lottie, dancing round the table in her delight, "and we will take you with us," she said, stopping in front of an intelligent-looking terrier.

"Bow-ow" replied Gip, wagging his tail, and joining with fervour in the enthusiasm.

"No," said a quiet voice from the doorway, "Gip cannot come; you know the trouble he gave us last time, chasing cats."

"Auntie!" exclaimed Lottie in dismay, "but perhaps he wouldn't today."

"My dear, he always does it; he must stay at home," replied Auntie decisively; "people would soon dread the very sight of us," she added, looking at Gip with by no means peaceful recollections in her mind.

"Gip, why can't you love cats," demanded Lottie despondently. "You are very naughty! but of course people are stupid; they can't understand you won't harm their precious cats. You only like chasing them, don't you?"

"Bow-ow," agreed Gip.

At last they were ready to start. "I am so glad to get away

## GIP'S UNDERSTANDING

without Gip seeing us," remarked Auntie, with placid satisfaction, "but do you know where he is, Gwen?"

"No, Auntie, I haven't seen him for some time. I expect he is asleep somewhere." Soon they left the out-skirts of the pretty village behind and walked along a footpath through shady woods.

The birds were light shone through es, making tremu- the green mossy

"Why, if there claimed Lottie sud-

"Gip!" repeated dered amazement; was coming towards triumph written all

"However did Auntie, looking very "he will get us into

"I will look after doing her best not lighted; "but Auntie," she continued, "if you don't want Gip to know anything, you shouldn't talk about it before him. He knows most every word we say. You know he heard us say we were coming, and you said we wouldn't bring him; but you see he wanted to come."

"That is evident," observed Auntie. "Well," she added resignedly, "we can't go back with him now; only try to keep him by your side when we pass houses where there are cats." A. P. D.



A LOTUS BUD AND HER PET

singing! The sun-between the branch-lous patterns over ground. isn't our Gip!" ex- dently.

Auntie, in bewil- and Gip it surely them, with a guilty over him.

he get here," said much disconcerted; trouble again."

him," said Lottie, to appear too de-



## THE FUNNY POLLY

*I took my dolly for a walk.  
We saw a polly that could talk.  
The polly said, "How do you do."  
We bowed and asked her, "How  
are you?"*

*And then she said, "Good night,  
good night."  
I did not think that quite polite.  
Next she remarked quite without  
warning,  
"Good morning, hey, good morn-  
ing, morning."*

*My sakes! "Oh what a funny  
polly!"  
I whispered to my little dolly.  
Then she began to laugh and sing,  
Oh, such a funny, funny thing!*



*"I want to come some other day  
To hear you talk and watch you play,  
Now Polly, we must go," said I,  
"Good bye," said she, "Good bye, good bye."*

## DAPHNE'S VISITOR



EAR CHILDREN: I had a visitor the other day — a new kind. I have had very tiny ones and very big ones of the same kind as my mistress, but this one was quite different. It was not much taller than my cage, and it had hands and feet and clothes; but its feathers were just a sort of white curly down on its head. It could talk, too. My mistress told me afterwards that it was a little baby girl.



She seemed to like to look at me, but she came a little too near my cage. When she put her claws,— I mean her hands,— on the wires of the cage, I did not know what she was going to do. So I thought I had better investigate those little hands, and at least make her understand that she had better not put them into my cage until we were better acquainted.

This seemed to make considerable trouble, for she began to cry, and her mother snatched her away from the cage. She shook her finger at me and scolded me — “Ja, ja, Polly,” she said, which meant, “Naughty

Polly,” I suppose. Well, maybe I was a little rough and hasty.

By and by she stopped crying. Then I began to sing and talk, which pleased her very much, so that the sunshine came back into her little face. She was much surprised to hear a bird sing and talk, and she exclaimed, “Polly talk, bird talk.” I don’t suppose she knew that birds ever did such things.

She noticed my claws, which she called “Polly’s hands,” and she liked to watch me hold things in them. By and by she came up and handed me a flower. She wanted to see me hold it in my claw.

I like to hear her talk, too, for she had such a nice little voice. I think that I could soon learn to say what she does in the same tone of voice if I could hear her talk a few times, and I think that we would soon become very good friends. I hope that she will come again very soon, so that we may become better acquainted. If she does come again, I will tell you more about her. Yours sincerely, DAPHNE



## MISCHIEVOUS PUSS



PUSSY was sound asleep in his little basket. He was wide awake though, by the time Beverley and Ruth were in bed and falling asleep.

Stealing quietly upstairs on little soft cushioned feet, going along the hall to the bedroom like a little gray shadow, creeping softly across the floor, puss jumped light as a feather on to the bed. Then patting and tickling the faces of the little girls with his soft furry paws, he waked them up with screams of laughter. Then he was off like a shot before they could catch him, racing along the hall and stamping down the stairs, making more of a noise with his little feet than you would have believed possible had you seen him creep so quietly along a few minutes before.

Running to his basket, he was asleep in a minute. You would never have dreamed that he was the mischievous puss that had played such a trick on his little mistresses. That he enjoyed it, there is no doubt, for this was his nightly performance.

What a jolly little companion! AUNT EDYTHA



## HAROLD AND BRUCE

**H**AROLD is a bright little boy. He lives in the country. Bruce is a big Newfoundland dog. He is faithful and kind.

Bruce and Harold love each other dearly. They go for long walks together. Bruce is always watching to see that Harold is

safe. He is a jolly comrade but he is a faithful guardian first of all.

One day Harold went down to the river. He stepped on a mossy stone. His foot slipped and he fell into the water. Oh! it was so deep! But Bruce was watching. Quick as a flash he jumped in and dragged his little comrade out. Harold was not harmed at all. Then they both ran home. Harold's dear father and mother were so grateful to Bruce, and do you wonder? I think Bruce knows something about Râja-Yoga, for "helping and sharing" and kindness shine right out of his eyes. M.



HAROLD AND BRUCE



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Conducted by

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# RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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## A RÂJA-YOGA INTERPRETATION OF EASTER

"HELP Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance. And she will open wide before thee the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare before thy gaze the treasures hidden in the very depths of her pure virgin bosom. Unsullied by the hand of matter, she shows her treasures only to the eye of Spirit — the eye which never closes, the eye for which there is no veil in all her kingdoms. Then will she show thee the means and way, the first gate and the second, the third, up to the very seventh. And then, the goal — beyond which lie, bathed in the sunlight of the Spirit, glories untold, unseen by any save the eye of Soul."— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Voice of the Silence*



ASTER is one of Nature's mystery-plays, when the whole earth becomes a symbol of rebirth, recalling to men their own power of self-regeneration from within. Being a natural and therefore universal symbol, it belongs to all peoples and cannot be limited to one race or time any more than the sunshine. When philosophers say, "Go to Nature," they mean in the sense explained in *The Voice of the Silence* — to look with the eye of understanding, not merely on the loveliness of outward forms, but to probe to the symbols they enshrine. Symbols, they say, hide God from the foolish, but reveal him to the wise. When the race was young, and its spiritual perceptions were not so deeply overlaid by mental obscurations as now, they could see the same laws working in man and Nature, and their Teachers had only to point to such natural miracles as proofs of the truths they taught.

Theosophy has its message at all times and in all seasons, but now, when there is so much misery and uncertainty in life, its chief word, perhaps, is to restore normal sanity to our civilization, and to encourage and strengthen those who suffer, ignorant of how to roll from the prison of their souls the heavy weight of despair and unrest that entombs them in their own weaknesses. Sorrow and suffering are great teachers in their way — perhaps the greatest we have,— like the tests and purifications imposed on the old-time knights before setting out on their quests.

Theosophy would show us the way out of suffering, by living according to the laws of life. But since sorrows must be endured as long as we are unenlightened, they can be borne courageously, with a view to learning from them. Disappointments and heartaches become the doorways to

## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

larger experiences and deeper sympathies; for when the outer life seems stripped of all that makes it worth while, and a wintertime of doubt sets in, then it is that the soul finds its grand opportunity, makes the fabled descent into the prison of the personality, and challenges the lower nature in its very stronghold. Winning strength from each conquest, it has that much more power for helping others. For the virtue that saves but itself alone is worthless. The life that counts is not that of the dreamer or recluse, but that of the man or woman who lightens the burdens of those about him — who opposes injustice, defends the weak and helpless, carries sunshine in his very presence, and lives up to the unwritten and unspoken obligations of his own conscience.

The heart of man needs rejuvenating — needs a flood of youthful vigor and enthusiasm to start out again on the search for the Life Beautiful. We human beings have become strangely subservient to these bodies we inhabit, accepting as inevitable the limitations they impose, being unconsciously elated or depressed by mere physical conditions. In the springtime, while sap is flowing in the trees, and warm winds waken buds and flowers, it is natural to respond to the quickening of the life-forces that surround us, and to find joy and gladness even in the common round of every-day duties. But that elation can be under the control of the will, can be made voluntary. Mind and spirit can be aroused to a state of vitalized, intentional vigor and poise. This is the normal state to be in — not hopelessness or indifference or levity,— and the Easter-time of Nature is the outward expression of the awakening to take place in the human heart. Such an attitude towards life gives reality and meaning to every event, leaves no time for the sordid and unjust; it lifts the veils that hide from the soul's eyes the real treasures of the inner life.

He who would win these treasures must grasp and control the whole of his nature, must bend all the resources of heart and mind to the service of the Higher Self. "The more one dares, the more he shall obtain." But he who pursues truth half-heartedly, with reservation and without the daily discipline of self-imposed and self-directed devotion to his ideal, will find happiness fleeting by him and his foothold slipping from beneath him.

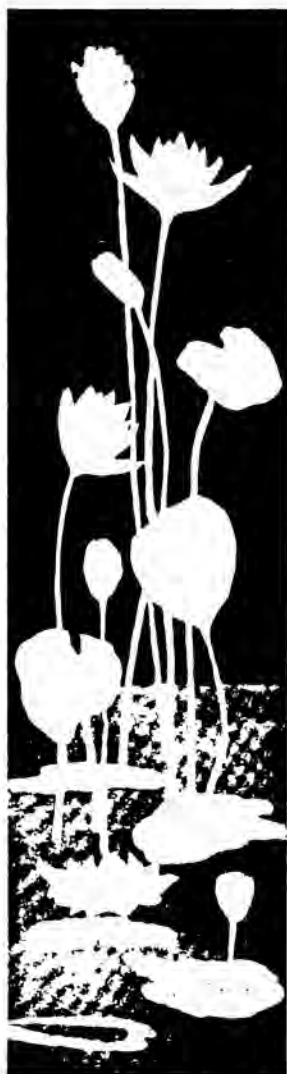
Humanity must arouse itself to a realization of this very danger: that our hold on the divine side of life is very feeble; that consequently our civilization is undermined by the vices and crimes that fill the newspapers and make right-minded people stand aghast at the excesses and laxities on every hand. Everyone is responsible for these conditions in so far as he does nothing to change them. But the hour of change is at hand.

The springtime calls us to come forth from our winter quarters, to inhale the breath that blows refreshingly from the Spirit. Let in the light! Let us go to the mountaintops of aspiration and high resolve! The Kingdom

## HOW THE LOTUS CAME

of Heaven is waiting to be taken by storm. Weaklings cannot enter: only the strong can. Whoso enters that City, whosoever sheds the light of love and compassion on the paths of those around him, not only lights the way for others, but finds in his own heart the Holy Grail of the Christos. K. H.

### HOW THE LOTUS CAME



*WHEN the wearying chill of the winter was on me  
I was not afraid;  
While the hard and prisoning shell clung round me  
I was never dismayed;*

*For I knew when the Sun-god returned  
And his mystical, magical Messengers burned  
Their way to my heart, I would know,  
And then I would go!*

*Then they came, like guardsmen kingly, imperial,  
To summon their queen,  
And they bade me arise and find trappings ethereal,  
Opaline, purple and green,  
And out of the chill unachieving  
To win me the largess of blessed believing,  
The Sun-god to find and to know —  
And I knew I must go!*

*Down from the skies they came, whirling and winging,  
O Sun, to my aid;*

*Up to the skies I pushed, striving and singing,  
All my tremors outweighed  
By the flame leaping higher and higher  
To unpetal my heart, the Sun's down-reaching fire  
Urging me to aspire,  
That I might rise and know!*

*Eastertide! Fill me thy mystical cup  
Brimming! Fill me the cycles up  
Joyfully, patiently, slow and more slow.  
Time can do all things — Time and I,  
Wide and yet wider my petals shall lie  
Reborn, unafraid to the sky,  
For I know and I know! — E. M.*





SPRINGTIME IN LOMALAND

CONSTANCE EVERTON

*THE bright sunshine is sifting  
Where the cloud shades are drifting  
O'er the dancing yellow poppies on the hill,  
While downward towards the ocean  
The waves in great commotion,  
On beach and cliff, their frothy waters spill.*

*There we hear the plaintive crying  
Of the gulls as they go flying,  
Flashing white wings in the sunlight overhead,  
As the little path we follow,  
Leading down into the hollow,  
Where the flame-tipped paint-brush flower gleams so red.*

*Oh, the springtime is abringing  
All the birds back with their singing  
And a hundred notes are ringing from the bush;*

## SPRINGTIME IN LOMALAND



*While the little laughing wren  
Sounds her music in the glen,  
From the tall tree comes the carol of the thrush.*

*From the vast store-house of Nature,  
Spring unlocking wondrous treasure,  
Offerings of joy and beauty freely gives,  
While Great Life's tides pulsing through us  
Touch the heart and thus imbue us  
With the thought we are akin to all that lives.*



WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

**J**OHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the poet, began his life on December 17, 1807, at a farmhouse near Haverhill, Massachusetts, and here and at Amesbury, nine miles farther down the Merrimac River, except for brief absences, he lived for eighty-five years. On every side of his early home lay scenes of rare natural beauty, which became very dear to him. He filled his poetry with these lovely pictures and with the legend and history associated with the places thereabouts; and as he was an idealist, a reformer, and a lover of humanity, he also expressed in his poems the moral fervor of New England at its best.

The old farmhouse at Haverhill was built in 1680 by Thomas Whittier. The poet gives a delightful picture of it in 'Snow-Bound,' a poem which he wrote in 1866 and which is one of his finest works. He sets before us not only the quaint dwelling itself but also the family group and the guests who gathered about the huge fireplace on the night of the snowstorm. We see the mother, who knitted or spun while she told tales of old New England days, some of them with a strong spice of magic in them; the father and the uncle with their stories; the schoolmaster, who had so many varied and droll experiences to relate; and the dear young sister, who was Whittier's companion in his rambles over the country and who loved and wrote verses as he did. The farmhouse is standing yet and visitors can see the old fireplace and the great kettle hanging on the crane and the dishes on the dresser, just as they looked when Whittier was a boy.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



FIREPLACE AT THE WHITTIER HOMESTEAD, AMESBURY

In another of Whittier's best poems, 'The Barefoot Boy,' he pictures for us the summer joys of boy life on the farm:

"O for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard and saw,  
Me, their master, waited for.  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming-birds and honey-bees;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade;  
For my taste the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone;  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,—  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall;  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides!  
Still as my horizon grew,  
Larger grew my riches too;  
All the world I saw or knew  
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!"





WHERE WHITTIER ATTENDED SCHOOL

In 'School Days,' he takes us to school with him.

"Still sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry vines are running.

"Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial;

"The charcoal frescoes on its wall;  
Its door's worn sill betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing!"

Whittier had the usual education of a farm lad. After he left the district school, he went to the Haverhill Academy for one year. He must have understood self-education, however, for his works show familiarity with the history and poetry of many countries and with the writings of the great philosophers. His favorite study seems to have been the history of New England and the traditions of the early settlers. He pored over the old records and the books by Cotton Mather and Roger Williams and many others, and constantly referred to these matters in his poems.

Among the poets, Whittier's admiration was given to Robert Burns. Indeed, it was the poems of Burns which first awakened the poet in the boy.

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

His school-teacher used to read aloud to Whittier's mother and aunt, and one evening read from Burns. Whittier began to write verses, and his elder sister Mary sent one of the first to a Newburyport newspaper. This was the beginning of his long career as a poet.

About 1831 he, like the great English poet, John Milton, felt the call of his country in a time of need and for many years he devoted his poetic powers unselfishly to the cause of the unfortunate. His work did appeal to the hearts of the people, and though he had to brave the disapproval and even the persecution that are the lot of those who champion a cause not generally popular, even those who held different convictions from his acknowledged the unselfishness of his motives. He became quite famous as a poet, and when he turned to other subjects his poems were more widely read than ever before.

Whittier's ancestors were Huguenots, Quakers, and Puritans, so that it was natural for him to be sympathetic towards all who were striving for freedom. He wrote poems about patriotic efforts in Italy, in Brazil, in Finland, in Hungary, as well as in America. He also expressed in verse his ideas on various reforms, such as the abolition of capital punishment.

When he wrote poetic tales of Puritan days, he presented the story in such a way as to be a lesson in religious tolerance, as in 'Cassandra Southwick' and 'The Witch's Daughter.' Whittier was himself a Quaker, and his belief in the light within each man enabled him to see the truth in different religious teachings.

During Whittier's lifetime there was a strong effort in New England to bring about a new insight into the meaning of religion. He wrote many poems that helped this. People who were not students of philosophy or theology could understand very well the spiritual ideas expressed in poems like 'My Soul and I,' 'Raphael,' 'The Shadow and the Light,' 'Questions of Life,' and 'The Over-Heart.' Stanzas from some of these are sung at religious gatherings, as for instance:

"The tissue of the life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of destiny,  
We reap as we have sown.

"Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here,  
And painted on the eternal wall,  
The Past shall reappear.

"Think ye the notes of holy song  
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?  
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng  
Has vanished from his side?"

## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

"O no! — We live our life again;  
Or warmly touched or coldly dim,  
The pictures of the Past remain,  
Man's work shall follow him."

Whittier never married. In several of his poems there are traces of an early romance which ended in separation; but this disappointment, if such it was, did not chill or harden the poet's warm heart. He lived happily with his sisters and his nieces, and had many delightful friends, including Celia Thaxter, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Lucy Larcom, Rose Terry Cooke, Sarah Orne Jewett, Annie Fields — all writers,— and also his contemporaries, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, and Holmes. His sister Elizabeth was his most cherished and intimate friend, and 'Snow-Bound' and another lovely poem, 'The Vanishers,' are elegies, written after her death.

Whittier's poems about New England life are delightful. The 'Songs of Labor' bring to us the sights and sounds of a working world full of vigor and out-of-door freshness. In 'The Old Cobbler on the Hillside' and 'The Old Fiddler,' we meet two quaint characters of former days. In 'The Telling of the Bees' an ancient custom is described. Others like 'The Double-Headed Snake,' 'The Garrison of Cape Ann,' 'Wreck of the Rivermouth,' 'Mary Garvin,' are all good narrative poems. In them we can trace the weird element that entered into the life in old New England. 'Snow-Bound' is of course the best of these poems about New England, and will always thrill the Northern-born with delightful memories, and charm also those who have never seen the snow fall, as do the following lines:

"So all night the storm roared on;  
The morning broke without a sun;  
In tiny spherule traced with lines  
Of Nature's geometric signs,  
In starry flake, and pellicle,  
All day the hoary meteor fell;  
And, when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
Around the glistening wonder bent  
The blue walls of the firmament,  
No cloud above, no earth below,—  
A universe of sky and snow!  
The old familiar sights of yours  
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers  
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;  
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,  
A fenceless drift what once was road;  
The bridle-post an old man sat  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;  
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,

[For the last two lines of this passage, see top of page 64.]



## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

In 'The Bridal of Pennacook' we have an Indian series, giving interesting pictures of the Red Man and telling the sad story of Weetamo. Squando, in 'The Truce of Piscataqua,' is a striking figure. We cannot help wishing that Whittier had written more poems about the Indians.

Throughout the works of Whittier there are lovely glimpses of Nature. Reading them we can see splendid mountains, wonderful rocks, and shimmering lakes. We can walk in the autumn woods where



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

"Along the river's summer walk,  
The withered tufts of asters nod;  
And trembles on its arid stalk  
The hoar plume of the golden-rod,  
And on a ground of somber fir,  
And azure-studded juniper,  
The silver birch its buds of  
purple shows,  
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed  
the sweet wild-rose."

In 'Hampton Beach' and in 'The Tent on the Beach,' which is arranged like Longfellow's 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' we have sea-pictures — glimpses of the sand-dunes, the fascinating salt marshes, the shining beaches, and in the distance "the luminous belt of the sea beyond." The river paths were favorite haunts, and, indeed, our poet seems to have loved every aspect of Nature, from the trailing arbutus in the

spring to the magic of Jack Frost in the depths of winter. In 'Sunset on the Bearcamp,' is this beautiful stanza:

"Touched by a light that hath no name,  
A glory never sung,  
Aloft on sky and mountain wall  
Are God's great pictures hung.  
How changed the summits vast and old!  
No longer granite-browed,  
They melt in rosy mist; the rock  
Is softer than the cloud;  
The valley holds its breath; no leaf  
Of all the elms is twirled;  
The silence of eternity  
Seems falling on the world."



## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle."

Dearest of all to Whittier, however, was the River Merrimac, and his praise of it runs like a gleaming thread through all his poems. His most joyous and sacred associations were with "The Laurels," on its banks near Newburyport. He writes of a summer festival held there year after year, a delightful reunion of old friends amid the summer glory of the home of Mr. Nathan Chase, the grandfather of Madame Katherine Tingley. Here while the older people held quiet converse, the little child played under the pine trees, already building, both in her imagination and with twigs and stones, the great school and home for the children of different nations, which she established at Point Loma, California, in 1900. And in the great rotunda of the Râja-Yoga College, or in the Greek Theater, the students now often sing of the River Merrimac in Whittier's words:

"The cradle-song of thy hillside fountains  
Here in thy glory and strength repeat;  
Give us a taste of thy upland music,  
Show us the dance of thy silver feet."

Whittier was in touch with the spiritual side of life; he felt that better things were in store for humanity, he knew that

"Through the harsh noises of our day  
A low sweet prelude finds its way."

In 'My Triumph' he expresses his confidence in the coming good:

"Hail to the coming singers!  
Hail to the brave light-bringers!  
Forward I reach and share  
All that they sing and dare.  
"The airs of heaven blow o'er me;  
A glory shines before me  
Of what mankind shall be —  
Pure, generous, brave, and free.  
"A dream of man and woman  
Diviner still but human,  
Solving the riddle old,  
Shaping the Age of Gold."

For the twentieth and last anniversary at "The Laurels," Whittier wrote:

"Make room, O river of our home!  
For other feet in place of ours,  
And in the summers yet to come,  
Make glad another Feast of Flowers!"

In June of this year, the 'Light-bringers,' Madame Tingley and her band of Râja-Yoga Workers, will arrange a summer festival as an initial step in making this beautiful old estate a center of the Râja-Yoga education in Whittier's beloved New England.

GENTIAN



THE JOYS OF SLEDING

## SOME DEGREES BELOW ZERO



HE sun is not yet up, but with the first gray streaks of dawn comes the sound of the whistle and bell of the seven o'clock train. How clearly they sound this morning! The vibrations have hardly passed away on the still, quiet air before all the whistles in town are sounding the seven o'clock warning. How shrill they sound, not a note is lost, and this particular sub-zero morning more whistles are heard than usual. The more distantly removed ones, seldom if ever heard throughout the year, sound distinctly and keenly in this sound-conveying atmosphere.

Listen to the chimes coming from the distant church tower. How each note quavers, and how musically clear the vibrations reach you! Not a note, not a vibration, is lost. Sounds usually blurred and indistinct come fresh and clear this Arctic morning.

The first rays of the morning sun strike bright and clear in the fence-corner where the ragweed grows amidst the wilted sunflower stalks. See how the sparrows crowd in there, not so much for the seeds they may gather, as for the warmth of that sunlit corner. All night they were perched in some sheltered nook, feathers puffed out and feet well covered, and yet they were not able to keep warm. Half-benumbed with the cold, they are gleefully chirping over the advent of the sun — little feathered sun-worshippers!

What is that low musical sound coming down the sunlit street? It is the morning milk-wagon crunching its way through the powdery snow, every minute diamond crystals crying out in musical protest against the crunching of the wheels and the crushing under horses' hoofs. See how the steam floats upward from the bodies of the horses, and how the threads of frozen

## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

moisture hang from their mouths. The milkman, clad in fur from head to foot, seems to breathe forth snow until his bearded face is one mass of ice.

Here comes a sleigh down the snowy street. How musical all the bells are this crisp morning! What a riot of sound they give out, the heaviest with the tiniest bell ringing its tintinabulation out upon the crystalline air. See the smoke from the neighboring chimneys! Up, up, it goes, a straight round column of black and yellowish vapor, until it is absorbed and disseminated through the air above. Men talking to each other in the street are distinctly heard some distance away, leading one to suppose that on a morning like this shouting would not be necessary.

The sun is well up now, bathing trees, buildings, and the omnipresent snow in a flood of light that brings back a reflection, a million times multiplied, of every diamond and every icy crystal, until the eyes seek the sky for relief.

Let us stroll off towards the woods, not far away, and see what life there is like on a morning such as this. Buckle your overshoes snugly, so as to keep the powdery snow from drifting in; pull your cap down well over your ears, and button your coat-collar well up, and let us be off. A glance at the porch thermometer shows us 30° below zero.

Listen to the copper phone wires, how they sing! See them glisten in the morning sun, each wire snug and taut, contracted to its limit as it sings out a musical protest like a great piano frame high up in the air against which a giant bird might be gently wafting its pinions. A gentle breeze springs up and instantly the wires are set in wild commotion, playing such an extravaganza as one never heard before.

As we approach the woods, making our way through the unbroken snow, we set a jay screeching, and we wonder how and why that bird of ill-omen to the hunter has remained behind instead of feeding on chinkapins in the south. As we get nearer we see the jay dart towards the root of a tree and watch him in fierce combat with a red squirrel, who is protecting its hard-earned stores against the thieving bird. The beak and claws and quicker motions of the robber outwit the little red-furred fellow, and off the jay flies with his plunder, the squirrel chattering and hurling anathemas upon his feathered head. But soon the squirrel, seizing an acorn from his store, mounts to his snug retreat in the tree overhead, where he keeps watch, as he eats, for any fresh marauder.

We walk the still and quiet, leafless woods and, looking for the river that flows so merrily between its low and shallow banks during the long summer, see nothing but the sheet of snow that covers its icy surface.

The tracks of a hare are plainly seen in the snow, and in this nearby drift we see where the hardy partridge went in and where he came out. On such

## SOME DEGREES BELOW ZERO

a night the warm, dry snow proved a better protection than a thicket of hazel bushes, never so dense.

On such nights as these we think of our little brown friends the quail, snugly backed up in a circle under some briar-grown fence corner, and wonder how they stand the cold. But give these hardy, white-necked little fellows something to eat, and, provided they do not get sleet-'crusted,' they will weather any winter that may come along.

We skirt the fields and work alongside the briar patches looking for quail signs, but to no avail. We imagine our feathered friends are favoring some cover close to the farmers' yard where they can be sheltered from the wind alongside the haystack and where they can run in amongst the chickens and levy toll.

A fresh breeze is springing up and little ruffles of snow form as the dusty flakes, glistening and icy, go swirling about. When one of these gusts of wind carries a few grains of snow against your face, it tingles and smarts and stings as though it were pricked by needles.

While the air was still one could move about in comparative comfort, but with a breeze blowing and the snow filling the air, it is well, when the mercury is at 30°, to get under cover. So now we will retrace our steps and hurry home. And under the intensely brilliant sun we plod over the snow until we reach our doorstep where we stamp the dry, crisp snow from our shoes, give a shiver and walk into the presence of the grate fire, which smiles and laughs and glows at us as if it were quite as glad to see us as we are to sit down beside it and be sociable.

C.



JACK FROST, DECORATOR



## THE FAITHFUL DOG

*Aught of the kind requital, that delights  
His honest nature. When he comes at eve,  
Laying his ample head upon thy knee,  
And looking at thee with a glistening eye,  
Repulse him not, but let him on the rug  
Sleep fast and warm, beside thy parlor fire.  
The lion-guard of all thou lov'st is he,  
Yet bows his spirit at thy least command,  
And crouches at thy feet. On his broad back  
He bears thy youngest darling, and endures  
Long, with a wagging tail, the teasing sport  
Of each mischievous imp. Enough for him,  
That they are thine.*

*'Tis but an olden theme  
To sing the faithful dog. The storied page  
Full oft hath told his tried fidelity,  
In legend quaint. Yet if in this our world  
True friendship is a scarce and chary plant,  
It might be well to stoop and sow its seed  
Even in the humble bosom of a brute.  
— Slight nutriment it needs,—the kindly tone,  
The sheltering roof, the fragments from the board,  
The frank caress, or treasured word of praise  
For deeds of loyalty.*

*So may'st thou win  
A willing servant, and an earnest friend,  
Faithful to death.* — Selected




# AN OVERLAND JOURNEY

BY MARY S. WHITE, A 'PIONEER' OF '59

*Illustrated by her daughter, Miss Edith White, the Lomaland Artist,  
who made this memorable trip as a six-months' old baby.*

## PART II

 HE country along the Platte River is flat, the plains extending far beyond the reach of the eye. We seemed to be traveling on level ground, though we knew by the downward current of the river that we were steadily rising to its source in the Rocky Mountain range. We must have traveled several hundred miles along the banks of this river. The journey was slow and wearisome, yet day by day the new scenery gladdened our hearts and encouraged us to toil on.

There were no towns or places of human habitation between Omaha and Fort Laramie. We reached the Fort on the sixth of July. It was on the south side of the Platte River. We tarried for a day there, and many of the men in our company were ferried over to see the place.

Whenever we stopped a day we always did our washing and baking. We took great pains to keep ourselves clean and tidy, and our food was as cleanly cooked as at home. Our fuel was 'buffalo chips.'

We had a number of cows, and we made more butter than we could use; so it was packed away for future use, as we knew the time would come when we could not make any more. We made the butter by skimming the cream off the night's milk, adding to it the morning's milk, and putting it in a large tin churn and covering it tightly so it could not slop over, and then setting the churn on a place made for it at the back of the wagon. The motion of the wagon did the churning, and at noon we had a large ball of butter. This was while we were yet on the Platte River. My father knew just when we should come to water that had alkali in it. Then we should have to dry up the cows, and use no more milk for fear of being made sick.

The alkali is very poisonous, and great numbers of animals had died from drinking the water in that locality. We were very much annoyed by the odor of the dead animals that we found by the way, and had to be very cautious that we did not use any water from the river near them; for we often saw where they had fallen in the river.

As I write, I find myself traveling this road over again. The more I think about it, the more eagerly I find myself searching every nook and corner of my brain for events that have been hidden and even buried these many years by more recent events of life. After living over fifty years in California with the alternating greens of spring and the browns of summer and autumn, it is refreshing to look back over that vast stretch of green in the valley of the Platte River. The mind is soothed even by the memory of this enchanting

verdure. One could imagine what a pleasant trip might be made of it now, with all fear of danger removed and with so many towns and homes built up all along this once lonely plain.

The vast plain on each side of the Platte River was without forests or any trees except one that was called the 'Lone Tree,' and we could see it long before we reached it. Some had seen it inverted in a mirage. There was a lone mountain that rose out of the plains forty miles south of us, and we traveled with it in sight for two weeks. The mountains that we first traveled over were the Black Hills, and later we had to cross the Rocky Mountains. Just before we began our journey over the mountains we came to the famous 'Independence Rock' where thousands had carved their names. It was an immense solid rock apparently thirty or forty feet high, with a large base and running to almost a point at the top.

From this place we commenced our journey over the Rocky Mountains, which were grand beyond conception; indeed, one could not help 'living in the clouds' in more truth than fancy. The road wound round mountains, over rocks, and down declivities so steep that we had to lock the wheels of our wagons with great chains, as we knew nothing of brakes in those days. These mountain roads with the forest on either side were delightful in the summer months. Dashing down the mountain-side were refreshing streams of clear water, along the banks of which grew beautiful flowers and wild fruits. One thing seemed very strange: the fact that we did not find there any small birds or bees.

The Rocky Mountains form the dividing line between Montana and Idaho. We did not see very many Indians until we came into the latter state. But when we reached the Wasatch Mountains of Utah, we met a hostile tribe, and then we were obliged to be on the alert for fear of trouble, which, however, we were not destined to meet until later. Very unexpectedly we met one who proved himself to be our friend and gave us warning to be on guard. This was Colonel Lander. With him were twenty-five well armed men who had been sent out by the United States Government to open a road and build bridges over a cut-off in the Wasatch Mountains that was to shorten the overland route to the Pacific Coast. He cautioned us to be very watchful; for, he said, the Indians were preparing to commit some depredations before the day was over, and he thought our party would be the victims. The sign of warning was small fires built here and there over the mountains surrounding us. We had noticed these fires all the forenoon but had felt no special alarm, not knowing the meaning of such a seemingly ordinary thing. Before leaving us, the Colonel said, "We will be with you at ten o'clock tonight." He must have felt very sure that we were destined to have trouble that night.

After leaving Colonel Lander we came down from the mountains into a

## AN OVERLAND JOURNEY

beautiful valley. So enchanting was it, that we forgot all the fear of the Indians that the Colonel, only a few hours before, had tried to instil into our minds. Two of the men in our train took their guns and followed along in sight of the road, hunting rabbits. We noticed about an hour before camping-time that we were driving over a bridge built of rocks and forming a cave at one side. We little suspected that nearly under us were secreted nine Indians awaiting an opportunity to pounce upon our unwary men.

As soon as the wagons were out of sight beyond a hill, these Indians came out of their hiding-place and advanced toward our whom had boasted of Indians, saying that they were afraid of them. "How be afraid of them," panion, "Let's go and be friendly, and munition for tobacco man objected. He to keep out of the guns; but they did and also traded with Indians appeared to be



AN INDIAN OF THE PLAINS

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However, when our men turned around and started for the camp, the Indians shot both of the lungs and the other in one of his hips. The one who was mortally wounded said, "My God, I am a dead man," then turned around and shot both barrels of his gun at the Indians, but did not hit them. The other wounded man turned and pointed his gun at them and remained by his companion until he saw that he was dead. When he could do no more he backed away, still pointing his gun at the Indians until he was out of range of their guns. Then he started for the camp, dragging his gun by the muzzle, for he was too weak from loss of blood to carry it. He managed to get to the top of the hill overlooking our camp and shouted to us; but we were afraid to go to him, thinking that he was an Indian. When we made no move to go to him, he fired off his gun and fainted, falling to the ground. Then we knew that he was one of our men, and we at once went to him and carried him into camp. When we learned that his companion had been killed, nearly every one of the men in our company started off in great excitement to punish the Indians; but fortunately they had fled, or probably all of our men would have lost their lives at their hands.

The Indians had taken the dead man's gun and every stitch of his clothing.



## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

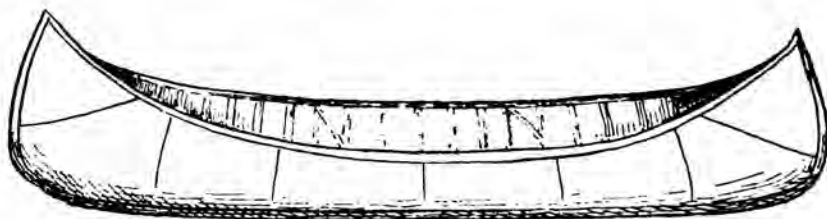
Our men remained with the body until Colonel Lander came and brought them all into camp at ten o'clock, as he had said he would. That was a sad night for the afflicted family and for us all. It was fortunate for us that the Government soldiers were with us that night. The Colonel and his men had a number of teams and wagons, and with these he completely surrounded us as a means of protection and defense. It was well for us, for the Indians were seen by our guards prowling around through the whole night. We knew that we were in great danger and hardly expected to see the light of another day, but in the morning there was not an Indian to be seen.

At nine o'clock that morning our comrade was buried. A deep grave was dug and lined with willow branches; his body was dressed in his wedding-suit (he had been married only three months); over that was wrapped a beautiful white blanket that Colonel Lander gave them, and over that a black oil-cloth for protection. We all went to the grave, the widow leaning on the arm of Colonel Lander. There happened to be a minister with us who offered a prayer, and the Colonel gave a short talk. The body of our comrade was so thickly covered with the soft, beautiful willow boughs that we could not hear the earth as it fell upon them. He was buried on high ground that overlooked the surrounding country for many miles, and after all was over we drove away on our long, sad journey. As we were starting, a large flock of white birds circled round and round us for some time. The sudden and extraordinary appearance of these birds gave us quite a shock; for we were so sad that we imagined them a bad omen, but they proved to be the contrary.

We bade Colonel Lander and his kind men good-bye, never expecting to see or hear from them again. There was not a day after that, that fires could not be seen on the mountains as a warning to all Indians to keep out of our way. The Indians massacred many companies of emigrants that year, and we felt very anxious the rest of the journey.

Colonel Lander was killed in the Civil War a year or two later. He was one of the grandest men I ever saw, towering way above every man in our company. He must have been at least six feet four inches tall. Above all, he was kind and tender to the afflicted. We can never forget our meeting with that noble man.

*(To be concluded)*



## BE WHAT THOU ART

JOAQUIN MILLER

*TO be what thou wouldst truly be,  
Be bravely, truly, what thou art.*

*The acorn houses the huge tree,  
And patient, silent, bears its part,  
And bides the miracle of time.  
For miracle and more sublime  
It is than all that has been writ,  
To see the great oak grow from it.  
But thus the soul grows, grows the heart.  
To be what thou wouldst truly be,  
Be truly what thou art.*

*To be what thou wouldst truly be,  
Be true. God's finger sets each seed,  
Or when or where we may not see;  
But God shall nourish to its need  
Each one, if but it dares be true,  
To do what it is set to do.  
Thy proud soul's heraldry? 'Tis writ  
In every gentle action; it  
Can never be contested. Time  
Dates thy brave soul's ancestral book  
From thy first deed sublime.*

*Wouldst learn to know one little flower,  
Its perfume, perfect form and hue?  
Yea, wouldst thou have one perfect hour  
Of all the years that come to you?  
Then grow as God hath planted; grow  
A lordly oak or daisy low,  
As He hath set His garden; be  
Just what thou art, or grass or tree.  
Thy treasures up in heaven laid  
Await thy sure ascending soul,  
Life after life. Be not afraid! — Selected*

## RUNAWAY FLOWERS



HERE are certain hardy bulbs and plants that have a way of creeping slowly out of a garden and establishing themselves in some nook or corner, sometimes unobserved for years or until they grow to the blooming size, when suddenly some spring morning one discovers a lovely bunch of blossoms which have naturalized themselves among the wild things. They seem to look up at one as much as to say, "We could not help running away, for we wanted to make friends with our little wild cousins."

In Lomaland there are lots of little runaway flowers creeping over the hillsides and down into the canyons, scattering their seeds and bulbs farther and farther each year.

Sometimes the bulbs of the Chinese Lily have been carelessly dropped or perhaps thrown away with some rubbish, or possibly the heavy rains have washed the bulbs into the canyon. The bulbs lie dormant part of the year, but at the first rain they somehow manage, even though uncovered, to send roots down into the ground and in time to work themselves under the soil, and before long there will have sprung up a colony of bright lilies, blooming early in the winter. These hardy bulbs seem bound to make a home for themselves, no matter how poor a place (and I have seen them flowering in the middle of a patch of coarse *Mesembryanthemum*), and up they come sturdy and strong, waving their bright blossoms and filling the air with their strong perfume.

The *Oxalis* is a great runaway bulb, especially the yellow kind. The little bulbs scatter and plants come up in great clover-like patches, and by early February they are waving their sulphur-yellow flowers in the sunshine.

The lovely *freesias* freely scatter their little red seeds, and the following spring these send up quantities of sword-like leaves through the red sandy hard-pan even in the middle of the very path we continually walk upon and all along outside the garden borders as well. But here and there they manage to creep down the hillside into the shade, which is more to their liking, and there they show their happiness by displaying extra large fragrant blossoms.

The flame-colored *Montbresia* is another bulb which likes to run away and turn wild, and even the calla lily will make itself a home if it happens to migrate to a shady, moist place.

There is a pretty purple *Linaria*, like a diminutive snap-dragon, which has run away from the Lomaland garden for years and is taking up the life of the wild flowers to a surprising degree. And the *Nasturtiums* that have found their way down in one of the deep canyons have entirely draped the sides for some distance — a gorgeous sight in the early summer months.

Even our old friend the geranium, so tenacious of life is it that the old stalks thrown away will take root and grow if they have but half a chance.

## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

So, in wandering about the hills and canyons, one often comes across many of our old garden friends, seemingly out of place but apparently quite content in the environment where choice or circumstance has placed them.

Some plants, particularly bulbs, have developed a way of storing up moisture, which is very necessary in this dry climate, and that is one reason why many plants are able to live so long after they have run away before they strike root; in fact bulbs generally are mainly store-houses for the plants. That, and the fact that they can lie dormant for so long, is why they can be imported from far away countries.

To cite one example of this storing up power in plants, the Oxalis grows a sort of root along with its other roots which is like a long white radish, and this it keeps filled with water ready for a dry time.

Ferns sometimes develop little balls covered with a sort of brown fur on the end of the long string-like shoots they send out, which balls are simply little sacks filled with water. The asparagus fern and smilax plants have many little water sacks about their roots, and there are many other plants that have various ways of storing water.

But after a time such runaway plants get smaller and finally revert to their wild state and become simple wild flowers once more, or perhaps gradually die out.

It is hard to realize that our large, beautiful plants and flowers sprang originally from small single wild plants of the many different countries in which their native habitats happened to be, but that cultivation brought them to the state of perfection which we now enjoy. Rich soil, carefully selected seed, cross fertilization for hundreds of years, have changed the little wild rose to the wonder it now is, and so it was with our garden plants the world over.

So you see, it has taken man's greater intelligence in helping Nature and working with her in order to bring plants and flowers to the state of perfection and to keep them from going back to their original state. It is also a proven fact that only he who has the real love of Nature in his heart and is willing to give them loving care, really makes a success of raising plants and flowers. E.





## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

Completed Faust when eighty years were past.  
These are indeed exceptions; but they show  
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow  
Into the arctic regions of our lives,  
Where little else than life itself survives."

It is true that modern life is pushing back the period of old age. A man of forty today is much younger than a man of forty was a century ago. A woman of thirty or thirty-five has just reached maturity, while a Puritan of the same age would most probably have lamented her lost youth and mourned over her imagined shortcomings.

Although we moderns have attained to a certain degree the secret of keeping young, nevertheless the majority of us fret and worry, thinking of the time when we shall have to stop the activities and the pleasures that interest us now. Many are wise enough to realize that a certain amount of work is always good and desirable for one's body as well as for one's mind. Work keeps us young, for, as the saying goes, "it takes longer to wear out than to rust out." But most of us can work and help others a great deal longer than we imagine.

One of the most extraordinary examples of activity in old age is to be found in Manuel García, who died at the remarkable age of one hundred and one. He had been a lifelong student of voice-culture and had introduced many methods in vocal teaching that are being followed today. He taught and trained many of the best singers of the past century and was also the inventor of the laryngoscope, of great importance to surgeons and specialists.

To the very end of his life this remarkable man preserved a wonderful activity and alertness of mind, showing us by his example that we need not think of giving up, however old we may be, while we still have energy, a clear mind, and a strong desire to serve humanity.

Another person, notable in the same way, was Michel Eugène Chevreul, the French chemist, who published an important scientific treatise at the age of ninety-two, and who was busy with pen in hand until he reached his one hundred and third year.

Theosophy teaches us that each person should endeavor to fill his place in life nobly. It teaches us that we are sent into this world for a certain length of time and are expected to accomplish our mission. Therefore, when we give up our work before our time has expired, we are simply postponing our duty until the next life, thus making it tenfold harder.

Occasionally some pretender has imagined that he has found the 'Elixir of Life,' so called, the magic fluid which will enable one to live forever; but it is doubtful whether many people would really wish to remain in this world any longer than their allotted period. Why, then, should we fret at the approach of age? We can always make it happy and useful, and it ought to be the most beautiful part of life.

OCTAVIA FRANCO

## THE BETTER WAY

SUSAN COOLIDGE

*HE serves his country best  
Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;  
For speech has myriad tongues for every day,  
And song but one; and law within the breast  
Is stronger than the graven law on stone;  
There is a better way.*

*He serves his country best  
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,  
And walks straight paths, however others stray,  
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,  
A stainless record, which all men may read;  
This is the better way.— Selected*

## A SKATING TRIP



SKATING, as perhaps you may know, is an important winter sport in Holland. As soon as ice has formed on the water and is strong enough, old and young are seen on the ice-rink.

Once we took a trip on skates from Utrecht to Gouda. The ice was very smooth and even and without cracks. We started off with long strides. In the beginning there were too many people on the ice, but soon we passed the crowd and, as the way was clear before us, we could go at a better speed.

At Woerden we stopped at a booth to eat some real Dutch cakes with a nice cup of chocolate. Then we went through the old city. The ice was strong enough to hold carriages and a number of tilt-cars that rumbled over the ice, which was very dirty here. Woerden was the last place in the province of Utrecht. We skated now on the Old Rhine, a tributary of the Rhine. We went through Alphen, a village where a battle was fought in 1672.

At Boskoop we came upon the Gouwe, a little river. At the same place we saw a large tree-nursery, where rose-bushes are raised. Beside the canal there were big fish-ponds, and we noticed that holes had been made in the ice for the fish to breathe through.

The next town we came to was Gouda, a place famous for its cheese, fritters and waffles. We went into the city and bought small pipes to put on our hats. That is a custom observed by all skaters who come to this town; it has been handed down from the early days when those long Dutch pipes were made there.

That was the end of our trip, because we wished to be back before dark.

JOOST DE LANGE — a Râja-Yoga primary pupil from Holland

## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

### V



HERE is no dog more elegantly formed than the greyhound which was at one time used in the chase of the wolf, the bear, and the boar; but now, reduced in size and strength, it is fitted only for the pursuit of the gentle, inoffensive hare. His name has nothing to do with the color gray, but is related to two Icelandic words, *grey* a 'greyhound' and *hundr* a 'dog,' so that greyhound really means a greyhound-dog. The greyhound may be of many different colors, so that there would be no sense in calling it gray.

The fox-terrier derives his name from the French word *terre*, which means 'land' or 'earth.' For chasing the fox in the open country the foxhound is employed; but when he takes refuge in his *earth* or burrow, a much smaller dog, the fox-terrier is sent in after him to persuade him to come out. These dogs are often unwelcome visitors in rabbit-holes as well. There was one sort of 'terrier' in the old days which was kept in a box and needed no food nor exercise; it was known as the *papier terrier*. This expression may be translated into modern English by the word 'land-list,' and signified in early England the list of tenants who farmed the land of a lord.

Just as a man who is concerned with the law is called a 'lawyer,' and a man who used the bow in times gone by was called a 'bowyer,' so the dog who had to do with hares was called the 'harrier.' Harriers are used in large packs at the present day in England for hunting the hare. There is a bird of prey known as the 'hen-harrier,' which however has nothing to do with hares. It is called the 'hen-harrier' because it 'harries' or persecutes the inmates of the poultry-yard.

The French had a dog they called the *chien espagnol* or Spanish dog, and if we pronounce the word *es-pan-yol*, as they did, we can easily see where our word *spaniel* comes from, although disguised under its English spelling. The 'cocker spaniel' is the spaniel used for hunting woodcocks.

The 'pointer' is a sporting-dog trained to stand perfectly still when he sees a rabbit or a partridge and to show it to his master by *pointing* his nose at it. 'Setters' behave in exactly the same way nowadays; but in former times they were trained to crouch on the ground instead of pointing, and they received their name from their original habit. Properly speaking, the dog should be called a 'sitter.' Just as 'lay' means to cause to 'lie,' so 'set' means to cause to 'sit.' We 'lie' on the grass, but we 'lay' the book on the table; we 'sit' on the chair, but we 'set' the hen on the nest; we 'fall' on the sidewalk, but we 'fell' the oak-tree; we 'drink' a glass of water, but we 'drench' a horse with medicine. Unfortunately many people do not speak properly, and the 'setter' will probably keep his name unchanged.

'Poodle' is one of the twenty-four words which we have borrowed from the Germans. Readers of Goethe's *Faust* will remember the black poodle,

## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

and when this book was translated into English in 1864 the German *pudel* was simply spelled in an English way and taken right into the language. In Low German *pudeln* means to 'waddle,' and as the dog waddled after his master they called him *pudel*. *Pudel* is also related to 'pudding,' for the puddings of those days were thick and stumpy and not at all unlike a poodle in shape, except that puddings have no limbs.

The 'pug' dog did not get his name from his pug nose, but because with his pert, ugly, mischievous face he was thought to resemble a puck, or, as we should say in modern times, 'a little imp.' As the English had the word *puck*, so the Irish had *puca*, a sprite, and the Welsh *pwca*, a goblin. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Shakespeare simply took the common name for any little sprite of Fairyland and gave it as a proper name to the merry monarch of the forest elves.

In 'the good old days' meat was always roasted on a spit, or in other words a slender bar of iron was stuck through the joint and then the two ends of the spit supported before the fire. Now it is clear that roasted in this way the meat would be burnt to a cinder on one side and be left perfectly raw on the other. To prevent this a hollow wheel was attached to one end of the spit and a 'turnspit' dog put inside the wheel. As the dog patiently worked his treadmill the joint turned slowly round and was thus properly cooked all over. The 'turnspit' was a long-bodied dog with short legs; he has now been superseded by the invention of the roasting-jack, which goes by clockwork and causes the joint to spin as it hangs before the fire.

The Newfoundland dog is a famous life-saver, being a powerful swimmer with webbed paws and a great fondness for pulling people out of the water. The owner of one of these dogs was obliged to leave him at home when he went swimming because the faithful animal insisted on plunging into the water after him and dragging him ashore. The lesson to be learned from this dog is to do your duty when called upon, but also to use a little common sense lest you make yourself a nuisance. These dogs were formerly used by the inhabitants of Newfoundland to draw loads of fish and wood on little carts and sledges.

No one can dogmatize as to the derivation of 'mastiff,' for learned philologists (or word-lovers) hold three different opinions upon the subject. One connects it with the word 'mansion' and says it is the dog that guards the mansion — the house-dog. Another derives it from the word *masty*, which meant large. Others again believe that it comes from the Latin *mixtus* and means the dog of 'mixed' breed — the mongrel. This however seems unlikely, because the mastiff was found in Britain at the earliest times of which we have any record, and appears to be an original breed.

The *yelp* of the dog is the sharp and sudden cry caused by pain or fear. It is just the Anglo-Saxon *gilpan*, to talk loudly, in a slightly altered form.



To 'whimper' is to appeal for help or sympathy by means of a low, plaintive, broken cry, and hard is the human heart that turns a deaf ear to the entreaty. It appears to be from the Scotch *whimmer*.

To 'whine' is to utter a long-drawn, melancholy tone something like a low whistle. In Danish *hvine* means to whistle, and the Swedish *hvina* has the same meaning. These words are clearly related to our word *whine*.

To 'howl' is to yell or cry aloud. The parent word is the Latin *ululare*, to hoot like an owl. The long-drawn howl can never be mistaken for the sharp broken sound of barking which, as we have said, has been supposed to have arisen from the attempts of the dog to imitate the separate words of human speech. Dogs sometimes howl at the moon and keep the neighbors awake. Whatever the wild animal was from which the dog has descended, he is supposed to have taken advantage of moonlight nights to go a hunting. When the moon shone full, the scattered members of the pack are said to have called each other together by lifting up their voices in a penetrating, long-drawn howl. Although faithful Tray securely tied in his kennel has neither the need nor the desire to go hunting, yet the old ancestral memory lingers on and makes him howl although he knows not why. It is very hard to have one's rest disturbed by a howling dog; but we should remember that it is not very pleasant for the poor dog either to be obliged to lose his sleep because of an overmastering instinct which is of no personal advantage to him.

To 'snarl' is to growl in a fierce and threatening manner, and the word is nearly related to 'sneer,' 'snore' and 'snort.' A true 'snarl' is accompanied by the turning up of the nose and the uncovering of the two dagger-like canine teeth in the upper jaw. When a man 'sneers' he, too, turns up his nose slightly and lifts the lip just over his canine teeth. Who would willingly imitate a dog so closely in his ugliest expression? There is in every human face a muscle called 'the sneering muscle,' which raises the lip over the canine or dog teeth.

The 'kennel' is the house where the dog lives. In later Latin the sheep-house was called the *ovile*, the ox's house was called the *bovile*, and in the same way a dog's house was called the *canile* from *canis*, a dog. 'Kennel' is simply *canile* spelled a little differently. In old-fashioned books you will sometimes see the gutter that runs by the sidewalk referred to as the 'kennel,' but this is in no way related to *canis*, a dog. 'Kennel,' when it means a gutter, is just *canal* disguised under another spelling.

Some people have wondered why bad boys will sometimes urge their dog to attack some harmless stranger by loud cries of "Sick him! sick him!" It is certainly bad for the health to be bitten by an angry dog; but there is no reference made here to sickness. What the boy is really trying to say is "Seek him," but he makes the vowel too short. UNCLE LEN



### THE WAY OUR GRANDMAMMAS DRESSED

'Persie' — Portrait by Laura Coombs Hills, in Metropolitan Museum, New York

### NOREEN'S MIRROR

By A. P. D.



ES, Meg says we may weed the garden," said Susie breathlessly; "but each must do her own part well, without assistance."

"Of course!" interrupted Kathleen, with a proud toss of her head. "There isn't much honor in depending on other people to improve what you do."

"And," continued Susie, "in the evening Meg will tell us a story."

## NOREEN'S MIRROR

Evening came, and Meg welcomed them with a smile.

"We shall have the weeding all done by tomorrow, Meg," said Eva; "but you were going to tell us a story tonight."

"Yes, and it is all about a little girl named Noreen, who found out something very wonderful about work," replied Meg, as the three little girls seated themselves around her.

"One day at school, while in sewing class, she felt very tired. Although she had taken first prize for sewing, today she almost hated it; but she knew she must sew for another half-hour. So she just sighed and went on sewing, and then all kinds of thought-pictures came into her head.

"The world seemed full of people having to do what they didn't like. So many little girls, not as big as herself, had to sew in close workrooms all day! and often when they weren't feeling well! and many of them had poor homes, with very little to eat!

"Noreen had never thought of such things, and before the half-hour was up she had become very thoughtful. Everything she did, even the things she used, took her in thought to the industries they represented; sometimes it almost seemed that she could feel the feelings of the people who worked so hard, and tears came to her eyes once or twice, for she knew how weary such people were.

"But not all were so. Some were very happy, on the contrary. And oh! how she did admire those who did their work well; because she now understood how much patience and perseverance people have to build within themselves before they can do work with a beautiful and perfect finish.

"At last she began to understand that by the time any one succeeds in doing any kind of work *really well*—anything, even sweeping, dusting, or weeding a garden—it becomes like a mirror, so to say; and that any one looking into that mirror will feel a tender glow in his heart, uniting him with people working at no matter what and wherever they may be.

"So now, do you Susie, and you Kathleen, and you Eva, see how soon you can find Noreen's mirror," said Meg.



FLYING

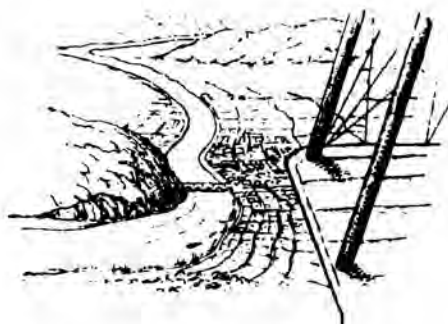
**I** HEARD the airships whirring by,  
Above my head, so very high,  
Like great strange birds up in the sky,  
And wondered how it seems to fly.

*I wonder how it seems, to wing  
Above the trees where skylarks sing,  
Above the spires where church-bells ring,  
Above the clouds, and everything.*

*I wonder how it seems, to go  
Where you can see towns far below,  
And see the rivers, where they flow  
Out to the ocean, slow and slow.*

*It seems to me, it must be fun  
To make those swift sky-motors run;  
To be in that high trav'ling one  
Among the stars and moon and sun.*

Y. K.







NATURE'S AIRSHIPS

## THE CHESTNUT TREE, THE WIND, AND THE THRUSH



ONCE upon a time a young Chestnut tree grew in the center of a large field. It knew it was a fine tree for its age because it had heard folks say so. It thought itself a little above shading the cattle which were brought to graze in the meadow, but it made a virtue of necessity and even condescended to shelter children who had picnics in the shadow of its spreading branches.

While the tree was little, it had not been able to see over the hedge which bounded the field, but one day, as it grew, it saw not far away a much taller, much finer tree. In the Spring this big tree was covered with pillars of beautiful white flowers, while the little tree had none. Ever since that it longed to have beautiful white blossoms too.

This year the sun warmed the little branches and twigs of the little Chestnut tree till its tiny buds burst and its leaves unfolded, showing here and there tiny, closely packed flowers, cosily imbedded

in cotton wool. As Spring passed, these weak baby flowers developed into cones of wonderful pink blossoms.

The little tree was very proud and held it's head high. When the Wind wandered among it's branches, its leaves whispered, "We are beautiful! We are beautiful!"

"Oh yes!" answered the Wind as it whirled round among the branches, "You are very beautiful, but you will fade, and I shall scatter you. You will wither; while I never die. Ho! ho!" frolicked the Wind, "wait and see!"

The Wind often visited the little tree, and left laden with scent and pollen, and the leaves still whispered, "We are beautiful! we are beautiful!" But one day the tree noticed that it's blossoms were not as fresh and dainty as they had been, and to its dismay saw some of them, withered and brown.

When the Wind came again it murmured gently, "I told you so!" The poor little tree was terribly unhappy; so unhappy that it's leaves began to droop and would answer the Wind with but a feeble rustle.

When the big tree in the next field saw what was happening, it whispered a message to a little Thrush which sat nearly bursting with melody on the topmost bough. The Thrush ceased its song and listened a moment, then flew quickly away and lighted on the little Chestnut and began trilling again. The tree listened wearily, and then asked, "Why are you so happy, little bird? Look at my flowers, they are withered and dead; I am beautiful no longer!"

"You silly little tree!" answered the Thrush, "of course your flowers are dead; they only lived to create your fruit."

"Fruit! what's that?" asked the little tree.

"Wait and see!" replied the Thrush, "and in the meantime because you see no reason for the things that happen, don't conclude that they are always for the worst!" Then, after a few more happy notes, the Thrush flew away.

After many days the little tree began to take pride in the prickly round balls which began to grow where the flowers had been. "The

## THE CHESTNUT-TREE, THE WIND, AND THE THRUSH

Thrush was right!" thought the tree, and it sent its sap hurrying along at the thought that it was really bearing fruit.

A day came when the first ripe chestnut burr fell, then others followed, some bursting open as they cheerily fell to earth.

"Oh!" cried the little tree in dismay, "You are going too!" And when it saw the green silk-lined cradles break open and the glossy brown treasures roll out, it thought that all its labor had been in vain, and its leaves, in despair, began to wither.

"Never mind!" sang the Thrush, "something better will come of it all!"

"No!" said the tree, "this time you are wrong, little Thrush. The Wind said my flowers would die, and they did. He said he would scatter my leaves. Look! they are going." And the tree would not listen to the Thrush. The Wind being sorry for the tree, blew a cold blast and sent it to sleep. How long it slept, and how peacefully!

When the Spring came again and woke the tree along with the anemones and daffodils, the first thing it heard was a fairy-like voice asking, "Where am I?"

Looking down, the Chestnut tree saw a tiny green shoot pushing its way up out of the ground.

"You are in a lovely field!" replied the tree, "and it is Spring again! I'll take care of you! Where do you come from?"

"I lived in a little green box," said the shoot, "which one day burst open, after a great bump. I rolled into a little hole, and soft brown things came down on me from above and covered me up. They kept me warm and cosy, till one day I burst open my little house and came up here." When the Chestnut tree heard this it knew that the Thrush had been right after all; for this green shoot was the tree's own baby!

The tree felt glad to be alive. It grew so fast and flowered so early that year that everyone noticed it.

It was only showing the baby tree how to grow, and letting the Thrush know how happy and grateful it was.

DORRIS T-S.



DO YOU SEE PUSSY'S PLAYFELLOW?

*A LETTER FROM A CAT*

*DEAR EDITOR:—I hereby take  
My pen in paw to say,  
Can you explain a curious thing  
I found the other day?*

*There is another little cat  
Who sits behind a frame,  
And looks so very much like me  
You'd think we were the same.*

*I try to make her play with me,  
Yet when I mew and call,  
Though I see her mew in answer,  
She makes no sound at all.*



## LITTLE DEEDS AND GREAT ONES

*And to the dullest killen  
It's plain enough to see  
That either I am mocking her,  
Or she is mocking me.*

*It makes no difference what I play,  
She seems to know the game;  
For every time I look around  
I see her do the same.*

*And yet no maller though I creep  
On tiptoe lest she hear,  
Or quickly dash behind the frame,  
She's sure to disappear.*  
— Oliver Herford in *St. Nicholas*

## LITTLE DEEDS AND GREAT ONES



WILL tell you the one Granny told me," answered Hester, in reply to a pleading request for a story.

"Please, please!" exclaimed Gerty and Fanny.

"There are two fairies, very strange and wonderful fairies, almost hidden behind shining veils. One records little deeds that don't seem to matter much, and the other records great and heroic ones.

"And the very strangest thing about these fairies is that people can only see them through their natures and not with their eyes. If people have overcome naughty thoughts and feelings, they become beautiful within and the beauty lifts the shining veils.

"When Granny was a little girl, she thought a great deal about these fairies and she did long to know them, and one night she did! She just found herself beside them, and the shining veils were so lovely and radiant that she was almost afraid to breathe. One by one they lifted and she saw the fairies. They didn't speak, but somehow

## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

— she couldn't remember just how — she knew what they were doing. She saw all the kind little acts and unselfish victories of one boy or girl, that one of the fairies was recording, blended together until they became a great one. Then, like a flash, it seemed to her to belong to the other fairy.

"The very instant that Granny thought this, she saw far, far away a city, where all the people were talking of a wonderful deed that had been done, and she saw others trying very hard to do something great so that they might be praised and cheered too. But somehow they couldn't, for the fairy hadn't been able to record the right number of little deeds to make a great one.

"Looking back at the fairies, suddenly Granny saw that everything had changed; the two had become one — one so glorious and beautiful, and yet with so deep a heart-silence about her, that Granny felt dazzled and awed, and bowed her head.

"Then Granny knew this: 'To those who think that little deeds are of little importance, and great deeds of great importance, there are two fairies; but for those who have learned that the little deeds are the petals of the flower, there is but one, and to know her is to have found one of the wisest friends and grandest workers of the Law of the World.' "

AUNT ANNIE



ALL ABOARD!  
HURRAH, WE'RE OFF!

## PIXY PAN'S TROUBLES



PIXY PAN, the little green paraquet, is in trouble again. I think the trouble started about the time when he began to have too good an opinion of himself and to think that no one could teach him anything he did not know already. He certainly acted very conceited and seemed to feel that he was just too bright and cute and handsome to make it necessary to be anything else.

What did he care about coming out of his nice little home to sit on the shoulder or the finger of his mistress and have his head scratched, or have her try to teach him to talk? No, he was quite sufficient unto himself! All he had to do was to squawk and keep squawking if he wanted anything, for then his mistress would get it for him.

But there came a day after he had had his great adventure and had flown away and staid out all night in the tree, when he began to appreciate the kindness of his mistress. He also noticed that big polly Daphne was having her head scratched a good deal, that she liked to come out of her cage and be carried around the room and sit on the back of a chair and be played with and petted.

Next, he began to wish he could sit on the perch with Daphne in her cage, and to wonder why he wasn't just as good as Daphne, even if he was little. He could go far ahead of her when it came to keeping up a good squawking, no doubt of that.

Daphne was always gentle with him. Sometimes she noticed him and would give him a bit of her food, but generally he bothered her by being too familiar. Besides he was a little paraquet while she was a big parrot, and there *was* a difference, but little Pixy Pan could not see it. So he tried to do just as Daphne did.

Then he found out that it was nice to have his mistress scratch his head and talk to him. She was nice after all! Pretty soon he began to love her very much; and then he wanted to have her pet him and talk to him, and not talk to Daphne nor pet her at all.

Now you see what Pixy Pan's great trouble was — he was jealous. He wanted all the attention of his mistress, and did not want to

## PIXY PAN'S TROUBLES

share it with Daphne. He was most unhappy when Daphne was being petted, and would cling to the wires of his little cage and cry and scold about it. Yet when his mistress would go to him and coax him to come and be petted in his turn, he would bite her finger hard with his strong little beak, simply because he was angry. And then he would have a regular temper, all because he was so selfish as to want all the attention.

Big polly Daphne was disgusted with him. But his mistress was very sorry for him; for the more petting and attention he got, the more he wanted, until there was no end to it. Will you believe it? That little bird's jealousy caused trouble and unhappiness to both his mistress and polly Daphne, but most of all to little Pixy Pan himself. You see, he shut his own cage door to many privileges which might have been his had he not gotten so naughty and bitten his mistress so that he could not be taken out into the big room to fly about. And had he made friends at first, he might even have gone about out of doors on the finger of his mistress and have learned to talk. He certainly lost some golden opportunities which he might have enjoyed but for his silly conceit and his jealousy.

Birds have not the reasoning faculty that human beings have. One cannot talk to a little bird and make him see the folly of jealousy. He cannot understand that jealousy is a form of selfishness, which wants something or somebody all to himself and is not willing to share with others.

Poor little bird! He is not living in a forest with a little mate to lavish his affections upon, and he could not bear to divide his tardy affections for his mistress with any other bird. That is the parrot nature and must be considered. So there is but one thing to do, and that is to find him a home where there is no other bird to share with, and where he can have the whole attention.

This was done. So now Pixy Pan lives with two kind ladies who love him very much and pet him a great deal, and he seems to be happy and contented in his new home. Let us hope he will soon forget to be jealous and to have naughty tempers. COUSIN EDYTHA





### DOLLY'S PICTURE

**T**HIS is Dolly and Dorothy and I. Dorothy is my little sister. Dolly's name is Evelyn Angelina Kate, but we call her 'Dolly.' She is dressed in her very best gown. Big sister made it.

One day the picture-man came to our house. Big sister called him a pho-tog-ra-pher! He made pictures of Mamma and sister, Emily and Dorothy and me. But no one thought of Dolly. So I asked him, and he said, "Why of course, little

## GROWING OLD TOO FAST

girl, I'll take a picture of Dolly, and you and Dorothy can help me."

He told us we could help him most by standing right by Dolly and being just as still as mice.

And when Dolly's picture was made, he showed it to us. And Dorothy and I were in it! But it is Dolly's picture just the same. MADELINE

## GROWING OLD TOO FAST

I WISH the baby would last longer!



Such a little while ago,  
She was new and pink and  
tiny,  
And wrinkledy from  
head to toe.

Now she sits up like a lady,  
Laughs and coos and  
tries to play.

I wish she'd last a little  
longer,

And not be six months old today!

WINIFRED

## LITTLE JACK HORNER



"Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner,  
Eating a Christmas pie.  
He put in his thumb  
And pulled out a plum,  
And said, 'What a brave boy am I!'"

So says Mother Goose. Now do you suppose  
she was talking about the little boy in this picture?



HUNT THE SLIPPER  
Painting by Edwin Douglass



# Râja-Yoga Messenger

*An Illustrated Magazine  
Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth*

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

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# RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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## APRIL'S CHARMS

W. H. DAVIES

*WHEN April scatters coins of primrose gold  
Among the copper leaves in thickets old,  
And singing skylarks from the meadows rise  
To twinkle like black stars in sunny skies;*

*When I can hear the small woodpecker ring  
Time on a tree for all the birds that sing;  
And hear the pleasant cuckoo, loud and long —  
The simple bird that thinks two notes a song;*

*When I can hear the woodland brook, that could  
Not drown a babe with all his threatening mood;  
Upon whose banks the violets make their home,  
And let a few small strawberry blossoms come:*

*When I go forth on such a pleasant day,  
One breath outdoors takes all my care away;  
It goes like heavy smoke, when flames take hold  
Of wood that's green, and fill a grate with gold.— Selected*

## BE TRUE

*"Search me and know my heart."*



H, yes! But in the search let us be true. Noble qualities we all possess, sometimes shining out like beautiful golden lamps for all to see; sometimes, alas! deeply hidden by the debris of wrong thoughts and selfish acts. In the latter case these deterrents may be no more than the echo of past mistakes, but we should not linger with them. Having learned the lesson they have to teach, let us leave it thankfully behind and pass on — but not until we have learned the lesson and faced ourselves with a desire to be absolutely true in everything.

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Let us turn our backs on all past mistakes therefore and face ourselves in the here and now; let us square up our accounts and begin straight again; let us each use our determination like a broom and sweep the cobwebs down, let in the sunlight of truth, and have a clean open mind that all the world may read.

Is our every thought pure and true? Is every act that we do, done well? Is every word that we utter charged with meaning? Have we had a purpose behind all our conversation today? Would we like to have the person who embodies our highest ideals step into our inmost life today and see it all laid bare? Are there any shady corners in our minds; was there any slighted work; were there any idle words?

Have we been listening to our Guardian Angel, the Conscience Voice? If we had, all would be straight for us, all would be sunshine, everywhere happiness. How often we turn deaf ears to the silent Voice which calmly and patiently asks "Is that right?" How often we make excuses for ourselves! The brain-mind is very quick at this sort of thing, and before we know it we *think* we are thoroughly convinced that some wrong thing is right. How did this come about? How were we so easily and quickly convinced? Why, only by our making out a special case for ourselves, by pretending that we were quite different from somebody else; or perhaps only by saying, "I could not help it," or "It will not hurt — *for once*." It is no use saying that we will pick up a dropped stitch tomorrow, for by that time the opportunity will be lost, and if we want to find that stitch and pick it up, we shall have to undo all yesterday's work to put it right. And we have no power to do that. It is *too late*.

It is the little things that count: we cannot play a piano solo and have it sound really finished, if in practising we let ourselves slide over little difficult passages and skip notes. Every note has to be played, and played correctly in tune, with the right touch and the proper expression. So at the end of a day, when we have played our piece in the great concert of life — has it sounded well, have we played in tune, have we made it part of the great harmony of life, or have we made a false note in it today? Just think of it! If we have played out of tune, there is no telling how many people we may have affected, for each individual is an instrument and if even one note is played out of tune some discord must result.

How many now, after reading this, are ready to say, "I cannot be perfect"? Well, no one expects perfection. All we have to do is to do our best. How encouraging are the words of a Great Teacher, "He who does the best he knows, does enough for us."

All we have to do is to BE TRUE TO OURSELVES in answer to the appeal of Katherine Tingley, who says to her pupils, "Be true, be true, yes true to yourselves; thus you will be true to all."

G. B.

## NOTES ON THE LIFE AND WORK OF KATE GREENAWAY



It is often a surprise to see what large results come from apparently small causes, and in the life and work of Kate Greenaway we have an example that is both fascinating and instructive to study. A few simple designs for Christmas and birthday cards, equally simple illustrations for a few children's books, and some unpretentious water-color paintings — these make up the sum of her work. Yet she opened a new world to children and for childhood; aided by Mr. Edmund Evans, the great color-printer of the day, she inaugurated new methods and a new era in book illustrating; both her art and her name were as well known in her period of success as those of Sir John Millais, Sir Walter Crane, Watts, Sir Frederick Leighton or Burne-Jones; and she originated a fashion in children's clothing that was copied in America, on the Continent, and especially in France. There were even 'Kate Greenaway shoes'! Her biographers\* tell us of the surprise of an Englishman who once visited Jules Breton in his beautiful Normandy home by the sea and there found the artist's children all dressed in 'Kate Greenaway costumes'! But the artist — one of the greatest of his day in any land — simply told him that they were the only costumes "worthy of beautifying the *chef d'œuvres du bon Dieu*," (the masterpieces of the dear God)!

Sir Frederick Locker-Lampson, the poet, wrote many years later in a letter to Miss Greenaway:

"I believe you are the only English artist who has ever been the fashion in France. I think anybody writing about you should notice this important fact."

And when her work reached America, Boston critics declared that "in delicacy and beauty of outline" her heads rivalled those of Flaxman.

Now, how did all this come about? How did it happen that a shy, modest, simple little woman, whose work from the standpoint of the conventional art student leaves much to be desired, should occupy a really commanding position in her day and should suffer still from a host of crude imitators in art whose grotesque, sunbonneted 'Kate Greenaway children' would never have been owned by Kate Greenaway herself?

"You have the radiance and innocence of *reinstated infant divinity* showered again among the flowers of English meadows," (Italics ours.)

wrote John Ruskin to Miss Greenaway in one of his letters, and he gives us a hint of the secret — which is a real, true Râja-Yoga one, and which

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\* M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, to whom the writer is indebted for most of the facts in this article and from whose charming book the illustrations that accompany it are also taken.

every detail of Kate Greenaway's life appears to have accentuated: a spiritual view of childhood, a recognition of its spiritual radiance and its Divinity, and an unspoiled view of Nature.

Kate Greenaway was born in Hoxton, England, in March, 1846, one of a family of gifted boys and girls who were blessed with a devoted, keen, energetic and very wise mother and an equally devoted and wise father, the mantle of whose artistic gifts fell upon little Catherine, or Kate. Mr. Greenaway was a very fine draughtsman and wood-engraver and was employed in making illustrations for the *Illustrated London News* and the best English magazines of the day. But the failure of a publishing house which owed him a large sum of money left the family in straitened circumstances during all of Kate's girlhood, and had it not been for the mother's undaunted courage the children might have fared ill for want of advantages and education. They moved from a large house into a



KATE GREENAWAY

smaller one and Mrs. Greenaway, in addition to her household cares, opened a shop and sold lace, children's dresses, and other things. No telling but some of Kate's ideas as to the way children should be dressed date from that period, for children then were perked up too often like silly little dolls, in clothes that were both inartistic and unhealthful. In any event, the enterprise succeeded and helped the father out of his anxieties and the family over a very hard place; and not even poverty can cheapen the life of a family whose daily bread is the refining influence of pictures and books.

But good Mother Nature seemed to have anticipated this in the case of little Kate, and to have tried to compensate her in advance. Her early childhood was spent in the country, at Rolleston, in the very midst of all that was most beautiful and inspiring in Nature. There was the silver, rippling Greet winding through the meadows, its banks blue in summer with wild forget-me-nots, and there were generous fields and gardens, in a mad rivalry with each other over sheer luxuriance of bloom. Flowers! How many



## NOTES ON THE LIFE AND WORK OF KATE GREENAWAY

little Kate knew and loved: pinks and stocks and narcissus and peonies and imperials and sweet sultans and all the rest, and out in the meadows the crane's bill, purple vetch, willow herb, pimpernel, blue and white veronica,



'THE ELF RING'

From a water-color drawing now owned  
by John Greenaway, Esq., the artist's brother.

poppies, and no counting how many more. How she loved them! And how much more they meant to her sensitive, opening nature than to most children! She wrote forty years later:

"I had such a very happy time when I was a child, and, curiously, was so very much happier than my brother and sister, with exactly the same surroundings. I suppose my imaginary life made me one long continuous joy — filled everything with a strange wonder and beauty. Living in that childish wonder is a most beautiful feeling — I can so well remember it. There was always something more — behind and beyond everything — to me; the golden spectacles were very, very big."

But there were other worlds as well — the world of fairy-tales and that of dolls. Yes, *dolls!* Dolls of all sizes and of every social rank and grade, from 'Prince Albert' and 'Queen Victoria'

down to humble, shapeless, ugly wooden apologies; dolls ranging from big 'Gauraca,' who was a yard and a quarter high and wore real children's dresses, down to funny little Dutch lilliputians. They constituted a separate kingdom in themselves, and one cannot help wondering if little Kate did not lay the foundation for the very things in her art that later made her famous — her marked originality and charm in the designing of costumes for children — when right among her dollies, whose dresses she made so exquisitely always, and with so much love and care. Suppose Kate had made those dolly clothes in a slovenly, careless way, so she didn't like to look at them and couldn't take them off, you know — didn't love them, didn't care! Only — she made them carefully and well, instead.

After the dolls came fairy-tales — in books, real books. But the pleasure of these had its drawbacks, for, in spite of the fascination of them, Kate

## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

only suffered over the parts that were hideous, cruel or unjust. The wicked witch, the cruel stepmother, and especially any tales of the suffering of animals, she could not bear. About animals and her love for them Mrs. Edmund Evans wrote of her many years later:

"She had a very affectionate nature, very tender-hearted — seeing even an insect in pain wounded her. She could not tolerate flies caught in traps, or see a beetle or a spider killed. Seeing a mouse in a trap tempted her to set it free. . . . Dogs and cats recognized this quality by showing their devotion and imposing on her good nature. She would never even scold them. This was simply kindness — not indicating a weak nature. She was a decidedly strong-minded woman."

But the influences that decided Kate Greenaway's life-work came most directly from events connected with the terrible mutiny in India known as the Sepoy Rebellion. The *London Illustrated News* and other magazines for which her father was draughtsman or engraver came to the house, and little Kate pored over them fascinated. So many people! *She* would draw people, too. And she did — people, people, always people, but never in chains, never in prison, never crushed down by hopeless confinement or suffering. That she could not bear. Her people must be free and happy, or on the way to be. We find that she herself later wrote of this period:

"I was always drawing people *escaping*. Mine always escaped and were never taken!"

This tendency was not overlooked by her artist father, and the result was that Kate was given art-training both at the South Kensington School and at Heatherly's. While studying she won many medals and prizes, especially in design in which she was rarely gifted. For some two years (at Heatherly's this) she studied the human figure, faithfully, and along the regular academic lines. And following this period of study came employment by a number of publishing-houses for magazine illustration. She went steadily up in her profession — for that is what her art had now become — and was known as 'an artist who never disappointed her employers.' If



PENCIL STUDY FROM LIFE  
FOR AN ILLUSTRATION,  
BY KATE GREENAWAY

## NOTES ON THE LIFE AND WORK OF KATE GREENAWAY

she promised them a certain design or illustration on a certain date, it was delivered on the date set. The difficulties that publishing houses have had in this respect with many illustrators are so well known that we do not need to comment on this quality in Kate Greenaway, nor point out its Râja-Yoga application.

Then, too, she did not think she knew it all. She was always ready to listen to advice or suggestion and always willing to co-operate. She soon took a position beside Randolph Caldecott, the foremost English illustrator for children, which was saying a great deal, for the illustrated children's books then being issued in England were the loveliest in the world. Not even France excelled them. Among well-known children's tales illustrated by her were 'Goldilocks,' 'Puss in Boots,' 'The Babes in the Wood,' 'Bluebeard,' and 'Hop O' My Thumb.'



PENCIL STUDY FROM LIFE

But designs for birthday cards, Christmas cards, and valentines came from her ready hand between-times, and it was in fact a valentine that established her first as a success. The firm that published it sold some 25,000 copies within a few weeks. But the success could not be called a financial one for the artist, her own share of the profits being, according to her biographers, "probably no more than £3."

Any sketch of Kate Greenaway's life would be incomplete without mention of her friendship with John Ruskin, known the world over as an art critic and humanitarian, and still one of the great names of the world. They corresponded constantly, and the record of their letters is a beautiful and illuminating one. "Your grateful and devoted John Ruskin," he signed himself, and through many years sung the praises of his modest friend, "Miss Greenaway," as he always addressed her, as one who had brought something new and pure and refreshing into the world of art and of childhood. He made her the subject of one of his Oxford lectures and praised her without reserve. On this occasion he said of her:

"The fairyland that she creates for you is not beyond the sky nor beneath the sea, but near you, even at your doors. She does not show you how to *see* it, but how to *cherish*."  
[Italics ours.]

In one of his letters to Miss Greenaway, dated "Brantwood, 26th December, '83," he writes:

"I shan't go to sleep over your note today. But I have no words any more than if I *was* asleep, to tell you how marvellous I think these drawings. No one has ever done anything equal to them in pure grace of movement — no one in exquisiteness of dainty design — I tremble now to ask you to draw in any other way . . . the sight of them alters one's thoughts of all the world. The little beauty with the note, alone, would have made a Christmas for me."

To those who can sense the technical limitations of Miss Greenaway's best-known work, this praise sounds extreme. But the few who have been able to see the positively wonderful little pen sketches with which she was wont to enliven her letters to her friends — and particularly her friend John Ruskin — can understand it. Dashed off at white heat, showing a basis of sound knowledge in study of the figure, and illustrating some exquisite if not positively spiritual idea, they have a value that is spiritual and artistic both, and many of them stand as something apart. It is true that the promise they hold was never fulfilled, and they explain to us Ruskin's frequent urge to Miss Greenaway to study further. But a busy life, and in later years much ill-health, seemed to make this impossible. And who knows but that the academic methods of the world, while they might have given her the surface technique that so charms and fascinates us in the work of the present generation of illustrators, might have killed her genius and dimmed her spiritual eyes at the same time? *Who knows?* They have done this to many.

Pages might be devoted to the correspondence and friendship between this modest interpreter of childhood and the great art critic and scholar, were there space, for Ruskin was familiar with Kate Greenaway's work and was seriously interested in it long before he ever knew her personally. It was he who opened the correspondence between them which it is such a pleasure to read, though it was not until 1882 that he first called upon her. Once having met, however, they were as old friends who had simply been separated for a little while and had found each other again.

The following excerpt from a letter written to a friend, and which Kate Greenaway never dreamed would see the light of cold print, gives a hint of the secret of her pure and unspoiled art and her success in reaching loving hearts everywhere with her quaint and tender message of childhood:

"You can go into a beautiful new country if you stand under a large apple tree and look up into the blue sky through the white flowers — to go to this scented land is an experience.

"I suppose I went to it very young, before I could really remember, and that is why I have such a wild delight in cowslips and appleblossoms — they always give me the same strange feeling of trying *to remember*, as if I had known them in a former world.

"I always feel Wordsworth must have felt a little too — when he wrote the 'Intimations of Immortality' — I mean the trying *to remember*, as if he had known them in a former world."



## NOTES ON THE LIFE AND WORK OF KATE GREENAWAY

She was always 'looking up,' always aspiring, always seeing Nature and life through golden spectacles that were "very, very big," always "trying to remember." She was one of those who come at times among us "trailing clouds of glory" from a lovelier and more spiritual world, and this sunrise glory never left her "to fade into the light of common day." She brought something that otherwise little children, and all the world that loves them, would not have had, and gratitude echoes the tender words written about her by her friend Austin Dobson, the poet:

*"Farewell, kind heart! And if there be  
In that unshored Immensity  
Child-angels, they will welcome thee.*

*"Clean-souled, clear-eyed, unspoiled, discreet,  
Thou gav'st thy gifts to make Life sweet;—  
These shall be flowers about thy feet."*

DOROTHY McD.

### HOME-BEAUTY

AUSTIN DOBSON

(Written for the *Magazine of Art* in the summer of 1883, and illustrated by Kate Greenaway with a full-page pencil drawing in her inimitable style of graceful composition, pretty grouping, and sweet childish attitudes.)

*'Mine be a col,' for the hours of play,  
Of the kind that is built by Miss Greenaway,  
Where the walls are low, and the roofs are red,  
And the birds are gay in the blue o'erhead;  
And the dear little figures, in frocks and frills,  
Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,  
And play with the pups, and reprove the calves,  
And do nought in the world (but Work) by halves,  
From 'Hunt the Slipper' and 'Riddle-me-ree'  
To watching the cat in the apple-tree.*

*O Art of the Household! Men may prate  
Of their ways 'intense' and Italianate,—  
They may soar on their wings of sense, and float  
To the au-dela and dim remole,—  
Till the last sun sink in the last-lit West,  
'Tis the Art at the Door that will please the best;  
To the end of Time 'twill be still the same,  
For the earth first laughed when the children came!*

## THE EUCALYPTUS TREE

*Swing high, swing low,  
Back in the swing of long ago.  
When days are dark and ways seem slow  
And naught seems bright where'er we go,  
Let us recall bright days we've had,  
Happy times which have made life glad,  
Let Memory carry us back just so,  
Back to the swing of long ago.*

## THE EUCALYPTUS TREE

**I**T is a big tree, quite fifty feet high, its branches spreading out bluish-green foliage like a fan. Yes, there is no doubt about it — it is a beautiful tree; even the Mocking-bird thinks so.

When the wind is blowing I like to sit under this tree and hear the leaves talking to the to each other, and times, when the

Every once in drop a few leaves ground, of many

Up on one of there is a nest belinnets. I love to big branches and The first time I four little eggs in pale blue, just like day; and here and were little brown pretty. Every that tree I would into the nest. But the mother-bird and so I would

Some evenings top and watch the sun set. It is lovely — a pinkish-golden streak right above the blue sea, which slowly fades to gold and yellow, till it becomes dull gray above. Sometimes the sunset is lit up by shining clouds, which turn red like fire, as if the gods were making battle up there. WALO VON G.



wind, whispering quarreling some-wind is strong.

a while it will on me or on the pretty colors.

the topmost twigs longing to a pair of climb up into the peek into the nest. looked there were it. They were a the sky on a clear there on the eggs spots. It was very time I came under climb up and look sometimes the lit-was sitting there, hurry down again.

I climb up to the

## DAWN AND THE MIST AT POINT LOMA

BY A RAJA-YOGA STUDENT

*DAWN and the mist creep slowly in,  
Crawl softly up the hills, and there  
Is magic stealing everywhere;  
For shadowy gray elves begin  
To glide among the trees and spin;  
And everything is white and bare  
When mist-hung Dawn comes creeping in.*

*But where the cloud is woven thin  
Dim forms rise up; I am aware  
Of haunting memories strange and rare,  
Of things that long ago have been,  
When silent Dawn comes creeping in  
And hangs mist-curtains everywhere.— H. S.*

## BEFORE THE DAYS OF BLOTTING-PAPER



LL paper may be said to be blotting-paper when first it is made, as it sucks up liquids very readily. In order to make it suitable for writing on, it has first of all to be covered with a coating of weak glue, called 'size,' and then pressed to give it a hard, shiny surface.

Before blotting-paper came into fashion, people used to sprinkle dry sand out of a kind of pepper-pot upon wet ink in order to dry it up. This was called a 'sand-box.'

In one of the offices of the British Government where very important and secret letters are written, blotting-paper is never used. It is feared that dishonest people might get hold of the discarded sheets of blotting-paper, and by the help of a mirror, they might find out what the letters were about. They still use the oldfashioned 'sand-box' in this office.

Many people have been puzzled by the curious, disagreeable smell given off by the best kinds of writing-paper when they are burnt. The smell is similar to that produced by feathers, bones, or wool when they are thrown upon the fire. Seeing that paper is made of vegetable substances, such as linen rags, grass-fiber, or wood-pulp, why should the smoke that rises, smell of the Animal Kingdom? We who are in the secret know that it is the 'size,' which is made from animals, that gives rise to this unpleasant odor.

Philip the Second of Spain, who sent the great Armada against England, sat up very late one night to write an important letter. When at last it

## BE GENTLE

was finished, he handed it over to his secretary to be sanded in the usual way. The poor secretary had been kept up long after his proper bedtime and was very sleepy. Not thinking what he was doing, he took up the ink-pot instead of the sand-box, and poured its contents over the letter. Whatever faults Philip may have had, he certainly behaved very well on this occasion. He simply remarked, "It would have been better to have used the sand," and quietly set to work to write the letter all over again. P. L.

## BE GENTLE

W. AVERY RICHARDS

*S*PEAK gentle words; they cost no more  
Than words that wound the bosom sore;  
In meaning let them gentle prove,  
In tone the tuneful words of love.

*Such utterances shall descend  
In benedictions on thy friend,  
And melt, like flaming coals of fire,  
The hearts of foes that rage in ire.*

*Think gentle thoughts; they shall impart  
A blessed sweetness to thine heart,  
And spread like perfume through the air,  
To make it fragrant everywhere.*

*Do gentle deeds; they savor most  
Of virtues which the soul may boast;  
They bear a message as they go  
To modify a mortal's woe.*

*Let all thy being gentle be;  
So shall a blessed harmony  
Pervade thy nature, and shall sway  
All human hearts that throng thy way.— Selected*



## A PROMINENT FRENCH PLAYWRIGHT



ICTORIEN SARDOU died November 7, 1908, leaving behind him many great recollections of a truly useful life.

He is ranked among the greatest dramatists that France has produced, not only for his imaginative power, which has given him such a prominent place, but for his style, his intensity of thought, his clearness of expression, and his keen dramatic sense.

When we realize that Sardou was an untiring worker, a man of extraordinary conscience, a lover of "the good, the beautiful and the true," and a patron of art, we may well mourn for the man whom the world has lost. People oftentimes admire a great genius, but very rarely do they stop to think that his greatness did not spring up at once and without effort on his part. Sardou worked steadily and hard, frequently fifteen hours daily, and people who wanted to interview him would often have to see him before eight o'clock in the morning.

In studying about Sardou, one immediately realizes that his art was innate; it was not a mere display cultivated for the sake of wealth and fame; we see him when a little boy building toy theaters, carving and dressing dolls. It is a great thing to us that his airy castles became firmer and truer as the man grew stronger.

Here is an evidence of Sardou's untiring efforts: he wrote 76 works in 77 years. Among his most famous works are 'Fédora,' 'Thédora,' 'Dora,' 'Divorçons' and 'La Tosca.' A great many of his plays have been translated into other languages, showing that his fame is established abroad as well as in France.

The English are certainly indebted to Sardou for his two great works, 'Robespierre' and 'Dante,' which were written for them. OCTAVIA FRANCO



SRA. OCTAVIA FRANCO DE BOUDET  
AND HER DAUGHTER

[Written in 1908 or 1909, when a student attending the Râja-Yoga Academy, Point Loma, California. Srta. Franco is now the wife of Sr. Pedro L. Boudet, a prominent banker of Havana. The accompanying snapshot of Sra. Boudet and her daughter was taken recently at San Juan Hill, Santiago de Cuba.]



GROUP OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN MULE DEER

Exhibit in Museum of California Academy of Sciences,  
Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

### VI



HE word 'deer' had a much broader meaning in former times than it has nowadays. To the modern mind it calls up a picture of a graceful animal with large and lustrous eyes, having a head adorned with branching horns and legs so slender that you wonder how they manage to support the weight of so large an animal. In Shakespeare's time 'deer' meant almost any kind of wild creature. There is a well-known passage in *King Lear* about "rats and mice and such small deer," and many readers suppose that the poet was trying to raise a laugh by applying the dignified title of 'deer' to such small vermin as rats and mice. 'Deer' comes from the Anglo-Saxon *deor*, and meant any wild animal. It is nearly related to the old High German word *tior*, and everybody has heard of the Thier Garten at Berlin, which is simply modern German for animal garden, or zoo.

It is interesting to find the word used in its broader meaning in the word 'wilderness,' which does not mean a dry and sterile region, but a 'wild-deerness,' or a place inhabited by wild animals only: 'wilderness' then means wild-animal-dom.

As is well known, the Lapps of Northern Scandinavia use the reindeer to draw their sledges, and so one is tempted to suppose that 'reindeer' means a deer that is driven by reins; but it is never safe to trust to guesses in the study of words. The word 'reindeer' is really derived from the old Swedish

## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

word *ren*, a reindeer, and the English *deer*, an animal; so that it means 'the reindeer animal.'

Besides serving as draught animals the reindeer also provide the Lapps with milk, and this leads us to consider our own familiar cows who supply us with that nourishing fluid. It is quite the usual thing in this country for the milker to address the cow as 'Boss,' and this sounds very queer, as 'boss' means master, and one is surprised to hear the master of the cow address her as if she were his superior. The mystery is cleared up as usual by reference to the dictionary. Young people like to air their newly acquired knowledge, and having learned at school that *bos* is Latin for ox or cow, they very naturally addressed the cow as 'bos' on their return home. The name first used in sport, became in time a regular title and passed into common use. It should of course be spelled with one *s*. 'Boss' with the *s* repeated is perfectly correct when it means master. This is really a Dutch word borrowed from the numerous immigrants from Holland in the early days. It was originally spelled *baas*.

Our language is very rich in nouns of multitude and although the word 'crowd' would do very well to denote a number of bees, cattle, fish or foxhounds, yet we are so fortunate as to have a distinct word for assemblies of each of these animals. We speak of a swarm of bees, a herd of cattle, a shoal of fishes, and a pack of foxhounds. The history of some of these words is very interesting, and a knowledge of their derivation is quite necessary in order to avoid mistakes in their use. Thus we may speak of a 'flight' of sparrows; but we should be highly amused at an African explorer who described his meeting with "a flight of hippopotami" while going up the Congo River. 'Flight' is derived from 'fly' and can only properly be used of creatures with wings. We may speak of a 'covey' of partridges because 'covey' is derived from 'cover' and denotes the brood of little ones 'covered' or sat upon by the hen partridge. It would be very wrong however to speak of a 'covey' of codfish because the mother cod takes no care whatever of her eggs when once she has laid them. We cannot fairly blame her for her neglect because there are often more young ones in a family of codfish than there are people in the Dominion of Canada.

The proper word for a flock of wild geese is 'gaggle,' and one who has heard the cries of these birds as they fly far overhead as he goes his solitary rounds as the night guard at the Râja-Yoga Academy, has no need to consult a dictionary to learn the origin of the name. Both 'gaggle' and 'cackle' are words formed by imitating the sounds made by the birds themselves. In Iceland and Norway even a single goose is known as a *gagl*.

We feel almost by instinct that a vast number of bees flying together and filling the air with a humming sound is very properly called a 'swarm.' The word occurs in slightly altered form in the Lithuanian language, where

## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

a pipe or a fife is called *surma* from the noise it makes. The word 'swear' is connected with the same root; for besides meaning to affirm that a certain thing is true, it means to 'speak aloud' or declare. We find it also in the last syllable of *answer*. We have all heard of the Sirens, those beautiful nymphs on the south coast of Italy who tried to entice Ulysses to land by their magical songs; they too derive their name from the same old root from which we get the word 'swarm.' We may say then that a 'swarm' is a company of almost any kind of small creatures that make a humming noise. We should therefore be making a great mistake if we were to call a number of silent animals like clams or oysters a 'swarm.'

A herd of wild pigs has a name all to itself; it is called a 'sounder' of swine. The reader will probably imagine that the name has reference to the grunts of ill-temper and the squeals of joy which usually accompany a number of pigs passing through the forest. But one of the first lessons to be learnt by the student of words is that it is never safe to jump at conclusions, and so when we consult the friendly dictionary we find that 'sounder' has nothing to do with the sounds made by the swine; but is simply the Anglo-Saxon word *sunor*, a herd, which has undergone a slight change.

A flock of wild turkeys is known as a 'gang' or a 'going' of turkeys, and means a number of turkeys who are in the habit of going about together.

Quail when gathered together are known as a 'bevy.' The word comes from the Old French *beveye*, a 'drinking,' so that a 'bevy' of quail is a family of these birds who always drink together. The Normans introduced into England a nearly related word, *bever*, and in some parts of the country when the men stop their work to take a little liquid refreshment they still call it going to 'bever.'

The Old French *beveye* has come down to us from the Latin *bibere*, to drink, and appears only a little altered in the word 'wine-bibber.' The old root has another vigorous sprout in our word, 'beverage,' which means any kind of drink. Here in Lomaland we are in a difficulty. The so-called quail which lead their fluffy broods about our gardens really belong to the partridge family. The question is whether we should call these family parties 'coveys' or 'beviess.' If they were really quail, of course we ought to say 'beviess' of quail; but as they are partridges under a false name we do not know what to call them. The question is still unsettled at the time of writing.

When speaking of a small company of pheasants we may use the word 'nye' or 'ny' which comes to us from the Old French *ny*, which in its turn was derived from the Latin *nidus*, a nest. A 'nye' of pheasants means a nestful of pheasants, and they are still called a 'nye' although they may have left the nest long since. Birds do not live in their nests: nests are merely cradles for rearing their young, and at other times of the year birds



## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

roost in the trees or on the ground. Some of the wren family however are said to build several nests in the spring and to use them as sleeping places on cold winter nights.

When we speak of a 'litter' of puppies we mean a family of young dogs lying in a bed. A company of unrelated, grown-up dogs is called a pack. 'Litter' is from the Latin word *lectum*, a bed, from which the Old French *litière* was derived, and from which we obtained our 'litter.' A 'litter' of puppies is therefore a bedful of puppies. Now a dog's bed or a horse's bed is prepared by scattering straw on the ground, so we see why it is that when we have spent a wet afternoon in cutting out pictures, our mother insists that we shall tidy up the 'litter' we have made before we have supper. Any untidy mess on the floor is called a 'litter' because it resembles a dog's or a horse's bed. The 'lectern' or 'lecturn' in church gets its name from the same root. A 'lectern' is a reading-desk which serves as a bed to support the Bible.

UNCLE LEN



LOMALANDERS PICNICKING AFTER A MORNING'S 'HIKE'  
INTO THE COUNTRY

### THE CUCKOO'S CALL

NEXT time you hear the Cuckoo's notes see if you can tell what they are. I think you will find that the first is E flat, and the second C natural. The key is C minor, but you will notice that the opening note varies a trifle; now and again it is almost a semitone higher, approximating to E natural.

## "POOR DICKY IS NOT VERY WELL TODAY"

SLIGHT variations in temperature, improper diet, smoke, or foul air, bring illness or death to a canary.

Canaries can lose their voices, catch cold, contract asthma, have rheumatism or scurvy, or other ailments just like humans, but respond much more quickly to proper medical or hygienic treatment as a rule.



AN INDIAN CAMP

## AN OVERLAND JOURNEY

BY MARY S. WHITE, A 'PIONEER' OF '59

### PART III



WE have often, since coming to California, talked over the dangers that we passed through in getting here, and among them the fording of the swift stream seems now to have been among the most critical events of our whole journey. When we came to the Green River we forded it — but we came near floating down it instead, for it was much deeper and swifter than we had supposed. While in the middle of the stream my husband, who was driving the leading team, was lifted off his feet many times, the water being up to his arm-pits. The wagons were being carried down stream, but fortunately he had on the lead the smartest and strongest pair of oxen that ever wore

## AN OVERLAND JOURNEY

not come near us nor even molest our stock. We were nearly frightened to death, however, and did not get a wink of sleep that night. Such anxieties were far more wearing than the fatigue and monotony of the long journey itself.

While crossing the mountains we were very much impressed by the grandeur of the cañons. They looked as though they had been scooped out of high-ribbed mountains, with rocks piled upon rocks. Patches of snow could be seen near the top, while in the valley below the weather was warm and mild and berry bushes were loaded with ripe fruit. I remember how glad we were to find the raspberries, currants, gooseberries and the upland cranberries. We had not tasted fresh fruit during the whole trip, excepting the bright red buffalo berries that we found in the Wasatch Mountains.

Perhaps it would interest you to know what we did have to eat on such a journey. We made bread of various kinds, and we had beans, dried corn, dried beef, ham, bacon, and all kinds of dried fruits. Of course we had sugar, tea and coffee, and, most refreshing of all, we had brought with us twenty gallons of sweet, spiced cucumber pickles, the vinegar of which added to our drinking water was very pleasant. This reminds me of our meeting with six men of the Shoshone tribe of Indians. They came into our noonday camp one day, and we offered them a drink with some of the spiced vinegar in it. They were suspicious, however, and would not drink it until we had sipped from their cups. These Indians were six feet in height, and were fine, noble-looking men — quite a contrast to those we had seen and those we were to see later in Northern California.

During the latter part of August we were crossing the dividing line between Utah and Nevada. We were still traveling through mountains and valleys by turns, and crossing streams that flowed from the summits of these grand mountains. We avoided crossing the great American Desert by taking the route to the south of it. Our road led south of Salt Lake City, and we left Utah at or nearly at the middle of what was then the Territory of Utah, and crossed over into Nevada. Then we took a straight course across Nevada, crossing a narrow neck of the Humboldt Desert. While in this desert, we reached the oasis in the afternoon about four o'clock and rested there until eight, waiting for the moon to rise. Then we traveled until one o'clock in the morning to the finish. The road over the last part of the desert was very deep with sand and we were obliged to walk most of the time. At the oasis the water was excellent and we found a vegetable garden there. I remember that we bought some onions, and how we enjoyed them after doing without fresh vegetables for four months! We gave one of our oxen in payment for the water and the vegetables.

Our first camping-place, after crossing the desert, was at the Carson River. We found a house there and once again heard the chickens crowing

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—even the squealing of pigs was a joyful sound to this weary, travel-worn train. We were at last on the boundaries of civilization.

On the first of September our company divided. Part went north to cross the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and we were among those who went south, crossing into California by the Carson Pass — one of the roughest experiences of the whole journey. Now we were coming to the end of our wonderful adventure and no words can tell the joy we felt in having accomplished it safely at last. In spite of our interest in our new home, our thoughts constantly wandered back across the plains, and we lived over again in memory the dangers and the delights of that never-to-be-forgotten summer. All the grand creations of the God of Nature have lingered in my day-dreams, even after the lapse of more than fifty years.

*(The end)*



AT ZAXA DEL MEDIO, CUBA  
Watering the horses in the river.

## THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES



HE island of Cuba — 'The Pearl of the Antilles' — is situated between the Americas. It was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492. The climate of this lovely island is warm and mild and, there being a great deal of rain during the year, the soil is very fertile. The scenery is picturesque, and the island has beautiful valleys and rivers.

Cuba is noted for many important products, the principal one being sugar-cane. There are many great sugar-cane plantations in the island, and about a quarter of the entire population work faithfully during three months



## THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES



LOCOMOTIVE ON THE CUBA RAILROAD

This up-to-date engine is in marked contrast to the toy-like ones that were in use on the Island when Mme. Tingley first visited Cuba in 1898 with her relief expedition immediately after the Spanish-American War.

of the year cutting the sugar-cane and putting it on the huge, clumsy ox-carts which carry it to the mills. After the sugar is refined it is sold, and most of it is sent to the United States and other foreign countries.

The population of Cuba is about two million and a half, about one-third of this number being negroes whose ancestors were brought to the island by the Spaniards about a hundred years ago to work in the mines. There are also some interesting tribes of native Indians, descendants of those found on the island by Columbus.

Social and other customs in Cuba are quite similar to those of America and Europe, but not very much progress has been made in the education of the people until a few years ago. It is the custom for many of the boys and girls to be sent to the United States to be educated, and especially to learn English, which has become for the Cubans a very important language.

A great many Cuban children are receiving their education at the Râja Yoga School and College at Point Loma, California. A large number who cannot pay are receiving their education free. Some of them have no parents and no home. They were brought to Point Loma by Madame Katherine Tingley after the great relief work she did in Cuba in 1898, and later at different times. She went to Cuba first, right after the close of the War for Cuban Independence. The people had suffered very much. Many of them were starving and sick, and others who had been very rich before the war had lost all their property. Some of them begged Madame Tingley



JATIBONICO, A VILLAGE ON THE CUBA RAILROAD

Note the primitive cart drawn by six oxen as contrasted with the modern train at the right.

to take their children to America and educate them and care for them, and this Madame Tingley did. They are very happy here at Point Loma.

Very soon Madame Tingley is going to open a Râja Yoga College at San Juan Hill near Santiago de Cuba. This will be a great help to Cuba because then it will not be necessary for parents to send their children to other parts of the world to receive their education.

The history of the Cuban Republic may be read in many important books, and it relates a story of great heroism and sacrifice. Cuban literature is important and valuable and it is very beautiful, for Cuba has been the birthplace of many great authors and poets whose writings are honored in other lands. Among poets the name of Heredia stands pre-eminent. His poem on 'Niagara Falls,' which many Americans admire, shows not only his great poetic genius but his great love for nature. Juan de la Luz Caballero is noted for his writings on education.

Madame Tingley has said that Cuba has a great future. With her help we believe that it will take its place in time among the most progressive and highly-educated nations of the world. The Cuban children at Point Loma are taught to love their land and to make their best efforts to be a credit to it in every way. They are encouraged to fit themselves to go back to Cuba later, when their education is complete, to be loyal and patriotic helpers of their people.

CONCEPCIÓN ROVIRA

[This article was written between six and ten years ago, when Srta. Rovira was a student at the Râja-Yoga Academy, Point Loma, California.]

## JOSE MARTÍ



VERY nation has its great men, but there are always some among them who outshine the others and whose names more fill our hearts.

José Martí, among Cuban heroes, is the man who fulfils the ideal of patriotism; and his name is so great, it means so much to the Cubans, that they no longer think of it as the mere name of a man, but as the very symbol of unselfishness, devotion, and, above all, of unsurpassed glory in the cause of freedom. He is the man to whom, were he living, all the Cubans would hasten to express their heartfelt gratitude and admiration.

José Martí loved all humanity, felt all its sorrows, and worked for it, mostly through his extraordinary powers of writing and speaking. His speech was convincing, cutting like steel into human wickedness, or pouring a healing stream on the hearts of the poor and suffering, inspiring them with hope and urging them to true and noble action. He loved all mankind; but just as the son loves all the family and yet has a greater love for his mother, so this noble son adored his mother, who in this case was Cuba, his country, and he felt his heart burning with a constant desire to render her noble service and set her free from the chains of material as well as moral oppression and slavery. He is one of the men who stand out from the level surface of human mediocrity like a firm promontory that shows its lonely head above the surrounding waters.

Being the son of a Spanish officer, he was condemned to prison and exiled when yet a young man (in 1869) on account of his having conspired against the Spanish government. Was he disobedient to his father in this respect? Perhaps; but great men always obey first the voice of right and justice.

He despised all that was vulgar and commonplace. He was the living example of his high ideals, and it is no wonder that the crowds were so influenced and aroused by his magnetic personality.

The Cubans were somewhat disunited in those times, after the Ten Years' War, some hoping — in vain — to see Spain fulfil her promises to grant Cuba the liberties stipulated in the Treaty of Zanjón, and others despairing of the situation of the country and of the bad faith of the Spanish government. It was the task of José Martí to overcome all the obstacles, and to unite the Cubans in a last effort to break the chains forever or die on the field of honor. All this he accomplished, meeting a glorious death in one of the first battles. The grass met in a soft cushion to soften his fall; the sun sent its brightest rays to warm him with life, but it was not to be so. An enemy's bullet had killed the great warrior, who, not content with having done outside his country all that human will and power could do for freedom's sake, went to the fields of his beloved Cuba to give once more the keynote of his glorious life — a high ideal and example.

## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

In writing of one of these moral giants, one never is satisfied. Volumes might be written, and still there would be something left in the heart which one cannot put into words. So let us hope that this very same inexpressible sentiment shall live forever in all countries, animating the people with the highest ideals and patriotism.

José Martí was born on January 28, 1853, and died in May, 1895, having lived in this short space one of the most active and useful careers the world has ever seen. But dates matter little; great souls are to come, and they appear in the field of human strife when they are most needed.

RAOUL MARÍN

[Written some time between 1908 and 1913, while attending the Rāja-Yoga College at Point Loma, California. Sr. Marín is now filling the responsible position of a Municipal Judge in Cuba.]

## RUBBER



RUBBER is the common name given to the coagulated juices (called *latex*) obtained from many different trees, vines and shrubs found chiefly in Brazil, Africa, Mexico, the Straits Settlements, Malay States, Ceylon, and Dutch East Indies.

The employment of rubber or *caoulchouc* (koo'chook) extends over a long period. The use of the gum by the natives of Hayti was commented on by Columbus on the occasion of his first visit to that island about five hundred years ago, and some two hundred and fifty years later, Torquemada mentions its use by the Mexican Indians.

The method of gathering and coagulating the latex differs greatly in the various countries where rubber is found. The following is a brief description of some of the methods used:

In South America the native first clears a space under a number of trees, and then proceeds with the tapping. The tool used in tapping is usually a short-handled axe with a small blade. The native cuts ten or twelve gashes in the bark of the tree, taking care not to cut too deeply. At the end of each gash he attaches a small cup to catch the latex ('milk') as it flows out. He usually taps from one hundred to one hundred and fifty trees, and as fast as the cups fill they are emptied into a large vessel and carried to the camp to be coagulated. A shallow hole is made in the ground, in which a fire is started. On this, when well kindled, palm nuts are thrown making a dense smoke. An earthen cover with a small hole at the top is placed over the fire, which causes the smoke to issue in a dense stream through the opening. A wooden paddle is first dipped in clay water, then into the latex, and then held over the smoke. This coagulates a thin layer on the paddle, which is dipped again and again into the latex and smoked each



## RUBBER

time. After being dipped many times a lump of rubber is formed. The paddle is then withdrawn, and the rubber is ready for the market.

In Central America and Mexico the latex is placed in a vessel under which a fire is built. The heat causes a cream to collect on the top, which gets stronger with further boiling, until a slab finally forms. These slabs are put up in small bales.

One method used in Africa is to tap the tree and allow the latex to flow down the side of the tree to the ground. The water in the latex filters into the soil and leaves the rubber, which is rolled into various shapes. Another method is to smear the latex over the body of the gatherer, and as soon as coagulation has taken place, the rubber is pulled off in strips and rolled or twisted into various shapes and made into bales. In some cases the latex is coagulated by adding weak acid.

The first process to which raw rubber is subjected is the removal of all impurities. With wild rubber it is necessary to go through a washing process, but fine plantation rubber is mostly used as received, surface dirt only having to be brushed from the sheets. The method employed with wild rubber is to pass it through rollers, which break it up whilst under a constant flow of water. This continual crushing and washing soon removes the greater portion of the impurities, and the rubber is then dried and stored until required for use. When that time comes, the rubber is passed through mixing mills, where the sulphur and pigments are added, and the whole is formed into a plastic mass called 'dough.'

The dough is then passed through various machines for running it into sheets, tubing or cord, from which are built up the articles it is desired to manufacture. A large portion of these articles have to be subsequently molded. The manufactured article is then subjected to heat for a length of time, which causes the sulphur to combine chemically with the rubber, producing a state of vulcanization.

Pure vulcanized rubber is often in itself of little use, being either too soft or too elastic. It is to meet this that the pigments have to be added to give the required hardness, strength and resiliency for the particular use to which the manufactured article is to be put, or to obtain varying colors. Some of the pigments employed are zinc-oxide, antimony sulphide, lead-oxide, and barium-sulphate.

Rubber is also used in conjunction with textile fabrics. The dough is made soft by the addition of a solvent and then forced on to the fabric by passing through rollers or by means of a spreading machine. In the case of the latter, the fabric so impregnated is passed over warm plates to drive off the solvent. The whole is then put through the same vulcanizing process as for articles without textile.

There is use for manufactured rubber in almost every trade. T. M.

## KINEMATOGRAPHY

**E**VEN in this age of rapid development there is no phenomenon more remarkable than the progress made by the motion picture. It has been introduced into practically every civilized community in the world, and everywhere its appeal has been universal and its success immediate.

The reason for this is not far to seek. It lies in the fact that pictorial representations of life and nature, of the real and the imaginary, have always held a great fascination for every normal human person. Young or old, primitive savage or finished product of the 20th century, man delights in pictures of his own history, of his surroundings, and of scenes and beings created by his fancy.

A study of pictorial art shows, however, that man seldom rests content with his finished 'still' image, particularly where action is depicted; he seems to feel dissatisfaction that only one phase of his subject is represented, and he either carries on the idea further by means of additional drawings, or endeavors to incorporate some device whereby the original presentation is endued with a suggestion of life and reality.

Though it was not until 1895 that the kinematograph was patented, the steps which led up to it were of great interest as they succeeded each other. 'The wheel of life' was, perhaps, the first stage, where a band of pictures illustrating the succeeding stages of a movement, was fixed to a wheel, the turning of which gave the beholder an impression of actual movement. Instantaneous photography and its application to the analysis of motion was a further step forward, and lantern projection on a screen, the invention of celluloid film, and the reduction in the rate from about 30 to 16 pictures a second, all are important factors in the kinematograph of today. T. B. M.



THE pretty colored prints and woodcuts made in Japan are printed in a curious way. The picture, design, or figure is first carved by an expert craftsman on a block of cherry wood. When ready for use, the different colored pigments are applied to the proper parts of the engraved surface with a brush, and the paper then pressed over it — thus producing in one impression what requires three by the Western 'three-color' process. The method is a slow one, and calls for great patience and skill; but in the hands of the skilled craftsmen of Japan it is quite practicable, and great numbers of artistic prints and stamped goods are turned out by this simple process.

## IN BEHALF OF TOOLS

cabbages, potatoes, etc., from the garden to be cooked for hungry children to eat; yet nobody takes the trouble to have me mended. A burro, of course, would be very happy to be left here in the bushes. But it doesn't suit me, and in this respect we differ.

It is useless for two people to attempt to wheel and guide me at the same time. The result is always an overturned barrow. (See illustration.) My handles should be grasped, one in each hand,



by one person. I will not be guided by two. Neither will a burro stand overloading. He will generally lie down and refuse to move. Nor will he go when two people are holding the reins and trying to lead him. We simply balk at wrong usage. In this respect we are alike.

It is sad to see many useful tools suffer from rust after being left out in the fog and rain when they should be put carefully away in the tool-houses made for them. The rust eats into the metal and weakens them, and then they break with comparatively slight usage, and are then thrown away long before their time of usefulness is ended.

It may seem strange, but it is a fact that a good make of implement that has seen years of service because it has been well cared for and has not been abused, is much better to work with than a brand new one, for it will respond in a way a new one will not. A carpenter who loves his tools, who keeps them in order, uses them properly and never abuses them, is generally a good workman and many of his tools last him a lifetime.

One often hears a person speak of being attached to this or that tool which he has possessed and used for a long time, and, really, there is much more in it than one might think. It is possible to

create a sort of companionship with one's tools, so that one gets quite fond of them.

We cannot be driven or strained beyond our capacity without harm, nor used for what we are not intended without injury; for if we are so used, our time of usefulness is shortened. A careless user of tools is the loser; and not only that, but he forms careless habits which make it much harder for him to accomplish good work. So I beg of you, in behalf of all my fellow tools and implements, give us more thoughtful care and consideration so that we may live long and serve you well.

THE WHEEL-BARROW



LOOKING TOWARDS LOMALAND

*THE DAYS OF THE WEEK*

BY I. J. C.

*WITH water, soap, and skill,  
We scrub and rub until  
You would say  
No spot can there be left  
To wash by hand so deft,  
On Monday.*



## THE DAYS OF THE WEEK

*'Ere sun and wind have done,  
We have again begun,  
Flat are they  
And smoothed by irons hot,  
These clothes without a spot,  
On Tuesday.*

*So clean and neat are they,  
We do delight to-day  
To put away,  
In chests and bureau neat,  
Our washing now complete,  
On Wednesday.*

*With water, pail, and brush,  
On knees with speed we rush,  
So we may  
Have clean white kitchen floor,  
From now for one week more,  
On Thursday.*

*The duster, pan, and broom,  
In all parts of the room,  
Where they may  
Find dust and dirt they seek  
To sweep for all the week,  
On Friday.*

*And now to make complete  
Our work for all the week,  
For Sunday  
The bread and cake we make,  
And these we always bake,  
On Saturday.*

— Selected from *Primary School*

## VACATION DAYS ON MADISON LAKE

MADISON LAKE is about eighty miles south of Minneapolis, Minn., and about sixty miles west of Lake City, where Madame Katherine Tingley will start a new Râja-Yoga School in the fall. There are many hundreds of lakes in that part of the country, and as it rains a great deal there, the forests about the

lakes are very green and beautiful. Many lovely ferns, brakes, and flowers grow among the trees. The spotted, yellow Tiger Lily is particularly beautiful. There are yellow water-lilies and tall brown cat-tails growing in the water as well.

Madison Lake is somewhat in the shape of a four-leaf clover, the points of land jutting into the middle of the lake making four delightful bays.

There are some fifty-odd varieties of birds to be seen in the vicinity of Point Pleasant, many of them beautiful song birds. Bird lovers residing there have placed all sorts of queer bird-houses about the place for them to build their nests in, and the birds have been making merry over their new homes, much to the pleasure and entertainment of the visitors who come there.

The children who spend their summer vacations at Lake Madison have happy times rowing on the lake. When they go for a day's outing on the water or for a frolic on the shore, both girls and boys don what they call 'koveralls.' Then they may



## VACATION DAYS ON MADISON LAKE



enjoy themselves without having to remember not to spoil their good clothes. They play with toy boats when they go in wading, sailing them in the shallow water, frightening the little frogs and fishes as they splash about and disturbing the naps of the old mud turtles sunning themselves on the large stones and old logs sticking out of the

water. Every day when the weather is warm and sunny they have great fun bathing and learning to swim in the cool lake water. Some of the children learn to swim quite a little way even in one summer, but it takes some courage to go down the slide head first into the water. I wonder if the little girls in the picture have tried it? They look as if they had. In any event, they seem very much at home in the clear, cool, rippling water.

Making a sand village is one of the things the children like to do on very warm days in the shade of the trees. First, they build the house by packing the wet sand into a mound. Then they put on the chimneys and dormer windows. Next they dig out the doorway and hollow out the house by removing the sand from inside by the handful, taking great care not to go too close to the top and sides, thus causing it to cave in. After the houses are built, they dig a canal from the lake and the water is brought to the village. Then bridges are made of willow twigs. The grounds are laid out with pretty bright pebbles which the children hunt for when they go





wading in the lake. The summer-houses are made of sticks stuck into the ground and covered with cardboard tops twined with vines. The trees and shrubbery are sprigs of green and flowers stuck in the wet sand. The people who occupy these little sand houses are china dolls.

It takes quite a long time to build such a sand village.

Perhaps the children spend a good part of three days in completing them, but they are quite worth while. Indeed, when you look at the pictures of the little sand houses, I feel sure that you will want to make just such a village the next time you go for your vacation to a lake or to a beach where there is sand. E. A.



### 'I-HAVE' AND 'O-HAD-I'

ANONYMOUS

*T*HERE are two little songsters, well known in the land;  
 Their names are I-Have and O-Had-I.  
 I-Have will come lamely and perch on your hand,  
 But O-Had-I will mock you most sadly.

*I-Have, at first sight, is less fair to the eye,  
 But his worth is by far more enduring  
 Than a thousand O-Had-I's, that sit far and high  
 On roofs and on trees so alluring.*



'I-HAVE' AND 'O-HAD-I'

*Full many a golden egg this bird will lay  
And sing you, "Be cheery! be cheery!"  
Oh, merrily then will the day glide away,  
And sweet shall your sleep be when weary.*

*But let an O-Had-I but once take your eye,  
And a longing to catch him once seize you,  
He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die;  
Lifelong he'll torment you and tease you.*

*He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,  
Now racing, now panting and creeping;  
While far overhead this sweet bird at his will,  
With his bright golden plumage, is sweeping.*

*Then every wise man who attends to my song  
Will count his I-Have a choice treasure,  
And where'er an O-Had-I comes flying along,  
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.*



OFF FOR A RIDE

**Z**EPHYR and Alice and their little brother Joe live in the country. Every day when the weather is fine they go out for a pony-ride. 'Black Beauty' is the name of their little Shetland pony. Father named him after a beautiful black horse about whom a great lover of animals once wrote a book.

'Sport' is the name of their big handsome shepherd dog. He always goes out with them. Here you see him on the pony's back.

They are crossing a wide field that will soon be covered with flowers. What merry times they have!

BROTHER ALFRED

## TOMMY'S JACKET

and happy, ready for a walk or a frolic, and did many things to make people cheerful and not glum and dumpy. He made his master do lots of right thinking, too.

When Tommy's attention was called to something new to him, he 'concentrated' his mind, cocked his little head, looking up into his master's face, as much as to say, "Repeat that, please." Or he would jump into his lap where he could look straight into the man's eyes and get the meaning of his words—see and feel them, don't you think? Then, jumping down, Tommy would scamper about, so glad that he had learned something new to him. And he never failed to remember anything he had learned. Do you?

Tommy was fond of riding—can you guess how? Lying across his master's shoulders, where he would laugh at the dogs that were walking; and sometimes he would bark for them to jump up and ride. Then too, it made him feel like a big dog, up so high, looking at things and the scenery—for Tommy never missed seeing anything within the range of his sight.

Now Tommy had long, curly white hair, which his master cut during warm weather in order that his little four-footed chum might be cool. This curly fluff he gave to a friend to make soft cushions of. But a good fairy must have whispered to her to keep it. For the Christmas after little Tommy died, this thoughtful and tender-hearted person spun this silky hair and knitted it into a beautiful, warm jacket for Tommy's master. And now, when the days grow cold, he puts on the jacket and can almost feel his little chum nestled in it amidst the unselfish thoughts of the kind comrade who made the jacket. And a magic jacket it is, too. It keeps little Tommy alive in his master's heart, so they will always be dear chums. For pure, unselfish love never sickens nor dies. TOMMY'S MASTER



## PIXY PAN AND THE LOOKING-GLASS



PIXY PAN is home once more. Although his kind friends did what they could to make him happy, he was homesick evidently and had to be brought back home. He was glad enough to find himself back in his old place with big polly Daphne there and, best of all, his mistress, whom he had treated so badly. Yes, there was no doubt but that he loved her more than he used to, being much more after his return he ate and trusting little

Little by little, lessness came back again. He would not and he didn't want wanted more to eat him, and he didn't because he wanted as Daphne ate. He



and he showed it by friendly. For days was a dear affection-bird.

however, the rest-and he was unhappy come out of his cage, to stay in it. He than was good for like his little seed the big kind such didn't want his apple because he preferred carrot. He even threw his cracker down on the bottom of his cage when it was offered to him. "Naughty, naughty Pixy Pan! Whatever am I going to do with you?" his mistress said to him.

All of a sudden his mistress thought of a bright idea. "Maybe he wants a companion of his own kind, and perhaps he will be contented with his own reflection in a looking-glass," thought she. So she hung a small mirror in his cage.

How surprised he was when he first caught sight of the visitor, and then how delighted! Now he was happy at once and began making funny eyes at it and chirping to it. Next, he proceeded to try to feed it, then caress it, rubbing his little head against it, talking to it and going through all sorts of funny antics before it. And of course the little bird in the glass reflected all his movements. At night he would sleep close to the glass. If anything alarmed him, he cuddled near to it, as if he thought it could keep him from harm.

## PIXY PAN AND THE LOOKING-GLASS

But there was something strange and unsatisfactory about it after a bit. It didn't talk back, for one thing. One day he thought it had begun, but he discovered it was his mistress who had made an imitation squawk behind the mirror. It tricked him only for a minute, however; after that he knew the squawk was not real.

After the looking-glass bird came, Pixy felt more friendly with his mistress. Sometimes he would come out of his cage and climb onto her shoulder and kiss her cheek and talk to her, sit on her finger and let her put her face to his little warm feathered back. Really, Pixy Pan seemed to be growing to be a nice bird at last.

Evidently part of the trouble was that Pixy had longed for his own kind. But his mistress was hoping that before the novelty of the looking-glass bird wore away, he would learn to appreciate human companionship. For the great trouble with Pixy Pan had been, from the first, that he hadn't learned, as most caged birds learn, to be good friends with the people who feed and care for them. As I told you before, his own importance had prevented his making friends with his mistress when he first came.

Even now, when you come to think, it was his own shadow he was most attracted to; he was in love with his own reflection. Silly bird! It was really pathetic to see him contentedly sitting next his own reflection in the mirror. But the fact that he is more friendly with his mistress is a step in the right direction. May be if he continues to improve, his mistress might find him a little live b — but that belongs to another chapter. COUSIN EDYTHA

### AN OLD RHYME

*WHAT does little birdie say,  
In his nest at peep of day?  
"Let me fly," says little birdie,  
"Mother let me fly away."  
"Birdie wait a little longer  
Till your little wings are stronger."  
So he waits a little longer,  
Then he flies, he flies away.*



other Fox will be home, and  
y will all have!

leep forest. Their home is a  
right comes they curl up like  
deep, warm hollow and never

at a nice home the old tree  
d just above them thinks so,  
a warm, soft nest, and per-  
in the branches of the same  
other Nature is to them! M.



# THE MESSENGER

JULY 1920

## KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM

COWPER

*Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,  
Make no connection. Knowledge dwells  
With thoughts of other men;  
Is attentive to their own.  
Rude, unprofitable mass,  
The arts with which Wisdom builds,  
Are squared, and fitted to its place —  
To better whom it seems to enrich.  
Proud that he has learned so much;  
Unble that he knows no more.*

## SCHOOL AGAIN

Years are quickly slipping away and another school-year. This is not altogether a new experience to us. We may think we know all about it. But do we? We have walked a certain distance along an unknown path, but we know all about what lies ahead of us? We say: Euclid will always be Euclid, and Latin conjugations and declensions mastered. We are confident, and we have looked ahead and know the way by our books, for instance.

Let us not make our mistake. The real value of our school-education is not in the knowledge but in developing our minds, and we must not stop at the end. We develop our minds in order to think clearly, and understand and master all the problems that will come with later in life. Memory, too, is one of the things we may not 'see the use' of learning geometrical facts or remembering when William the Conqueror landed in England. We do not desire to become teachers or possess the love of learning that may seem superfluous. But if mathematics help us to calculate how many eggs will be needed for a feast, or if we remember to give her patient medicine at the right time, our tests will become indispensable.

Education is not only a development, memory-training, and a broad-

## LDREN OF BURMA

ma! What can they be like in that faraway ke a pocket from Asia's roomy apron, with n, the Shan States, India, and the blue and engal edging it round? Burma, with its myst-orests and its quarries of priceless jade, with ith its ancient ruined temples and hoary monu-sunset hues of long-past glory; Burma, with ts happy, trusting people! What are Burmese

ma are as happy and lovable as their elders n the good examples they have, are among the ildren in the world. All travelers agree that Burma wherever they are found, for the people oy of life and in a wonderful purity and peace. thers and mothers of Burma feel it their first the sweet and ancient truths that make for up-urity of soul.

both valued and beloved. They are welcomed gh the parents felt and saw them really "trailing er's waiting arms from a lovelier and brighter orate the various stages of their budding lives, religious festivals of the land little children have ly celebrates them together.

over education must begin, and this makes an ation in Burma is mainly in the hands of two rising men who have dedicated themselves to a the other composed of Burmese mothers. The tirely in the hands of the former, but that of the g of Government schools within recent years, thers.

be for boys alone — a sad restriction, certainly, in not always competent and where homes are not ut in Burma this was never the case, and Burmese any land in womanly graces and joyousness of man is one of the freest in the world. She is as ind cloistered woman of India as it is possible to as freely as men do and always unveiled; she ind sells as she will; her opinion is respected and ne is altogether a power. But in the home is her re she shines as the ideal wife and mother. Her e and out of it, is one of great dignity. So that we others of Burma make excellent teachers, for the

them, and they believe that the merchant or laborer has as great a need for the virtues of honesty, loyalty, purity, and the rest, as the man who is fitting himself to become a spiritual teacher. The result is that nearly all Burmese men — especially among the better classes — have at some time been students in these schools, having entered them for the discipline and the training they give in the virtues, in wisdom, and in self-control. In these schools the day always opens and closes with music. Mr. Fielding Hall, who has written very wonderfully about the Burmese in his book *The Soul of a People*, describes this as follows:

“Several times a day, at about nine o'clock at night, and again before dawn, you will hear the lads intoning clearly and loudly some of the sacred teachings. I have been awakened many a time in the early morning, before the dawn, before even the promise of dawn in the eastern sky, by the children's voice



HAPPY LITTLE GIRLS OF BURMA



## CHILDREN OF BURMA

Gautama Buddha in the most childlike and un-  
set creeds and no dogmas; they spend no time  
dispute about what they believe. They teach  
result is that the little children begin life with a



AND SISTER

happy and aspiring outlook. Kindness is their only creed. They are ever ready to help and share and serve. They not only believe in universal brotherhood (which, being *universal*, includes all their little brothers of the earth and air) but they live and practise it. Particularly are they kind to animals. Little Burmese boys consider it no sport, but a wicked and criminal act, to rob a bird's nest or treat a little pet animal with thoughtless disregard.

And when it comes to their relations with each other, Mr. Hall tells us that courtesy is one of their distinguishing traits. He says:

"It seems to them an unconscious confession of weakness to be scornful, revengeful, inconsiderate. Courtesy, they say, is the mark of a great man, discourtesy of a little one. No one who feels his position secure

Their word for a fool and a hasty-tempered man is

are naturally brave and heroic. They endure pain or  
urage and are not apt to inflict their small troubles  
ldren do. But this does not make them unlike other  
e of sports and fun. They play 'peg-top' and sail  
red kites as skilfully as an American boy, and boating  
eir delight.

is faraway nation, be it said, family life in Burma is  
very beautiful. It is kept so, keen observers say, by  
eligion of the people. It is a current saying with them  
another to virtue without being virtuous yourself; so  
the parents and teachers of that land, believing this,

## CHILDREN OF BURMA

st, and make *themselves* worthy examples. And  
ple is limitless — Rāja-Yoga children know that.  
children of that land!

vals of the year is celebrated by a pilgrimage to  
*gon*, and in this the children and their elders always



SPRING PLOWING IN BURMA

after the rainy  
a season which  
a time for sow-  
the spiritual life  
thirsty fields; so  
sow and live in  
and their duties,  
fields are ready  
ture to do her  
is over. Then,  
so beautifully  
*The Theosophic-*  
vember, 1918:  
forth. Light-  
ness, as fresh as  
garment which  
wear, fills the  
held the great-  
year. This is  
young and old,  
way all express

gladness. From far and near the people gather to  
das, and there for seven days, three of greater and  
ance, make merry, worship, and drink to the fulness  
om the fresh earth, from every leaf and bud, from the  
light and color, from human sympathy, and at night,  
of the moon, from the odorous trees, filling the air

at *Shwe Dagon* pagoda, the same writer says further:

pon a small hill, a tall tapering cone reaching up  
hree hundred feet, all covered with pure gold-leaf  
sun, ornamented on high with glittering jewels, and  
lace surrounded by the sheltering trees. The base  
led by dragons, and up the long flight of red-roofed  
he Great Peace pilgrims are ever ascending and de-  
pilgrims, in gay, bright colors, filled with a quiet

as in miniature from the illustrations shown with this story, we feel that the future of a nation, or the happiness of any of its homes, might be safely entrusted to children such as these. Whether carrying childish offerings to the beautiful, rose-bowered shrines, bathing and boating on the silvery, lapping waters of the Bay of Bengal, or greeting the sunrise with their songs, they creep into our hearts and awaken in us a deeper love for the children of God's great family everywhere. DOROTHY MCD.



ELEPHANT MOVING TEAK LOGS IN BURMA

## *HIPPOORWILL TIME*

MADISON CAWEIN

*own the bars; drive in the cows:  
he west is barred with burning rose.  
he horses from the ploughs,  
from the cart the ox that lows,  
the lamp within the house:  
hippoorwill is calling,  
hippoorwill, whippoorwill,"  
the locust blooms are falling  
On the hill;  
set's rose is dying,  
whippoorwill is crying,  
hippoorwill, whippoorwill";  
Soft, now shrill,  
whippoorwill is crying,  
"Whippoorwill."*

*the watchdog from his chain:  
e first stars wink their drowsy eyes:  
b-bell tinkles in the lane,  
id where the shadow deepest lies  
b makes bright the window-pane;  
hippoorwill is calling,  
"Whippoorwill, whippoorwill,"  
the berry-blooms are falling  
On the rill;  
rst faint stars are springing,  
he whippoorwill is singing,  
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill";  
Softly still  
whippoorwill is singing,  
"Whippoorwill."*

*cows are milked; the cattle fed;  
The last far streaks of evening fade:  
farm-hand whistles in the shed,  
And in the house the table's laid;  
lamp streams on the garden bed:  
whippoorwill is calling,  
"Whippoorwill whippoorwill,"*



his food into fine particles. The gizzard is a dark cavity with highly muscular walls lined with a tough, rubber-like coating, where the food gets churned and squeezed and rubbed against the stones until it is properly crushed.

At the Mission Cliff Ostrich Farm cracked shell and water is all that the young chicks get for the first four days after hatching; the shell of course serving as millstones in the gizzard. Condescending to take a little nourishment on the fifth day, they break their fast on chopped lettuce and barley-meal. Ostriches have been known to eat pieces of glass, old shoes, prayer-books, copper coins and a piece of a parasol; the two last-mentioned delicacies however proved fatal to the enterprising birds who made the experiment.

The breeding of ostriches should turn out to be a very profitable undertaking notwithstanding you have to pay so much for your parent birds. Six ostriches can be reared on the food required by one cow, and of course one of these birds would sell for a great deal more than an ordinary cow.

The male bird in a wild state may have as many as seven mates who all lay their eggs in the same nest, which is simply a saucer-like hollow scraped in the sand with their feet. During the night the father sits on the eggs, and in the daytime he takes turns at guarding the nest but not at incubating, because the heat of the sun makes that unnecessary.

The egg of the ostrich weighs three pounds and contains as much 'meat' as twenty-four hens' eggs, so that one egg serves as a substantial breakfast for quite a large family. The shell is as hard as an average tea-cup.

Jackals, hyenas, and those curious little, long-eared desert foxes known as fennecs, often slyly creep about near the nest in the hope of stealing a

socket  
the cu



F

## OSTRICHES, TAME AND WILD

athers come from the male birds, which are well shown in they are covered for the most part with glossy, black feathers, and tail are adorned with the long, floating, white plumes ed to adorn the 'picture-hat' of some lady of fashion. About nths the feathers are collected, the larger ones being cut hile the smaller ones are plucked. One of the societies for f animals has inspected the removal of the feathers and is e operation is practically painless. Let us hope that the e same way about it. It is in the interest of the ostrich ry gentle with the birds, because any injury done to the ch the feathers sprout would spoil the new growth. Before is, a stocking is slipped over the head of the ostrich, and he is so cowed by the sudden darkness that he becomes as meek as a lamb, and submits to the operation without a struggle.



OSTRICHES

Ostrich farms are possible not only under the sunny skies of California, but also in much colder climates. Near Hamburg in Germany the ostriches are exposed to the weather all the year round and are perfectly healthy. A photograph has been exhibited of a whole flock of these birds standing out in the snow in their bare feet, and yet looking perfectly contented. In fact it is said that in cold climates the birds produce finer plumes in order to keep themselves warm. Some few years ago it was proposed by an English member of Parliament that an ostrich farm should be started as far north as Scotland, and there seems

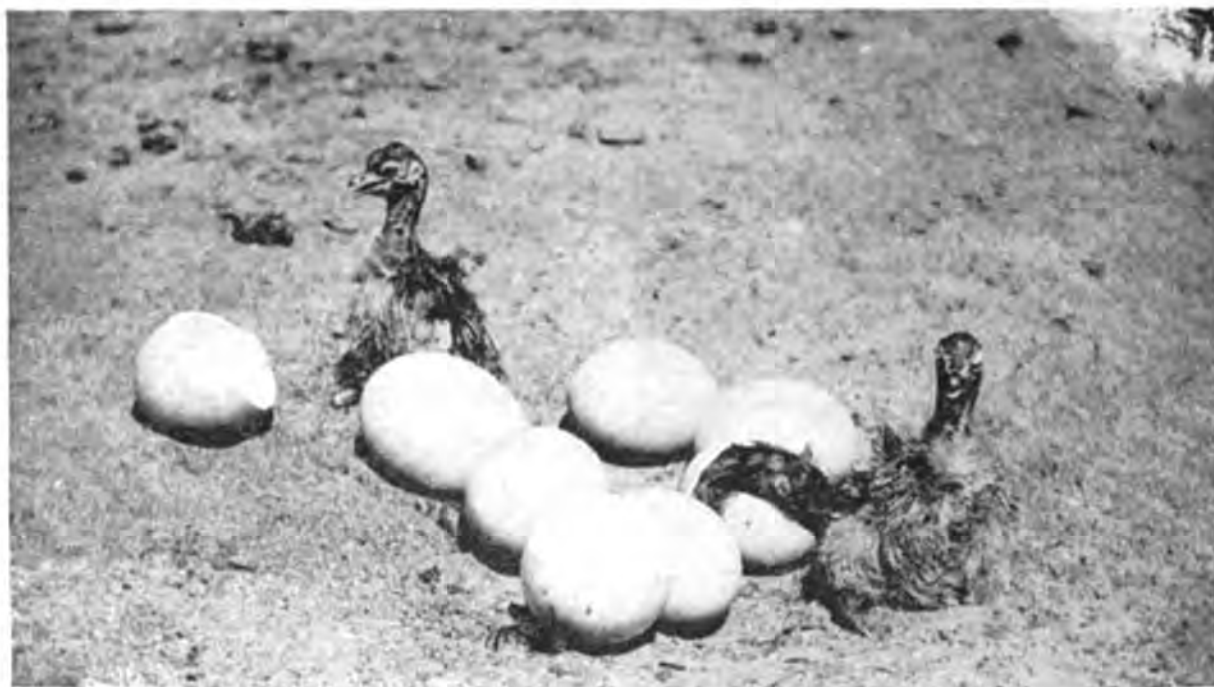
ay it should not succeed.

a year old may be bought at the Mission Cliff Farm for apiece; but for a fine, full-grown specimen you may ch as fifteen hundred dollars, which seems rather a high d. It must be remembered however that in the nesting lays an egg every other day from which ostriches may an themselves be sold later at high prices. Besides this, roduce a hundred dollars' worth of feathers every year.



but it is slowly retreating before the advance of the colonists. It was to be met with at various points in south-west Asia in earlier times, and Xenophon says it was common in Assyria in his day.

In conclusion it may be said that, notwithstanding the widely current story, these sensible birds do *not* hide their heads in bushes and suppose that because they can see nobody, therefore nobody can see them.



OSTRICH EGGS AND CHICKS, BENTLEY OSTRICH  
FARM, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

So great is the power of - that there is

## THE WORLD'S MUSIC

GABRIEL SETOUN

*E world's a very happy place,  
Where every child should dance and sing,  
always have a smiling face,  
And never sulk for anything.*

*ken when the morning's come,  
And feel the air and light alive  
strange sweet music like the hum  
Of bees about their busy hive.*

*linnets play among the leaves  
At hide-and-seek, and chirp and sing;  
's flashing to and from the eaves,  
The swallows twitter on the wing.*

*twigs that shake, and boughs that sway;  
And tall old trees that you could climb;  
winds that come, but cannot slay,  
Are gaily singing all the time.*

*dawn to dark the old mill-wheel  
Makes music, going round and round;  
dusty-white with flour and meal,  
The miller whistles to its sound.*

*if you listen to the rain  
When leaves and birds and bees are dumb,  
hear it pattering on the pane  
Like Andrew beating on his drum.*

*coals beneath the kettle croon,  
And clap their hands and dance in glee;  
even the kettle hums a tune  
To tell you when it's time for tea.*

*world is such a happy place,  
That children, whether big or small,  
ld always have a smiling face,  
And never, never sulk at all.— Selected*



## CAERMARTHEN

scientific books or journalism; it doesn't even necessarily. It is one of the very few Welsh words that have had then it had to come through Latin first.

is the Tywi, or as the English spell it, *Towy*. It is rivers in Wales; and as it is quite near the sea at this in your own conclusions as to the size of Welsh rivers. only thirty miles long: but you can crowd heaps of old fairies and things like that into thirty miles. And matter.

s Caermarthen. It looks ugly enough, because of that once there was a castle there, but now it is a prison. I think that a town like that could have been the home of, most famous Enchanter of European legend; but it is a corruption of *Caerfyrddin*, which means the City name the Normans couldn't pronounce, so they made Merlin is supposed to have lived in the time of Arthur; ed to have lived in the sixth century A. D. But the long before that there was a Roman town at Caerwent by the same name: it was called in Latin *Mari-* merely the Latin corruption of the native Britonic or it looks as if Merlin really lived a long time before the Britain.

the town is the cave in which he lies dreaming or endlessly put spells on him, so that he might not die, but go never be lost to the world. So I suppose he will awake his grand enchantments again.

men: they must go to sleep sometimes, or they would be. When that happens, the people stop progressing; nite, or undertake new projects; they only want to be quiet time, and make little wars among themselves, for anything. So generally they get conquered by people that happens to be awake. In such sleeping countries hear of ancient heroes and magicians who are said to be on the mountain or in some cave, waiting for the time when they lead their people to great things again. In Wales there are such enchanted sleepers: Arthur, and Myrddin, and another man called Owen Redhand, who was a son of Wales, and who became, after the conquest, a great admiral of the navy; Froissart tells you about him. Perhaps it is the story of the Nation; which goes into the Hidden World to sleep; and then, after centuries, when the time comes, suddenly, it comes forth again.

KENNETH MORRIS

With closer eyes on Nature's book,  
They might behold in seeing thee  
A creature robed in brilliancy;  
They might admire thy speckled back  
Begemmed with purple, gold, and black;  
Thy hundred eyes, with diamond rims;  
Thy supple and resplendent limbs.

They call thee cruel; but forget,  
Although thy skilful trap be set  
To capture the unwary prey,  
That thou must eat as well as they.  
No pampered appetites hast thou,  
What kindly Nature's laws allow  
Thou takest for thy daily food,  
And kindly Nature owns it good.

Fie on us! we who hunt and kill,  
Voracious, but unsated still; -  
Who ransack earth, and sea, and air,  
And slay all creatures for our fare,  
Complain of thee, whose instinct leads,  
Unerring, to supply thy needs,  
Because thou takest now and then  
A fly, thy mutton, to thy den.

## ARDEN SPIDER

lightless sneer or laugh;  
voice in thy behalf.  
livest, Nature meant —  
not innocent.  
instinct to obey,  
hand designed thy prey;  
killest, well we know  
thou sport, compels the blow.

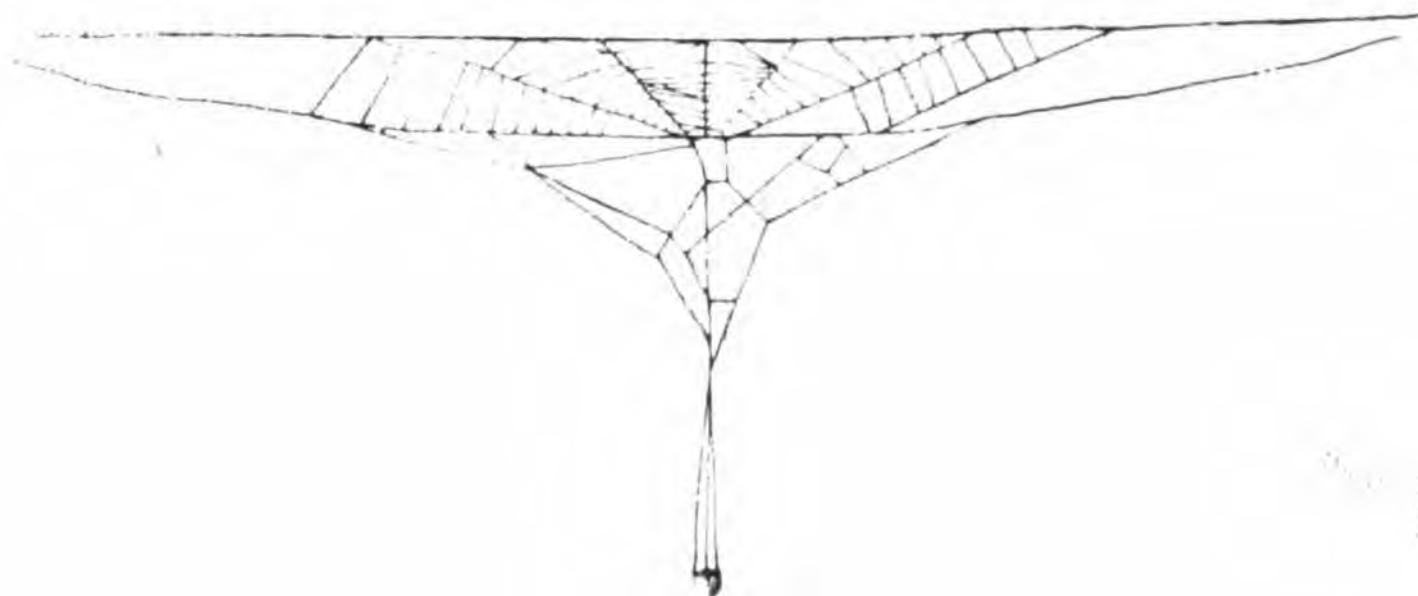
plead thy simple case  
landerers of thy race,  
thy skilful web alone  
thou venial faults alone,  
thou unnoticed by  
in calamity,  
thou endure or wail,  
thou strong as Fate.

thy wind or thunder-shower  
thou in evil hour;  
thou hand of lynx-eyed boy,  
gardener's rake, destroy  
athematic maze  
thou in our garden ways,  
thou nings mar thy rest,  
thou fill thy breast.

perchance deplore thy lot,  
fortune loves thee not;  
if thou sulk and mope,  
groan, forgetting hope;  
patience, calm and true,  
thou all thy work anew,  
thou that Heaven is just  
thou alure of the dust,

thou Providence whose plan  
spiders as to man,  
thou record its aid divine  
thou so lazily repine;  
thou strength to those is given  
thou themselves, and trust in Heaven.  
thou to that faith I cling —  
thou lesson while I sing.— CHARLES MACKAY

each other at the ends and the problem that faced the spider-engineer was to stretch them apart in the middle so as to accommodate the main part of the web. It was also necessary to steady the lower of the two threads so that the whole structure would not be blown about by the wind.



As already explained, the loose dust on the path below prevented a sure attachment to the ground. It seemed as though the spider had let himself down to the path by a thread and had selected a pebble the size of a small peanut; that he had then passed some threads underneath it and hoisted it up after him until it hung three feet above the path. Certainly the little pendulum swung to and fro in the wind, but it was quite steady enough to keep the web stretched and to prevent it from getting crumpled up into folds. Let us hope that the clever little mechanic will succeed in catching

has the  
repeat  
cannot  
by its  
start  
but it  
found  
that t  
spider  
a fresh  
his we  
own s  
Th  
to cor  
spun l  
the w  
It  
especi  
ciation  
hung  
instru  
questi  
of a fly  
see w  
C-



## DER ENGINEER

in catching flies but for a sticky fluid like the threads and to which the flies adhere as pearls. Examine a spider's web carefully and you will find round drops hanging on the threads like pearls. The fluid is sticky like varnish, as you can prove by trying to get caught by getting entangled among the threads of the glutinous fluid which covers the web. The threads break when they get broken, but make new ones as they break (see with the spiders of France). From this it is evident that the work of a spider is like a machine which can only go on and over again in their proper order, but it can adapt itself and deal with each particular break. Spiders have very good reasons for making a fresh web when they are tired of the sticky fluid which catches the flies; it is that it stays sticky for very long. It has been proved by exposure to the air like varnish, and also by washing it off the web, so that perhaps the spider spins an entirely new web and coat the threads with a fresh sticky fluid. It is wonderful how the spider contrives to handle this sticky surface without getting caught in his

web which is no thicker than a human hair, is said to be made of 100 strands, and so exquisitely fine is the line that a piece long enough to reach all around a room is only half a pound!

The stories that we read about spiders however, are mostly old tales about a spider that had such a keen appreciation of music that he dropped from his home in the ceiling and hovered over a violinist whenever he played upon his instrument. It is likely that the spider was considering the vibrations of the strings for the buzzing of the violin. In other words, he was simply prospecting around to pick up something nice for his next meal.

Spiders, and it is common in the summer here at New York City, are found running over the ground carrying their egg-sacks containing perhaps as many as a hundred eggs. If you rob them of their egg-sacks however, and if you rob them of their egg-sacks, they will run away.

It is wonderful intelligence at work among spiders, but it is not surprising that spiders are themselves intelligent. A test of a trap-door spider with the neat, round

## THE DEAN OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE

**J**OHAN QUINCY ADAMS WARD was the dean of American sculpture. He was essentially an American artist, having studied under an American sculptor, the late Henry Kirke Brown, and not having gone to Europe for tuition, though he did go there later on in life. He was born in Ohio, in 1830, of American parents. As a boy he had a great liking for modeling figures in mud and clay, and even dough on baking days.

When he was fifteen he saw a piece of sculpture for the first time and succeeded so well in copying it that his parents sent him to the East to study. His teacher, Henry Kirke Brown, under whom he studied for seven years, had made some studies of Indians as his first work in America and it was quite natural that Ward should turn to this subject. Some time after he went to the West to study Indian life, and his first important work was 'An Indian Hunter,' the first sculpture to stand in Central Park, New York. Perhaps John Quincy Adams Ward's most famous statue is that of Washington, which stands in front of the Sub-Treasury Building, New York City. As a statue it ranks with Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington. Other well known statues are the Beecher memorial, one of Shakespeare, an equestrian statue of Philip Sheridan, and one of Major General George H.

home:  
in the  
nothin  
holds  
long a  
the E  
and v  
I  
the lo  
is the  
tiny i  
than  
They  
good-  
and n  
life th  
Many  
Th  
equal  
the sc  
count  
practi  
nature  
at wh

## YOGA TRAVELER IN MALTA

I write you from Malta? A fortnight here has opened an interesting world of history and romance that I hardly where to begin. And then the people — so kindly, so courteous, so industrious and courteous and brave — I feel I would like to stay here always.

Their land *Fior del Mondo* ('Flower of the World') speak of it as 'England's Eye in the Mediterranean.' More fitting, even though Malta has many flowers in the little gardens that surround the simple itself is little more than a rock. Trees do not flourish here, while the line of forts that surround it suggests war. It is, in fact, one of the famous military strongholds — the strongest vantage-point England has on the threatened road between herself and her possessions in the East. It is often swept by hurricanes, which forest growths like.

Never, 'the islands of Malta,' — they are noted on the map as *Mallesi*, and there are four of them. Malta proper is small. The next size comes Gozo (or Gozzo), then Comino, then a little Comino ('little Comino'). All told, they contain less than our first glimpse of them was not encouraging. Dark and bleak. But after we were pulled ashore by the boatmen in the picturesque, high-prowed *dghaisas*, we felt the charm of the climate and the simple content to stay. Tourists generally feel the same. Especially from England, every year.

More densely populated than any other spot of the islands. They average more than two thousand people to the square mile. There are many beggars, of course, as in all the Mediterranean. But from choice evidently, and extreme poverty is rare. The people are very industrious and self-reliant by reason of the steady market for the goldsmith and filigree work here, and for the famous 'Maltese lace' made by the women. The island is prosperous always. Besides, England employs Malta in keeping up of her defenses, and Nature, with right management, will produce three and four crops each year.

And there was a festival and all the people turned out. Festivals, for surely so many would not crowd the streets were not the case, in a land where there are no less than five festivals a year! And they make a happy and beautiful sight. Scarfs, sashes and caps picked out like the bits

## A TRAVELER IN MALTA

and others. Modern structures mingle with process of construction with the drawbridges,ieval days.

ved by some scholars to be derived from the

That is not improbable, for the island is well from the storms of nature and those of war, have played about and over it since history gan. The little bay near La Valetta is believed to be the spot upon which Paul landed en shipwrecked, and the Maltese will show i the very grotto where they believe that lodged while on their shores. They will grave-tell you, also, that there are no poisonous kes on the island because Paul put a ban on them! However that may be, there *are* ie, and it is somewhat of a comfort to know at fact when clambering over or creeping ough the crumbling ruins of which Malta s such an abundance!

But quite beyond history there are legends ich go back into the mists of time. Malta, s tradition, was anciently the home of the clopes of Homeric lore, and Gozo is the led isle of the enchantress Calypso, visd by Ulysses. And there are great stone so-called 'giant's tower,' which certainly date ne story of which archaeology is not able to osophical books.

many times. The Phoenicians once held it, in the third century B. C. The Vandals took years after that. In 870 the Arabs took pos- or nearly a thousand years. The Arab strain e wonderful examples of Moorish architecture hat the language is of pure Arab origin (so ed with the Mediterranean *palois*, testifies to render Malta in their turn — this time to the at was; and Napoleon surrendered the pos- i a few months.

ity') is the ancient capital of Malta. There compared with a bustling modern city, that is. e have missed. The atmosphere of a wonderful ruin and crumbling wall. For ruins there are



hospitable and kindly, as though it felt the temper of the people themselves.

How many worlds there are within our great world! And what a sweet breath to the tired traveler is the bare meeting with a simple contented people like the Maltese! It makes you feel more, love more, and long to serve more — and what else are we here for? A RÂJA-YOGA TRAVELER

## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

### VII



HE fox was formerly distinguished by having a noun of multitude all to himself, so that a little group of foxes was referred to as a 'skulk' of foxes. To skulk means to get out of the way in a sneaking manner, and so perhaps the word was used in reference to their sly, secretive behavior as they rapidly retire from view.

We are quite at liberty however to speculate as to whether it may not be connected with the Icelandic word *skjol*, which means a place of shelter; if so, then a 'skulk' of foxes would mean a family of foxes living all together in the same *skjol* or burrow. The writer once watched the playful gambols of a skulk of foxes from the top of a haystack, from which point of vantage the foxes could be seen distinctly on the opposite side of the valley. Five or six of the young cubs were frolicking about like puppies in a high state of excitement, and chasing one another up and down the sunny slope of the hill.

## IN DICTIONARY-LAND

ple on the water grew,

porpoise flashed in view."

e reminded that whales and porpoises are not  
als shaped somewhat like fish and resembling

In former times however almost everything  
lassed with the fishes.

s had set some kind of a standard for the spelling  
as spelt in six different ways and all of them  
coole, scool, scole, scule, scull, and skull, so that  
de range of spellings to choose from and could

But even now, after so many years of printed  
lutely fixed, and eminent writers like Coleridge,  
metimes deliberately set at nought the authority  
spelt certain words just as they thought fit.  
n for wrong spelling, and the dictionaries can  
toms in spelling, but cannot lay down the law:  
ot decree. In the United States we have long  
the spelling brought over by the Pilgrim Fathers,  
ark; cheque, check; drachm, dram; liquorice,

solitary in their habits; but they are occasional-  
ties, as it is probably an advantage for a number  
ile hunting. When evening falls they lay their  
shake the air with the terrific thunder of their  
es and zebras gallop madly to and fro and sooner  
distance of the crouching lions. A French hunter  
group of sixteen lions when hunting in northern  
readers fall in with such a formidable assembly  
'That is a fine 'pride' of lions," and then quickly  
borhood. The dictionary gives us no help as to  
noun of multitude; but it was probably invented  
ey came into contact with the King of Beasts  
e Danish word *prud*, which is nearly related to  
d magnificent, and certainly a number of wild  
attitudes while they gaze disdainfully at the rash  
solitudes, might well be called a 'pride' of lions.  
e captive lion has a much more impressive mane  
ite of nature. Thorns, twigs, and briars are con-  
anes of the wild lions and tearing out little tufts  
ave a thin and ragged look; whereas the captive  
h wear and tear and so accumulates that massive  
ts his wild relations in the second class.

and is derived from the Latin *mostra*, a review of troops. There is nothing very military about peacocks, unless perhaps it is their splendid uniform; but the word might be far better applied to assemblies of the quaint penguin of the Antarctic, which stand upright and frequently march in regular rank and file like soldiers. It may be mentioned that the meeting of numerous musters of peacocks in the jungles of India is always looked upon as a very good sign that there are tigers in the neighborhood, as the presence of these birds never fails to attract the fierce, striped robber of the forests.

In olden times a group of herons was called a 'siege' (or 'sedge') of herons. 'Siege' is simply the old French *siège*, which was taken from the Latin *sedes*, a seat. These graceful, long-legged wading-birds are often seen to stand for hours, expectant of their prey of fish and water-rats along the shallow margins of the lakes and pools; and as one of the meanings of *siège* was the waiting in an attitude of watchfulness for prey, we can easily see how a number of herons came to be known as a 'siege.' When an army lays 'siege' to a city, it 'sits' down outside the walls with a view to its capture. A 'siege' of herons was often spelled 'sedge,' and here the young student is tempted to say that a 'sedge' of herons clearly means a group of these birds standing among the sedge, a very common grass in swamps or on the shelving margins of lakes. It is however quite certain that it has no connection with sedge, the water-grass whose blades have sharp cutting edges. Readers of Tennyson may remember the "siege perilous" in his poem of 'The Holy Grail'; but here siege means a 'seat,' which is exactly what *sedes* means in Latin, and it is used here in its original meaning.

" to point out

## MALDON

old days when hawks were flown and trained  
d birds, among the favorite victims was the  
omplete contrast to a hernshaw that only the  
uld possibly confound the two birds, so that  
stupid person, that he could not tell a hawk  
vking went out of fashion, people began to  
and finally changed it to the more familiar  
he saying has quite lost its point and we say  
handsaw." The saying in its corrupted form  
akespeare's play of 'Hamlet.' UNCLE LEN



## MALDON

in the flat eastern County of Essex in England,  
ackwater, close to the sea and forty-four miles

ntiquity and it possesses some ancient and inter-  
Townhall of the reign of Henry VI, a Grammar  
d some interesting churches, the principal one  
hich dates from 1056 and has a curious Early  
eing triangular in plan. This has a remarkable

ant place in Roman times, and there are traces  
ne suburbs. The population is about seven thou-  
other factories.

lage of Purleigh, of great interest to Americans,  
great grandfather of George Washington, was  
there from 1632 until 1642, when he was expelled  
tower of this church has been restored by enthusi-  
ington Memorial. R.



## TELLS ABOUT THE PICNIC

1) while those tender tributes were being the older students, and also by the tiny to go to school. Every little while out : 'cheep-cheep!' or 'tr-r-r-r-r-r-e-e-e-l' or that just *had* to be sung!

s enjoyed the most were the songs by the Swedish national dance. The pictures t they need all the imagination you can you a really complete picture of the color movement and charm of it.

egree, what the brilliant Swedish national en has been for centuries one of the great d her people are known everywhere. If nen imagine a group of little tots, hardly elves, decked out in the lovely colors of d nature-beauty and ancient lore; and if esides all this, in the lovely nature-setting the foliage a veritable patch-work of rare brilliant hues of international flags fluttering ou can imagine this loveliness all edged and nd if you then can see these happy tots mic movement of the old Swedish national no words from Jenny Oriole!

to the birthday festival: they danced and t a mistake through confusing figures. And ause so heartily and so long that one of the said, "Why, the birds are in the audience,

om the full chorus, a rich and lovely ending sic, art, and above all the drama, had lent nd a real Rāja-Yoga spirit of fun to honor Teacher without whom there would be no ldren learning what real Brotherhood means, ing in their treetop kingdom in perfect safety.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

*Apples in the orchard  
Mellowing one by one;  
Strawberries upturning  
Soft cheeks to the sun;  
Roses faint with sweetness,  
Lilies fair of face,  
Drowsy scents and murmurs  
Haunting every place;  
Lengths of golden sunshine,  
Moonlight bright as day,—  
Don't you think that summer's  
Pleasanter than May?*

*Roger in the corn-patch  
Whistling negro songs;  
Pussy by the hearth-side  
Romping with the tongs;  
Chestnuts in the ashes  
Bursting through the rind;  
Red leaf and golden leaf  
Rustling down the wind;  
Mother doin' peaches,  
All the afternoon,—  
Don't you think that autumn's  
Pleasanter than June?*

*Little fairy snow-flakes  
Dancing in the flue;  
Old Mr. Santa Claus,  
What is keeping you?  
Twilight and firelight  
Shadows come and go;  
Merry chime of sleigh bells  
Tinkling through the snow;  
Mother knitting stockings,  
Pussy's got the ball,—  
Don't you think that winter's  
Pleasanter than all? [Selected]*

## BIRDS AT POINT LOMA

or little girls going around all sad and ashamed."  
s us the easy way. It says there is no need to  
as-Matty did. When Madame Tingley founded  
ol she named it 'The School of Prevention.' Now  
e is joy" in that School. AUNT ESTHER



*a Academy of Sciences*

RALONE ISLANDS BIRD ROOKERY

## A-BIRDS AT POINT LOMA

when down on the rocks by the sea, I was watch-  
icans and gulls. There were about a hundred of  
. Some sat on the water floating about, and  
re flying around.

/ interesting. When they finish resting, they  
ater. Then they fly till they are between two  
e the water; then, all of a sudden, they turn  
d wings and tumble into the water. They  
a minute afterwards and do the same trick  
icans never fly when a wave breaks, they dive  
the seagulls always fly away.

along the road once when we saw a rock where  
ty seagulls. They look so pretty when they

of a sudden a wave broke a little behind him, and when it got to him he woke and looked around. When he saw the wave, he plunged under the surface and was gone.

GÖSTA VON G.

## TWO WHITE MICE

**M**ISS FUZZY and Miss Wuzzy are two little white mice. They live in a big wire cage. They have a nest to sleep in, a pitcher of water to drink from, a nice tray for their food, and some branches to climb upon and play among.

They are great gymnasts. They run up the sides of the wire and across the top of their nest to the branches. Then they swing themselves up on the bending branches and run around on them.

Their nest is an empty tea caddy, and their bed is made of pieces of soft newspaper, torn very fine. They like to make their own nest. We give them the pieces of newspaper (they do not like wool) and then they pick up the pieces in their little mouths and carry them to the nest and stuff them in. By and by the nest is filled with soft bits that make a very nice bed.

Miss Fuzzy and Miss Wuzzy look very cunning when they take



## GRANDPA'S STORY

Grandpa was seated in the doorway of his house, made of a discarded hull of a boat. Harold, his eldest son, was watching the deft old fingers as they worked on a boat, when suddenly, "Tell us a story, Grandpa," said the balmy ocean air as three sturdy youngsters came running playfully. Then they remembered themselves, and said again, very politely,

"Please tell us a story! We'll listen, and not make a bit of noise."

All sorts of kind little wrinkles showed around Grandpa's eyes as he smiled at the youngsters, and asked the usual question: "What about?"

"Adventures!" said Fred.

"Shipwreck!" cried Donald.

"Tell about some animals," added Hugh; and then they all waited.

"Grandpa" was old Captain William Hudson, who had spent thirty years of his life on merchant vessels plying in all parts of the world; and if ever there was a man who knew a story to



FIGURE-BUILDING

be told. So he began:

"It was in the 'eighties,' when my ship was the clipper between Liverpool and Bombay. I was on the voyage with a cargo of horses — three hundred of them. Until off the coast of Africa we were becalmed. Do you know what it means to be *becalmed*?"

Harold answered promptly. "It's when the wind goes down and the sails, and the ship is bound to stand still."

man, doled out the water to the horses — one bucketful a day for each; and when watering-time came the animals formed a line and marched slowly past him, each one drinking his share from the bucket Hardy held. It took hours to do the job: the line of horses was like one of those endless belts that keep on coming and coming.

Hardy was nearly worn out one day, when suddenly he looked up, and what he saw nearly made him upset the bucket. The horse that was drinking was a very strikingly marked animal,— not another one anything like him in the whole shipload — and here he was, coming for a *second* drink of water!

'He had his drink a quarter of an hour ago!' exclaimed Hardy."

Here the boys shouted with laughter, because they saw what had happened, but Grandpa went on:

"Yes, those horses were right cunning. They were still thirsty, and what did they do but attach themselves to the end of the line, and come around again for a second helping! And there's no telling how long it would have gone on, if it hadn't been for that little red and white horse that Hardy recognized."

"I hope you let them all go on and have another drink," said

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up.

## GRANDPA'S STORY

'mascot.' It was rather lonesome out there. When I went on deck, I spied a vessel coming rate. I called Hardy and Leonard, my first men knew what to make of it; because it was queerer. And no wonder! When it came to what they call a 'derelict'—just a drifting board. Still, we thought we saw something we drew up nearer; and what do you think it was? It was a great Newfoundland dog, the biggest I ever saw, but very thin for it was starving. Nothing on board that hulk.

Could he see us? I rather think he was! He was too far off about, but we managed to get him onto the deck. We gave him broth, and fed him up, and he was as fat as a larder in a day or two."

"What did you do with him?"

"I brought him to this very house, and he was a famous dog. His favorite resting-place was this very door-

"He has been old Bruno, that we've heard so much of lately."

"Thinking of that deserted ship. "What did you do with him?" he asked.

"I brought him behind our vessel and brought it into port, and he was disposed of by the proper people," replied Grandpa, "added, "Look at the size of that moon coming and have a look at it."

"Tell us *why* you took that old drifting boat," said Grandpa, "wasn't any good to anyone, was it?"

"I said Grandpa, "but it might have collided with our ship in the darkness and caused great loss of life. Derelicts are dangerous things, my boy.

"He appeared around the corner of the house. M. S.

we cannot love our  
own country or under-  
stand it unless  
we *do* love others.  
But on Fourth  
of July we always  
have, besides pa-  
triotic things, sports  
games and sports  
grounds. These grounds are  
'is an old, old word. Today  
or college like our own  
basketball and other games  
races and so on. But what  
of war.'



THE BROWNITAS HARD AT WORK

the girls had  
the little l  
cross the l

"The Bro  
have won!"  
body calle  
How the 'B  
itas' did

They had n

pected to win. But they had found the knack of *pulling together*

We boys hadn't found it — at least not soon enough. We  
just as well own up. But wait till the next time!

The next time came a few weeks later. We Brownitos we  
terminated to make a better record, too. For one thing, we fe  
had earned the right to *have* a better record, for our work in ou  
maland home and school had been better than ever. We had  
trying hard and it was





*Landseer*

'PIPERS AND NUTCRACKERS'

## LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE FOF



IR Edwin Landseer was a famous painter of the last century. His pictures are very much loved because so many of them tell stories of animals, especially dogs. They always tell beautiful and gentle stories. There is something about them that makes one feel better and happier than before.

# RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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## TO A CHILD

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

*Small service is true service while it lasts:  
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one:  
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.*

## WIN THE GAME



NOBODY likes to be beaten. Whether in games or work, everybody strives for success and feels that he ought to have it. And he will, if he knows the rules of the game and concentrates his mind on the details that bring success. Just now, all over the country, growing boys and girls and even their small brothers and sisters are beginning to play one of the most interesting and exciting games we know — the game of GOING TO SCHOOL.

This is a game we have to win against ourselves mostly, for the only things that make us lose the game are things inside ourselves. It is a wrestling match between our text-books and our minds, to see which is the most supple, quick, and strong. Every time a lesson is learned, that means that so much strength and life has been added to our minds, making them more able to do the next lesson. But when laziness, inattention, or dislike of the real fun of working makes us shirk or neglect the rules, then the mere printed pages prove stronger and make us dissatisfied with ourselves and disappointed to our parents and friends.

Râja-Yoga can give you the secret of winning this game, and if you play it right, it will never seem like hard, tiresome work. In the Râja-Yoga School study is looked upon as a pleasure — a fine, bracing exercise that strengthens and invigorates the mind, just as tennis, football, and rowing make strong lungs and firm, supple muscles. That secret is attention only in other words, application.

When one is studying, every other thought, no matter how enticing, should be sent away, and the door to the mind locked fast against these entertaining visitors that make us lose so much time and energy. As you

## WIN THE GAME



IN THE RĀJA-YOGA ACADEMY GARDEN, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

portant? Why then let thoughts go roaming everywhere, to get lost among the clouds?

Have you ever thought that going to school is only one of the departments of the big training-school called LIFE? It is so, and the lessons of patience, carefulness, courtesy, and thoughtfulness for others, that we learn there, are our diplomas for entering more advanced grades. It is such an interesting department that sometimes people forget that there are other classes to be entered, and they spend all their time and interest in books. Now books are written from life, and in themselves they are not the end of education. They only prepare and train us to be able to meet real life outside of the class-rooms. So, in either case, whether we do nothing but study books, remaining content with things *about* life instead of *with life itself*, or whether we neglect our books and miss the training that makes us able to understand life — in either case, we have lost the game and missed our mark.

So, now that the class-room doors are open once more, and we stand ready, waiting for the words "Set, go!" let us pause a moment and see that we have prepared ourselves by collecting every bit of mind-energy we possess, have stopped up all the chinks in the mind by which energy leaks out, and are ready to play the game according to the rule and win out. K. H.

ST TABLE

E-BEE

MERSON

umble-bee,  
clime for me.  
Rique,  
eas to seek;  
one!  
eerer,  
g lines;  
hy hearer,  
d vines.

re;

*Tells of countless sunny hours,  
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;  
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound  
In Indian wildernesses found;  
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.*

*Aught unsavory or unclean  
Hath my insect never seen;  
But violets and bilberry bells,  
Maple-sap and daffodels,  
Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
Succory to match the sky,  
Columbine with horn of honey,  
Scented fern, and agrimony,  
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue  
And brier-roses, dwell among;  
All beside was unknown waste,  
All was picture as he passed.*

*Wiser far than human seer,*



there and the retired, serious life encouraged the boy to look inward, and when he was only twelve years old he began to believe firmly in the divinity within and to feel that he must devote his life to some noble purpose.

Admiral Penn was a successful man, fond of worldly advancement, and he wished his son to be a courtier. He himself had served under Cromwell, but he lost interest in the Commonwealth and offered to turn the navy over to the exiled king, Charles II, and when the latter was on the throne after the Restoration, he did not forget this and was very friendly to Admiral Penn and his family.

So William was sent to Oxford University as a beginning of his career. He was thoughtful, but of a very happy disposition and fond of sports, in which he excelled. At Oxford he heard about the Quakers and went to hear one of them, Thomas Loe, preach. What he listened to appealed to him strongly, for the Quakers believed in an 'inward light' and William Penn had already discovered that for himself. He learned too that the Quakers were planning to have a country of their own, far across the sea, where they would not be persecuted for their religion, and this idea made a deep impression on William. When the Quaker students had their meetings interfered with, he resisted along with them and was dismissed from the University. Admiral Penn was much displeased with his son, but, hoping to make him forget all about the Quakers, he sent him to France, with introductions to the great people in Paris. William was received at the court of Louis XIV and attended the magnificent entertainments there; but all

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s life to some noble purpose  
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nself had served under Cromwell  
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disposition and fond of  
about the Quakers and  
What he listened to appeal  
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mself. He learned too that  
of their own, far across the  
their religion, and this idea  
uaker students had their meet  
em and was dismissed from  
leased with his son, but  
no sent him to France, with

by his father, but no  
persuasion could alter  
his decision, and so  
he became a Quaker  
preacher. Henceforth  
he was looked upon  
by the Quakers as a  
teacher and leader,  
and he was sent to  
prison so often for  
holding Quaker meet-  
ings and for his eager  
speeches and writings  
on their teachings that

once when the Tower official was  
ordering a military guard to go with  
him, he told him there was no need  
for this. "I know the way," said  
Penn.

In prison and out Penn wrote  
books in defence of liberty of con-  
science and



WILLIAM PENN

for his serene endurance of  
cution. The King would never  
repaid the money but he g  
Penn the land, and after  
delays the charter was sign  
Charles II in 1681.

Then Penn busied himself

this, seeing that  
was no hope of  
liberty in Eng  
that time, Pen  
the King, to  
Admiral Penn  
a large sum of  
to grant him  
of land in A  
The Admiral h  
not long before  
peace with h  
whom he had  
to respect and

## PRINCESS SANGHAMITTA AND THE BO-TREE



NE of the wisest rulers ever known in India was the great Aśoka, who ruled as King of Magadha or Behar in the third century B. C. He built hospitals and good roads through his kingdom, established schools, and in every way worked to help the people and build up his kingdom by peaceful means. He is most noted for his great work in gathering together the sacred books, which were being scattered and obscured, and for his effort to purify Buddhism, the religion of his people. This was made necessary because wicked men had put on the robes of religion and were deceiving and preying upon the people.

His son and daughter, Prince Mahindo and the Princess Sanghamitta, were among his most devoted helpers, and in 245 B. C. the Prince went to Ceylon to establish a center of Buddhism there and help the people as his father was doing in India. He was particularly placed in charge of building the wonderful Thuparama dagoba or temple, "still one of the glories of the ruined city of Anurâdhapurâ."

Shortly after his arrival a number of Ceylonese women desired to enter the order which Prince Mahindo founded and devote themselves as he was doing to helping humanity. So the Prince sent for his sister, the Princess Sanghamitta, who had entered the Buddhist order at the same time he had and was helping her father in his efforts to bring about a better and happier life in his realm.

The Princess responded at once and brought with her to Ceylon a band of young women who, like herself, had entered the order to devote their lives to others. In addition she brought a branch of the great Bo-tree which was then growing at Budh-gâyâ on the site of the present temple there. It was held to be the very tree under which Buddha, the great religious teacher of India, won his final battle in self-mastery before going out as a helper of humanity, and it was considered sacred.

The Bo-tree belongs to the botanical order known as *ficus religiosa* and is characterized by a curious method of propagating itself. When the central trunk has reached a certain growth it throws out branches which send roots straight downward into the soil, and presently there is another tree growing by the side of the parent trunk and still attached to it from above. This tree sends out other shoots or branches in the same manner and in course of time you have a little grove of trees, all attached to the one central trunk.

The Bo-tree branch which the Princess brought with her to Ceylon was planted at Anurâdhapurâ, near the Ruwanwaeli dagoba; and there it is growing still. It is beyond all doubt the oldest tree in the world which can boast of a chain of authentic documents positively attesting its age. Professor Rhys Davids of Oxford and other learned men have written about this tree, which is now (since it was planted in 245 B. C.) 2165 years old. It has been well cared for always, and when it began to show signs of age



tree of Orbiay, the *Fraxinifera* of Campania, near

Mount Etna. But all these estimates are matters of conjecture; and such calculations, however ingenious, must be purely inferential: whereas the age of the Bo-tree is *a matter of record*, its conservancy has been an object of solicitude to successive dynasties, and the story of its vicissitudes has been preserved in a series of continuous chronicles, among the most authentic that have been handed down by mankind. Compared with it the Oak of Ellerslie is but a sapling, and the Conqueror's Oak in Windsor Forest barely numbers half its years. The Yew trees of Fountain's Abbey are believed to have flourished there 1200 years ago, the Olives in the Garden of Gethsemane were full grown when the Saracens were expelled from Jerusalem; and the Cypress of Sorna, in Lombardy, is said to have been a tree at the time of Julius Caesar: yet the Bo-tree is older than the oldest of these by a century; and would almost seem to verify the prophecy when it was planted, that it would 'flourish and be green forever.' "

EMILY E. S.

## · EVERY DAY ITS TASK

WHAT is more delightful than to feel that every day, every hour even, has its own task? Children especially love to know that something is waiting to be done "next." The prospect of an idle hour is most unpleasant to them.

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"



## RIN TINKLE OF THE MUSHROOMS

**F**ATHER and Betty Maud were hunting mushrooms. Father called them 'agarics,' but Father is a professor of mycology, which means that he knows about mushrooms in a scientific way: where they grow and how they grow and when, and which are poisonous and which are not, and which are parasites and which are not, and so on and on and on. There are so many things to know about mushrooms!

So Betty Maud was thinking, anyway, as she tramped the sunny fields and peered about fallen trees and damp, hidden places at the edge of the woods. It was a red-letter day. To go off on a 'mushroom hunt' with Father and a sketch-pad and a jolly little lunch put up by dear old Hannah was the sum of happiness for Betty Maud.

Father called Betty Maud his 'little scientist.' He had had an artist's training in his younger days — a priceless asset to any student of nature — and when Betty Maud began to 'draw things' as a tiny tot, he gave her careful training and help. As a result, she could now record in pencil or color any specimen that it would help to have recorded in that way. She could make accurate drawings of 'sections' and 'stains' and all sorts of infinitesimal things under the microscope, while her color-box was a real magician's court out of which would come trooping at command whole phalanxes of those fairy tints and color surprises that characterize so many lovely specimens of the mushroom family.

"Why not stop here for lunch?" said Father at last, as they neared a giant pine. "It's a good place to leave our specimens, for we may have quite a search this afternoon. I must find a good *clavaria*. But first let me see what I have," he continued, his thoughts on the needs of his class. "Oh yes, my dependable *campestris*," as he set out on an improvised table some sturdy specimens of the common meadow mushroom, and beside them a tumbly, funny cluster of 'brick-tops,' a handsome 'golden chanterelle,' a cluster of 'fairy rings,' and some graceful 'parasols.'

"I want a color sketch of this 'golden chanterelle,'" said Father. "It's quite the finest we have found. Suppose you do this while I look further for the 'corals.' I'll keep close by."



Betty Maud set to work at once. She was only twelve, but what she had been trained to do she knew how to do, when required, and with definiteness and despatch. "Musicians are ready when asked," was Father's theory, "and artists should be"; and so it was nothing unusual for him to ask for an hour's careful work in the midst of all kinds of woodsy fun, and Betty Maud,

## RIN TINKLE OF THE MUSHROOMS

"Oh, I wish I dared ask him things," said Betty Maud to herself again.

"Well, why don't you?" said the elf. "You love us and treat our mushroom palaces kindly, and see the beauty in them and all: we'd tell you a lot of things if you asked — we would!"

But Betty Maud's eyes were fastened on the 'fairy ring,' from which the last of the sprites were now tripping or sailing away. "Oh, don't go!" she exclaimed, as big tears stood in her eyes, "Don't go!"

Rin Tinkle fairly shook, he was so in earnest. "Why, Betty Maud, they've got duties, same as you! They're going to that big cluster of lichens that you passed in the Gray Rocks. And they're going to stay there, too — only of course for little playtimes like this — till those hard rocks are all crumbly and gentle and made into lovely rich soil. What would you humans do for wheat and corn and things if we fairies and elves and pixies didn't stick close to our duties *for you*?"

"But Father said it was acids did all that — *secreted*, you know, Rin Tinkle, and —"

Rin Tinkle pulled himself up to his full height. "*Acids!* Outrageous! Absurd! Do I look like an — an *acid*? Did they?" and he pointed to the 'fairy ring' again. "Acids indeed! How would you like being called a — a — *phosphate*, Betty Maud?" Then he softened. "No, you don't dream, you humans, how much we could tell you if you would believe in us and listen — only *you* have to open the door to it; we cannot do it alone."

"But how?" Betty Maud was willing to be laughed at and even lectured if only Rin Tinkle would go on.

"By *loving* us, Betty Maud, and believing that we're something besides — *acids!* You *do* love us and so does your father. He's a very promising scientist — we think so, anyway, and we quite respect him." Rin Tinkle went on soberly, like a little professor himself. "Some people, who *call* themselves scientists, of course we cannot respect. They hurt and they destroy, and think that's the way to find out our big secrets. That's just the way *not* to. But kindness and love reach anywhere — even to things that you don't believe in at all — pixies, for instance, eh?" and the little mite slyly winked.

"I wish I could take you home with me, Rin Tinkle, said Betty Maud.

"Why, a lot of my cousins live there now! What do you suppose makes the bread rise, and the mould to form on food that has been set away when it shouldn't have been (that's our reminder to careless housewives), and the milk to turn just right for making gingersnaps, or butter? We fairies of the fungus clan, of course. We're such a big family, and such a busy one! A fine time you humans would have if we were as careless of our duties as—" Rin Tinkle stopped, embarrassed.

"Say it right out," said Betty Maud. "It's all true enough, I guess.

## K, THE FATHER OF BOTANY IN SWEDEN

*a translation from 'The Wonderful Adventures of  
the Swedish People' by Carl Grimberg*

memorable event at Upsala when in 1652 Queen Kristina, splendid court of Swedish and foreign savants, attended at the University. The lecturer was a young student, 19 years of age, to whom rumor ascribed a valuable knowledge of science. It was Olof Rudbeck, son of the great bishop, who disclosed the secrets of some of the minute tubes to his surprised audience.

19 years old Olof had been considered by his father ready for university. The lad was allowed to put aside his frieze suit and ordinary garb of high-school pupils, and to don the student's frock with shiny buttons and a sword at the belt. Young Olof was agitated about in his new clothes, letting everyone know that he was, until his father ordered the youngster to lay aside the old familiar garb and go back to his school bench. This was a hard blow, but this year of trial proved of immense value, of scorned vanity and show ever afterwards.

Olof Rudbeck immediately showed his preference for natural history. He quickly learned all the professors could teach him. He examined everything he came across in order to dissect it together. He saw further than any one else, and with his mind divined the great connecting links of nature. His fame spread beyond the borders of Sweden.

On the Queen's visit to Upsala, she and the great statesman, made it possible for Rudbeck to take a trip to Holland, a glorious state, the land of horticulture and all the natural world. Botany became his favorite study; he called it "the mother of all the branches of science, and the first one given by the hand of creation."

Olof studied the many ingenious inventions for which Holland was famous, as if he had intended to become an engineer. He learned of the benefits which his country was to receive through the knowledge he had acquired, and when he came back to Upsala he showed to all his valuable collections of plants, his models and his explanations. The appointed hour arrived — the visitor. He burst into bitter tears, grieved over his own people's indifference of his countrymen. But this dis-

## THE FATHER OF BOTANY IN SWEDEN

ers. At last nearly all the figures were cut out, and been printed, ample testimony not only of the editor's scientific exactness and surprising knowledge of the work was broken off for ever by a calamity, which

was a stupendous work to treat of Sweden's ancient Antiquity had been founded, and throughout the real in copying runestones and other monuments, in mounds, in collecting ancient relics and manuscripts, folk-tales and traditions. Olof Rudbeck caught the an ardent archaeologist. True, he had not the necessary and languages, but 'impossible' was a word he had the idea that the lost Atlantis was no place other. He presented his ideas with boundless imagination and believed what he wrote, but later discoveries have shown he was in error about this.

Olof's intensely active life was approaching. Evening with peace and tranquility, sweetened by universal love. Then came a crushing disaster. At Easter, 1712, a fire, a psala, which turned almost the whole city into ashes. The flames from roof to roof. The wooden houses, almost exclusively built, had been made tinder and acted drought and an unusually hot season. The old within its walls the library, the most valuable city, was threatened. "On the top of the house," 'in a vortex of sparks, in the flames and smoke was of an old man whose long gray locks were tossed by Olof Rudbeck, who, from the shingle roof which was directing the fire-engines and issuing commands with voice, every word of which could be clearly heard as (a river). Word was brought him that his own house fruits of four decades, his botanical works and his were being consumed by the flames. In vain! He stood. And all that *could* be saved was preserved through the strenuousness of the old man of seventy-two.

After the great calamity, the old man went to work again in the city of Upsala, which was adopted. But in the midst suddenly taken ill. A few days more — and his active life.

KARIN N., *a Swedish Râja-Yoga Student*



## N OLD HOUSE AND ITS GARDEN

er rows of small geraniums and calceolarias being potted at — if they grew — when the warm weather arrived. In were big beds of purple iris in which we used to pretend a mass of Jerusalem artichokes at the bottom of the kitchen our 'jungle' when we played 'lions and elephants.' Then white, and red currant bushes and gooseberry bushes; cherry trees, and a very big chestnut tree with its heart was so old.

of the garden near our 'jungle' there was a big weeping-'armchairs' among the branches. We often had great fun ground right from the top over the outside branches.

nd pathways were of yellow gravel, and the borders were old box trees scattered here and there in the beds of flowers. iburnum, lilac, and holly trees which gave their beautiful ons, and in summer big sunflowers were grown in various to eat the seed in winter when the snow was on the ground. was surrounded by tall fences and walls and fine old birch, es, and the gates were so big and heavy that the man at open them for us.

ame to see us they always took away big bunches of ne, corn flowers, irises, or any of the many other beautiful there, and it must have made them happier, I am sure, eautiful old-world place away from the noise and turmoil

re were all the better for living in such a pleasant place, ie how busy they were playing at 'mud pies' and other use or stables on wet days, and having rides all around / when it was fine.

rything must be changed now, for I know that the old truck by lightning soon after we left. Many alterations was sold as an addition to municipal works. T. B. M.

## HO INVENTED THE COMPASS?

uang-Ti, a philosopher and a very great ruler, is be- ted the compass. He ruled over China many centuries era. In any case we know that the Chinese have used e thousands of years, and it was re-invented, so to say, teenth century by one Flavio Gioja of Amalfi. The e known it earlier, however. The compass with which perfected sometime in the seventeenth century.

## CURSORS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

frequentative verbs we can discover. Such indoor sports  
ndid exercise and cause no pain to any creature, which  
e said of bird and rabbit hunting.

ry familiar noun of multitude and means among other  
s bred; strictly speaking it should be applied only to  
ecause to brood has the special meaning of to "sit upon  
otes a number of young birds going about in the care  
differs from bevy and covey inasmuch as these words  
amilies which have reached their full growth, but which  
er by the ties of family affection.

d's nest are sometimes referred to as a 'clutch' of eggs.  
rd clutch means as many eggs as you can grasp in your  
it it was used later on in a special sense for the number  
ys to sit upon. Thus the proper clutch for a domestic  
teen eggs.

of quail's eggs was found near the Academy this spring  
wo eggs. On some of the eggs the spots were faint  
s again had the spots richly colored and large. There  
es of egg-marking makes it probable that two mothers  
one nest. Some readers may wonder that eggs are  
il nouns of multitude, and may raise the objection  
animal. You certainly cannot call an egg a mineral  
le of lime, and just as certainly an egg is not a member  
m, and as it requires nothing but heat to transform  
ay fairly say that it is an animal although in a very  
ence.

ingales used to be known as a 'watch' of nightingales.  
ns more than to keep guard and to be vigilant, for  
ed to 'wake' and signifies to refrain from sleep as  
rd while others are sleeping. To watch was former-  
osite of ward, which meant to guard by day. When  
atch and ward" we are not using two words with

but we imply that guard is being kept both by  
the object under protection is being continuously

used in olden times for the whole body of watch-  
c, unlighted streets of Merrie England, protecting  
fire and maintaining public order. We find this  
speare's play, Richard II, Act V, Scene III and

they say, as stand in narrow lanes,  
- watch, and rob our passengers."

## IN DICTIONARY-LAND

first place for any kind of birds at liberty  
nehow it has come to be chiefly applied to  
or geese. There is a very ridiculous misuse  
speare's play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*,  
1 but boastful weaver is made to say: "A  
adful thing; for there is not a more fearful

Of course he should have said 'wild-beast.'  
omething by the wrong name and is called  
siest ways of making people laugh. In the  
phant a humming-bird, or a buffalo a house-  
ence you would be rewarded with a laugh  
dered a very high-class form of wit.

ce the carpenter says, "Bless thee, Bottom!  
ould have said "transformed.' UNCLE LEN

CKS

YOYLE

*in bloom*

*er.*

*of gloom*

*our.*

*ilight hours*

*be heard*

*t flowers,*

*ning bird.*

*seen,*

*els blown,*

*ind green,*

*lly shown.*

— Selected



## THE MASON-BEE

er nest the bee comes with a little ball of mortar in a circular pad on the pebble or foundation the forelegs, and above all the mandibles, are e works the material, and it is kept plastic gradually disgorged. In order to consolidate l the size of a lentil are inserted separately, as yet soft mass. This is the foundation of

ery much the same way as man does. To e employs coarse materials — *i. e.*, big pieces t hewn stones. She chooses them carefully, hardest bits, generally with corners, which, utual support and contribute to the solidity

ne cell, on top of a paste which consists of

This paste has been made by the thought- comes to life it will have a means of suste- e whole cell is quickly covered with a lid l is securely fastened on, then a second cell d then a third, up to six or even ten. The t has been begun until it is quite finished, extremes of heat and cold, she builds a of a material which is impermeable to eat.

he shape of a rough dome equal to half owing might take it for a round lump of rays the contents; there is not the least e of work; to an inexperienced eye it of mud and nothing more." But to ating little world of ingenuity, effort, LOUISE R. (*Junior Râja-Yoga pupil*)

## MAGNET

the magnet was discovered by a Greek d, while walking over certain rocks, d hardly be pulled away from them. name from Magnesia in Asia Minor, Large deposits of iron ore having this be found today in many parts of a and New Zealand there is also a trange and interesting properties.



## HY OF STUBBY

All white watsonia lilies stood like  
among the blossoms. The taller  
to peep at the rose bushes laden  
still more roses! Some with hearts  
in them; some that rivaled the  
ite that even the lilies themselves  
fragrant, but something else was  
violets creeping from under green  
d tufts of quaint mignonette, and  
bonnets. Under the shade of the  
unny little faces, they looked so  
like cross old men, and some that  
ugh at them and give them good  
ed so friendly. J. C.



## OF STUBBY

n-and-white dog, with a short  
ed to try to wag when he was

ragua, and belonged to a poor  
an away from her, and, hungry  
n Consul's Camp at Managua.  
around the camp, until one day  
d said, "He is my dog!" "Take  
; so she chased poor frightened  
d-room, where no one but the



YOU S'POSE?

th their thou-

sy with tea,  
et in her way,  
m-me-see"?



pose little fish, when their dear  
nammass wish  
ke a short nap — just a wink —  
d on the door with their soft little fins  
whimper, "P'ease gimme a d'ink"?

they creep

they slay,  
her head aches



today?"

'pose little bees, as they hum in the  
rees,  
find where the honey-sweets lurk,  
of their papa, who's busy near by,  
ow — but what for must I work?"

ow that any one knows  
ht think awhile  
do? So I thought—  
! smile! — Selected



## PURFUL THOUGHTS

us, as you with your eyes have seen,  
and everybody in this whole world.  
do kind acts, and you will not only  
ill and strong, but you will help every-  
world. For your kind thoughts purify  
then the world's atmosphere, and you  
with more warmth upon all that lives.  
unpleasant things which destroy our  
g dew vanishes in the sunshine."  
glad I am you told me, and how sorry  
flowers. I must go and tell the other  
e may have the glorious sun shining  
ep the gardens in our hearts, and all  
et and beautiful."

singing,

ings, we know right well,  
ke them good;  
deeds we do  
t they should.

happy thoughts,  
od and true,  
to everyone —  
help them too!" J. E. A.



in Balboa Park, San Diego

first he thought it nothing but a shadow, but next time he heard a whirr and flutter as if of tiny wings, so the man concluded to watch.

The shadow came in at the cat-hole, and after a bit the man discovered that it was a dear little wren. As the bird became less timid, he saw she was carrying little wisps of straw for a nest.

In and out she fluttered day



was able to rear her family there.

The nest was quite out of

pocket of his old coat! And it hung by the window not more than three feet from where he stood to grind and sharpen his tools. So he took pains not to disturb the nest, and in order that others might not disturb it, the man hung the sign "Hands Off" on the coat. Thanks to this brotherly care, Mrs. Wren



## REN'S NEST

es. The egg shown in the picture is

riably hunt for such places for nesting.  
ging in a shed has sheltered a family  
very close to human habitations and  
some secluded place near the house  
ttle birds and love to be near people.  
delight, and their cute little ways are  
rth while cultivating their friendship.  
at will hang there in the shop another  
will have gained such confidence in  
ake a picture of herself and her small  
ike to return to the same locality for  
unate enough not to have been dis-  
probably come again. BIRD LOVER

's

's

ed up

'cup.

zure

's

UISE



## THE HOBBY-HORSE

out of his cage and went into Jerry's, and the  
were on the floor of the cage eating seed out  
that night they went to sleep together, sitting  
get on the same perch, and the next morning  
g Jerry's feathers and scratching his head in  
ion.

would brook no interference from their mis-  
undertook to help them out in some trivial  
a little fellows seated themselves midway on  
forward, told her just what they thought of

Over and over again they told her exactly  
their squawks growing shriller and more

mistress, "if you are happy at last, I am  
u alone." She saw that Pixy was finding  
ch better than looking-glass shadows, and  
ome any more. Even birds, you see, can  
elves that they can come very near losing  
s in life — a friend. COUSIN EDYTHA

## HOBBY-HORSE

orse  
s it  
gry  
ner  
ch.  
ng  
at  
er  
o,  
g  
(



horse will soon be mended. GEORGE

all day long in the big window. They are even as happy as the cunning little bush warbler, who has a nestful of tiny, warm eggs to care for.



And she is happy, because she has real Duties!

Gerald and Winifred have duties too, and do them faithfully before they go out in the sunshine to play. Duty lovingly done brings happiness. This is a Râja-Yoga secret---and now you see, it is out!

HELENA M.

DANCING AND WHIRLING THE LITTLE LEAVES WENT

## I AND HER BONNET

were excited too, and they waved their

One big fir tree, partly sheltered behind  
were having great fun. It swayed to and

that must have been very interesting.  
enjoying themselves riding on the wind,  
g. I am sure the quails must have been

-hunting picnics they were going to have  
all that chatter. The low boughs were  
lack people planning something. As the  
one they flew off to their homes.

ed the news round; and laughed just as  
ed too good to be true. The dry leaves  
nd gossiping as fast as they could.

Well, it is'nt my business to tell secrets,  
ething to do with rain. COUSIN JAMIE

## AND HER BONNET

ELIZABETH loves the sun-  
shine. She loves to feel the  
warm sunshine patting her  
curls and coaxing the roses  
into her cheeks. That is  
why she pulls her bonnet off.  
One day she lost her bonnet.

Alas, alas! She could not  
find it anywhere. She looked  
for it in the daisies, and under  
the big elm, and by the bun-  
nies' house, and by the rose  
hedge, and at the swing.



Then she found it. It was hanging right on  
her arm.

How Elizabeth laughed!

AUNTIE SUE

### MAMA'S BIRTHDAY

Mama, Mama, take them  
do,

See the flowers, all for  
you.

I have picked them just  
for this,

Happy Birthday and a  
kiss.

CARMEN



### WAITING FOR PAPA

I wonder when my papa  
will come

To pick me up and take  
me home.

My Mama said: "Sit still  
and wait,

Here on the seat beside  
the gate."

HELENA

# Râja-Yoga Messenger

*An Illustrated Magazine*

*Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth*

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

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Râja-Yoga Students under Katherine Tingley's direction

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# RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVI, No. 6

NOVEMBER 1920

*I hear the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play;  
And wild and sweet,  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good will to men.*— LONGFELLOW

## "GUARD THE LOWER LEST IT SOIL THE HIGHER"



OW often do we stop to talk to our lower nature? How often in the day do we allow it to say to us, "That does not matter," or "That is good enough"? Many of us begin it the first thing in the morning: the clock says it is time to rise; "Just two more minutes," we say, and before we know it half an hour has gone. That was a great victory for the lower self. If our right thinking mind had been properly in training, we should have known perfectly well that two more minutes could not possibly have made any difference to us; but we allowed ourselves to be dragged along by our lower self, and so a whole half-hour of precious time was wasted at the beginning of the day. Having gained that victory, the lower nature gets ready for its next suggestion — how best to slight our work? A patch of dust under the beds will never be seen; and if there are streaks of dust on the window-sills, we can easily say the light was shining on them, or the dust had not settled.

By the time the breakfast hour has arrived, our lower nature has quite got the upper hand. What does it matter how we eat at the table? — the food gets eaten all the same. Why should we have nice table manners, what good does it do us anyway? So we let ourselves be dragged along. The animal side of our nature is plainly apparent at the table; our animal desires become keenly alive to the fact that they are being petted and pampered, and so rise and assert themselves, thus making us very disagreeable people to meet that morning. Our work has to be done over again, we are late to our duties and make other people late too; so the day has started all upside down.

Now if there is one thing the lower nature likes better than anything

else, it is to put things off and talk them over; so if we stop to listen to any little putting-off scheme it may suggest, we may be pretty sure there is trouble to follow. Why not say 'No' firmly to any of these weak suggestions? Why not let our first thought in the morning be, "I will make the day one of sunshine and I will begin *now*"? With this idea before us, we should be able to be up in time, our work would be done quickly and neatly, and we should be ready to start the day well; for at the very suggestion of the word 'sunshine,' our lower nature would hide itself and become small.

If we could go through the day with the feeling that our Higher Nature was the Silent Watcher of all our acts, we should not be able to slight our work, to speak crossly, or to disobey. We should feel a calm presence that would lead us through the whole day in an inward world of joy and happiness, and Katherine Tingley's words, "Be true, true to yourselves, and thus you will be true to all," would be a living power in our lives. M. B.

## THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

BY JOHN KEATS

*THE poetry of earth is never dead:  
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:  
That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead  
In summer luxury,— he has never done  
With his delights; for when tired out with fun,  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.*

*The poetry of earth is ceasing never:  
On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
And seems to one, in drowsiness half lost,  
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.*



## GREAT MINDS MAKE ALL WORK GREAT



NOTHING is menial — unless a warped mind make it so. Great minds have made any duty a thing of dignity. Cincinnatus turned from his plow to help his country; George Washington loved nothing so much as to attend to his farms; and the great Roman poet Horace immortalized in verse his love of Nature and the lessons he learned while turning the soil on his Sabine farm. According to ancient custom in China, the Emperor himself set the example of springtime husbandry by going in state to a consecrated plot of land and there turning the first furrow — thus giving the cue to his subjects throughout the empire to begin their spring plowing.

George Eliot, perhaps the greatest English novelist, was very proud of her skill at butter-making, and was a wonderful housewife. The Empress Livia, wife of the great Augustus, and one of the wisest and noblest women ever on a throne, wove the wool for her husband's garments on her own looms, and as ruler of her household was a model to every matron in Rome.

The youthful Epaminondas, when appointed public street-sweeper of Thebes through the malice of political opponents, declared that "the work does not degrade me: I confer honor upon the work." In later years his greatness and nobility of character conferred honor on all Greece. As we know, the word 'menial' in its original sense does not imply any degradation. The greatness of really great men and women dignifies the very humblest work with the excellence of their own ideals of duty well done.

Peter the Great — the real builder of Russia — we think of mainly as a monarch on a throne. How many know that he was also proud to claim the title of "workman"? He laid the foundation of Russia's industrial life. To prepare for that he served as a ship-builder's apprentice. This was in Holland. Then he went to England and spent a long time working in paper-mills, rope-yards, jewelers' and goldsmiths' shops and in the shops of other craftsmen, that he might get the necessary practical knowledge to enable him to found a new industrial life for his people. He even passed a month swinging the blacksmith's heavy hammer and learning how to shape and weld iron at a glowing forge. They tell of him that on the last day there, so well had he done his work that he forged eighteen *poods* of iron and put his own mark on them.

A *pood* is a Russian measure and is equal to 36 pounds. So you can judge whether this was a good day's work.

Later, when vast responsibilities came to him, he *shouldered* them instead of throwing them upon others to carry. When hard problems faced him, and his harassed officials said "You can't solve them; they are *too* hard," — he thought of those *poods* of iron and put his problems on the glowing forge of aspiration and good will, where he hammered, yes, *hammered* them into shape. It meant work—but he knew how to work. Do you?

## CROWN PRINCESS MARGARET OF SWEDEN



CROWN PRINCESS Margaret of Sweden, whose death occurred last spring, was dearly loved by the Swedish people. They called her affectionately "The Flower Princess" and "The Sunshine Princess," and their esteem for her was as great as their love, for her character was most sincere, earnest, and unselfish. Margaret was not of Swedish birth; she was born January 15, 1882, at Bagshot Castle in England, being the daughter of the Duke of Connaught.

The Princess Margaret was brought up in beautiful country surroundings, and her time was given to studies, housekeeping, and out-of-door life. She was especially fond of flowers, and the English gave her a flower-name — Daisy.

It was while traveling in Egypt in 1905 that the Princess met the Crown Prince of Sweden. Just as soon as she gave her promise to be his wife, she set to work seriously to study the Swedish customs and to prepare herself in every way to make Sweden her own country. Her heart was so full of good-will and real love that the Swedish people felt it at once and welcomed her unanimously as their own.

From the first she showed her interest in the intimate needs of the people, and by her example encouraged what there was of good in the national life and customs. Her appearance at the numerous outdoor festivals and similar gatherings, where she often wore the beautiful national costume, was one of the aspects of her helpful influence in this direction.

Even the humblest people learned to love her. One day she received a bouquet of blue anemones: "See" she exclaimed, "how beautiful! They are the very first that I have seen this year." — They had been sent by a very poor old market-woman in Stockholm, who, rather than sell the anemones at the high price they would have brought — being so early — wished to make a gift of them to "the one who looks so kind and is so kind." You can imagine that the Princess Margaret was deeply touched by this tribute.

Work for others was the keynote of Margaret's life. She did not stop at good intentions: all was action and care for others. For the blind she worked with special interest and energy. She studied the best methods of improving their industries, and spared no effort to encourage and help them. As secretary of the Society for Schools for Housewives and the Care of Children, she showed equal enthusiasm and executive ability. She was never idle. She interested her own friends in forming a Sewing Club which met regularly during the war, by means of which generous gifts were sent to soldiers and prisoners, to hospitals and to blind people, and to children, not only in Sweden but in other countries. Each gift was accompanied by a note of encouragement and kindly cheer, and very many of these were written by the Crown Princess herself. Prisoners of war from France, Eng-

## RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

land, Germany, Russia, and Austria all came to know her generous hand and loving heart.

Though busy with all this and much other beneficent work, the Crown Princess yet left none of her more intimate responsibilities to others, but was an ideal wife and mother. At Soffiero, their country home in Skåne, which her personal supervision and artistic taste had made a paradise of trees and flowers, she arranged playhouses for the children and planned their games; and when winter came and the school-term began, she it was who superintended their education. She was firm — even strict — about lessons and duties, but so just and loving that no one was ever more welcome than she when she entered the schoolroom, as she did every day.

From time to time the mother and children got up plays, in which the children took the parts. Once they translated the whole of *Peter Pan* from the English and dramatized it; and the Crown Princess herself painted all the decorations for the scenery: lovely wildflowers and birch-trees. When all was ready and the little actors were absorbed in their parts, it was their mother who was the most interested spectator and the most generous in applause. What happy memories they will have of these times: indeed in how many hearts will live the memory of this noble and beautiful life — still shedding its gracious influence.

AGDA

—"Over hill,



over dale, . . ."

LITTLE PRINCESS INGRID

## THE ART OF KNITTING



HE art of knitting and crocheting is so old that nobody knows when it was first invented. It is known to have been in use in Italy and Spain in the 15th century, and somewhere about the close of that century there was a society formed in Erfurt, Germany, of knitters who made stockings and gloves.

It was not until the 16th century that knitting was much known in the British Isles but there is a record of some knitted woolen caps made at the time of Henry VII in 1488.



GETTING READY FOR SANTA

Knitting a large-sized stocking  
in Sweden

The first stockings that we have any record of was a pair worn by Henry II of France in 1559. They were knitted of silk and were made especially to wear at the wedding of the King's sister. As up to this time all hosiery had been made of cloth and was more or less shapeless and uncomfortable to wear, the silk fitted ones were considered a great luxury and only worn by royalty.

At the time of Henry VIII knitted stockings were still exceedingly scarce in England, and it was only once in a while that even a king could get them, as they had to be imported from Spain. In those days there were no railroads, no fast steamers, and no great manufactories knitting by machinery; so even Henry VIII was obliged to wear cloth-made stockings part of the time — thus encouraging thrift and economy, let us hope. However, when Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, she

was presented with a pair of silk stockings, and after that *she* would have no more cloth stockings!

Woolen stockings were first knit in 1564, by a man named William Rider, who learned the art from an Italian merchant. He made a present of a pair to the Earl of Pembroke — the first pair of woolen stockings to figure in English history. But it was not until the sailors of the Spanish Armada were shipwrecked upon the Shetland Isles that the people of the British Isles learned to make knitting a useful accomplishment. It was then that the beautiful Shetland shawls were originated, which are famous even today.

It took the economical, practical Scottish mind first to see another good use for wool—the raising of which was such an industry in their country—and also the advantages of this warm and at the same time shapely material



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as a covering for feet and legs — far superior to any cloth covering ever invented. It was not a hundred years from that time before stocking-knitting was one of the most important industries of the country of Scotland.

There are pictures in old books of shepherds of Scotland busily knitting or crocheting as they tend their sheep in the pastures. Knitting with a hook, or 'crochet,' as we call it, was called 'shepherd's knitting' for quite a number of years.

It did not become fashionable for ladies to knit until the last century, — though it was, indeed, one of the necessary women's tasks along with spinning and weaving. In 1838 however, when Victoria became Queen of England, she, with her practical common sense, introduced it into her court — and thus it became a work for gentlewomen as well as for the housewife, and ever since that time knitting in its various forms has been a most useful and congenial feminine accomplishment.

E. A.

## A BIRD BIOLOGIST

A VISITOR was eating his lunch on one of the benches in a public park in Scotland a few years ago when a young sparrow softly alighted on the further end of the seat. After a brief inspection at a safe distance, the new arrival decided that the stranger was a man to be trusted, and shyly approaching by short hops — he finally ventured upon his knee.

After such friendly advances, of course the sparrow had to be invited to dinner; but strangely enough he would eat nothing, although a variety of tempting scraps were offered to him. It appeared that it was knowledge the sparrow was after and not nourishment, and so he made a careful examination of the buttons on the waistcoat of his new acquaintance, gently pecking at them with his bill. Having satisfied himself as regards the buttons, he passed on to inspect the cloth of which the coat was made and then looked up into the wearer's face as if to judge his character by his expression.

The augurs of ancient Rome professed to be able to find out all sorts of curious things by observing the behavior of birds; but whether they could or no, we may feel perfectly sure by the way in which the sparrow acted that his new acquaintance was a man to be trusted. Birds are pretty good judges of character and often seem to know who can be trusted to do the right thing and who needs to be watched.

UNCLE LEN

to fitte up their Houses and Dwellings against winter, being all well recovered in health and strength, and had all things in good Plenty; for as some were thus employed in affairs abroad, others were exercised in fishing about codd, and bass, and other fish of which they took good store, of which every family had their portion. All the somer ther was no waste. And now begane to come in store of foule, as winter approached, of which this place did abound when they came first (but afterwards decreased by degrees) and beside water foules ther was great store of wild turkeys, of which they took many, beside venison, etc. Beside they had about a peck of meal a weeke to a person, or now, since harvest, Indian corn to that proportion."

And Master Winslow adds:

"Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor (William Bradford) sent four men on fowling, so that we might after a special manner re-joice together after we had gathered the fruit of our Labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week. At which time, amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming among us, and among the rest their greatest king Massasoyt, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted; and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our Governor and upon the Captain (Myles Standish) and others. And although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodness of God, we were so far from want that we often wish you partakers of our Plenty."

— Through half-open lids I watch her, but under the spell of time, place and circumstance, the child before me fades away. In her place I see the gentle maiden Priscilla, the deftest spinner of Plymouth, with sunny hair and brave blue eyes, watching the *Mayflower* careening down the bay — its sails on fire with the setting sun, — bearing away the faint-hearted and the weak, leaving only the great of heart to conquer a New World and tame it to their wills. Other maids and matrons join her, their strong, pure faces serene and placid above their snowy kerchiefs.

And now come the Elder and Miles Standish, and the stern men-folk of Plymouth gather round the board, awaiting the haughty sachems with their dusky warriors. Out from the forest depths they glide, an hundred grave and stalwart figures. The tomahawk is forgotten for the while. The gay feathers, the belts of curious wampum, the fringed leggins of soft white deer skin, with ermine tassels, are the array of peace. Respectful and attentive they stand through the "long grace in classic Hebrew," as with dignity befitting their own state they accept the attentions of their hosts.

## THANKSGIVING THEN AND NOW

Each one finds at his place five grains of corn — a reminder of the long and bitter winter, when that was all they had, while the contrast of the plenty before them impressed the purpose of their gathering — mirth, happiness, and content. It was grateful acknowledgement of present comfort, and tender memory of those they had lost — for who among them had not laid some loved one beneath the snow? . . . Aye, Rose Standish — she too lay there, and over the bronzed face of the Captain stole a look of unwonted gentleness, and his iron fingers trembled strangely as he hid the kernels in his leathern doublet.

So for three days they feasted and gave thanks, and renewed the treaty of amity and peace, which for fifty years the honor of Massasoit kept unbroken. And before the forest swallowed up the strange guests, he must have spoken such words as these to the Elders and the Council:

"Friends and Brothers! . . . It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and he has given us a fine day for our council. He has shaken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we see clearly. Our ears are unstopped that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit. Brothers! This council fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we came together at this time. We have listened with attention to what you have said. You requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us great joy, for we now consider that we stand upright before you, and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice, and all speak to you as one man. Our minds are agreed." . . .

Waking suddenly, the red and yellow leaves seemed for a moment the feathers of the Red Men, but before the last one faded from my opening eyes, up rushed the troop of merry lads and lassies with their booty, eager to hurry home, to transform the oaken hall into such another scene as I had dreamt of while Priscilla read.

In the red firelight how the laughter and song rang out, as healthy appetites were appeased by Grandma's well-famed cookery. The swinging dance and twice-told tales took us far into the night, but at last the household was asleep (even the best spare room being invaded by nieces and nephews) and quiet settled down once more.

Like a round Chinese lantern the harvest moon rose over the black velvet hills. Scarce one timid star withstood her golden flood, but to my eyes, growing dim with age, her rays revealed another scene — such as come only in the twilight of life.

A scene of what had been, and would never be again — a circle of the stately, silent warriors, as they smoked their peace-pipes around their medicine-lodge, till the Great Spirit could speak into their minds His wishes

## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

and commandments. What had He thus revealed to them of the coming of the Pale-Face? How had He counseled them to keep their oath, no matter how others broke it? What retribution had He promised to the wronged and to the wronging?

Out of the forest, where the shadows dwell, trooped the spirits of the Red Men — warriors, priests, medicine-men and prophets — there stood Massasoit, and much wronged Philip; aged Opechancanough, and the men of Narragansett; Squanto and the friendly Samoset; Canonicus, Powhatan, and the gentle Pocahontas; Passaconaway and Miantonimo; Canochet and Passacus, and many an unnamed chief, so often the last of their line.

The air was crowded with their presences; dark eyes burned into mine, and in words my heart understood, though my ears could no longer hear and my voice had forgotten their tongue, they cried out to me to speak for them, to tell their ancient glory, in the days when they came from lands beyond the sunrise.

I struggled to make answer, but no word came, the spell was broken. . . . But as the shadowy procession vanished from my inner eye, the shadows of the leaves above me seemed to fall like drooping plumes — as if some ghostly Hiawatha wandered there, and bowed his head in blessing ere he passed. K.

## MAPLE-SUGAR



AS there ever a sweeter or better sugar made than that from the sap of the maple tree? We stick the blade of a knife into the bark of the maple and a drop of sap follows. It has a slightly sweetish taste; yet we are slow about concluding that such a faintly sweet liquid could ever make the sugar that we are all so fond of.

Well, "sugaring time" is great fun. If the maple grove is some distance away a tent and provisions are taken for a stay of a week in the woods. Great sugaring kettles are taken along as well as a supply of smaller pails with which to catch the sap.

A wagon is loaded up with tent and supplies, we all jump in, and away we go down the shaded lane towards the distant woods. The brush is cleared away, the tent is set up, stones are piled up for the fire place. Balsam boughs are cut in plenty for the beds, an extra lean-to, sheeted with birch bark and made rain proof is constructed, and everything is in readiness for a week of housekeeping in the woods. Now comes the work of tapping the trees. Openings are made a foot or two from the ground into which small



## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

troughs are placed, and to these the pails are hung. Drip, drip, drip — night and day the sap runs from the tree into the pails; and one must be ever on the alert watching the pails lest they run over and the sap be wasted.

The great kettle is now put over the fire and the logs are burning merrily under, and soon the boiling sap gives out a most delightful odor that somehow makes one think of pancakes. Day and night the sap bubbles in the great kettle, and pail after pail of fresh sap is added. Great care is taken to keep the logs supplied under the kettle, so that it be kept boiling, and it is someone's duty to watch the kettle all the time.

But at last the work is over. The small pails are collected, the fires are put out, the tent pitched and folded, and all is in readiness to load into the great farm wagon that we hear clattering along the road in the distance.

We have had a royal time; — the gathering of the sap and chopping of the wood have been more than relieved by the hours spent at night around the blazing fire: telling stories and seeing faces and castles amidst the glowing embers.

'Sugaring' is over for the year; and home we go to stow away the sugar where it is nice and cool — to await the mornings when the pancakes are put upon the table.

COUSIN CHARLIE

## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY LAND

### IX



'MENAGERIE' means a collection of different wild animals kept for exhibition. The word is derived from the French *ménage*, a household or family; it reminds us that in a wild-beast show the inmates keep house together and live more or less like a happy family. Menagerie, manor, manse, mansion and menial are all nearly related words and have to do with houses, because they may all be traced back to the Latin word, *manere*, to dwell.

'Menial,' which is now a word of contempt, in the first place meant no more than a house-servant; but because some people had the idea that washing dishes, making beds, cooking, etc., were degrading occupations, the word was used with a meaning of inferiority to signify a person employed in that kind of service. No necessary work is servile or degrading if done in the right spirit and prompted by a feeling of love and goodwill to our fellowmen. The glorious sun is the king of the solar system, and yet he is the servant of everything that has the breath of life. He warms the spider on the garden wall and helps the smallest weed to grow; and even

tadpoles wriggling in the stagnant pool were hatched by his kindly beams. Before we leave the words derived from *manere*, to dwell, let us remind ourselves that some students believe that the *ma* in mastiff is derived from the same source and that the word 'mastiff' really means a house-dog.

A 'wisp' of snipe is another of these quaint nouns of multitude. Wisp is generally used for a little bundle of hay or straw, and as a small flock of snipe may be said to be bound together by the ties of friendship, so they came to be called a 'wisp.' There is no special reason for applying the word wisp to snipe; but some ingenious sportsman with a craze for novelties in nouns of multitude may have thought that wisp would do as well as any other word, and anyway it was something new. Before we laugh at the queer invention let us remember that in the Western States a similar word is even now being born. Properly speaking a 'bunch' is a small collection of objects of the same kind growing or fastened together; thus we speak of a bunch of grapes or a bunch of keys; but some restless mortal in search of a new noun of multitude for cattle hit upon the happy thought of calling a herd of cattle a 'bunch' of cattle. This expression is now in common use, and if it continues to find favor in the mouths of the public, we shall find it in the dictionary later on. Many useful additions to our language have had a very lowly origin as common slang.

As we are only making a rambling excursion into Dictionary Land, and not a regular exploration according to any set plan, let us pause for a while at the word 'snipe.' The snipe is a small bird with long legs and a slender bill, inhabiting marshy places. A good dictionary will give us a picture of the bird, for besides its other uses a dictionary serves us as a picture gallery. Strangely enough, this bird was once called 'snipe' or 'snite,' according to the fancy of the speaker. Let us follow these two by-paths for a little distance.

Now snipe is nearly akin to 'snip,' to cut off with scissors, and also to 'snap,' which means to bite suddenly or snap up, so that a snipe means a 'snipper' or a 'snapper.' It is easy to see how this little bird snapping up worms and insects with its scissor-like bill, came to be known as a snipe. In Denmark they call it a *sneppe*; in Holland a *snip*; in Germany a *schneppse*; and in Sweden the sandpiper, a very similar bird, is known as a *snäppa*. So much for snipe.

The word 'snite' has also reference to the long bill of this bird, and is closely related to 'snout,' the nose of an animal. But two words with exactly the same meaning cannot exist forever side by side; one of the two must disappear, and so snite has retired in favor of snipe.

A 'parliament' of crows is an expression sometimes to be met with in books of natural history, and although the crows of America, unlike those of England, are frequently to be seen in flocks, a 'parliament' is an assembly of a very special kind. The parliament is a regular convention for transacting

## EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

business where a great deal of talking takes place. Parliament is from the French *parlement* and is related to the word *parler*, to speak. The crows, sometimes several score in number, sit in a circle on the ground with two or three birds in the central space. Charges seem to be brought against one of their number to which the accused party jabbars an excited reply. Sometimes all caw in unison, and then again only one voice is heard. The writer once saw the assembling of a parliament of crows on a hillside in Lomaland; some dozens of crows were sitting around waiting for the proceedings to begin; but before the meeting was called to order he had to leave and is therefore unable to record any of the business transacted.

Nouns are sometimes used as verbs and 'parliament' has been treated in this way by some writers. As a parliament is an assembly where a lot of talking goes on, to parliament means to gabble or vociferate. A certain writer who seems to have very little respect for legislative assemblies once wrote of "a great phalanx of geese which stood loudly parliamenting in the mud beyond." A phalanx is a military term meaning a body of soldiers massed together in a very compact formation. Anyone is at liberty to set a fashion of using a noun as a verb, and if other people approve and copy the inventor, the new verb will certainly be put into the dictionary some day.

We have by no means come to the end of nouns of multitude for animals; but life is short, and there are many fields of knowledge to be explored. We will simply notice: a 'troop' of monkeys, a 'fall' of woodcocks, a 'stand' of plovers, a 'chattering' of choughs, a 'tribe' of goats, and a 'singular' of boars.

Turning to nouns of multitude as applied to humanity, we find 'crowd' to be one of the commonest. This word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon verb *creodan*, to push or drive. A crowd is a disorderly assembly in which people are pushed and driven this way and that. The verb 'crowd' is still used in the sense of pushing in Norfolk, England, where a laborer may be asked any day to crowd (*i. e.* push) the bricks to the new house in a wheelbarrow. From the word 'push' we are even now making a new noun of multitude, exactly as crowd came from *creodan*, to push or drive. A father who wishes to keep his son out of bad company may be heard to say, "I wouldn't associate with that 'push' if I were you." This new word for crowd is inelegant and needless; but if it catches the popular fancy it may be admitted to the dictionary in due course.

'Mob,' a word with a very interesting history, came into our language between 1680 and 1690 and is used to signify an unlawful and riotous assembly. The whole phrase of which mob is a part, is *mobile vulgus* — that is, the easily moved, or fickle crowd. Sir Thomas Browne used the words *mobile vulgus* in a book which was printed in 1690, and two years later he employed the abbreviation 'mob'; but he felt as though it sounded rather

like slang and so he apologized to his readers by slipping in the words "as they call it" immediately after.

A 'concourse' is from the Latin *concursum*, a running together. No one who knows the true meaning of the word would think of speaking of the people gathered in a church as a concourse, because they have assembled in a quiet and leisurely way; but a street accident very quickly attracts a large crowd, and this may be very properly described as a concourse because the people composing the crowd have come up in a hurry.

'Reunion' means more than an assembly of people, because it signifies that they have 'reunited' or come together again after a separation. A crowd of foot-passengers taking shelter from a storm of rain under an archway could not be called a reunion because they have probably never seen each other before; but the meeting of a scattered family which comes together again at Thanksgiving is correctly described as a reunion.

This series of 'EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND' has now come to an end; but the dictionary is still accessible, and is ever ready to help us to most interesting and profitable explorations; and it is to be hoped that once we realize the treasures to be picked up for nothing in this land of enchantment, we will go in and take possession.

UNCLE LEN



'SUSPENSE,' BY LANDSEER  
(In the South Kensington Museum, London)



## WHAT TIGE TAUGHT ME



TIGE was such a friendly fellow that your liking for him came as naturally as breathing. As his master said, "He was *some dog*." And Tige surely thought that his master was the best ever — and then some. These two were great chums; and Tige was so happy over anything that pleased master that he easily adopted his master's friends too. He was the first dog I ever really knew, and he soon taught me that I had missed something worth while in not exploring the kingdom of Dogdom before. My regret was mixed with shame and wonder that I had ignorantly overlooked anything so interesting and so easily accessible.

Tige started right away to round out my education in his line, in the most matter-of-fact way. He was so natural about it that I simply surrendered to his winning way and affectionate good-will. If he suspected that I was a dunce about dogs, he made no sign, but politely went ahead to treat me like any superior creature that was used to receiving devotion from dogs. There was something irresistible in the way this clean, bright, loyal little creature acted as if he saw nothing but what was good in you. He just crept into your heart with such a 'comfy' air that he made you feel that there were more choice spots in your nature than you had supposed.

It struck me that Tige's manner of meeting a new acquaintance was ahead of my usual 'sizing up' of a subject who was introduced. I realized that I often let my small insight into human nature rather blind me to good points that were ready for someone to call them out. At any rate, Tige's simple, happy, genuine friendliness challenged you to make good his high opinion of you. He went about finding human traits to love and admire because he looked for them, and then he took them for his code of realities rather than the meaner things. It struck me that that was a pretty good religion — far better than the 'miserable sinner' idea that was educated into most of us in youth, tainting our blood with suspicion and belittlement of human nature.

Actually, that dog set me thinking about the saving grace of a simple natural faith in yourself — your best self. If you just keep on expecting the fine, square thing of yourself, something in you finds a way to do it. And the right kind of faith in yourself gives you faith in others, and as that gives them faith in themselves it draws out their better impulses. And there you are! It's the whole solid fact of natural brotherhood in a nutshell. No tangled, confusing, gloomy, far-fetched theology about it. Tige's way of working out his articles of faith was so homelike and comfortable

and satisfying. Most of us justly resent being preached *at*; but Tige just came along with this neat little miracle of good will, showing how easily the trick could be done by anyone who tried.

Then the dog's devotion to his master reflected happily on the rest of us,— just as the sight of love between a mother and her child enriches the air with a rare quality. Tige's steadfast loyalty and his instinctive response to his master's feelings, showed the real touch of unity in this tie between man and the lesser creature.

Certain it is, that a dog's devotion to his master has much in it that we cannot explain. Perhaps the animals who came after man — being closer to nature than he is — have picked up some neglected human qualities and treasured them. For there are many dogs like Tige, who, treating their masters with the affectionate reverence due to a god, show a quality of pure, selfless devotion which is most rare in human ties today. These little four-footed friends can teach us something worth knowing. ANTONE

## LIFE AT THE POLES



It is an interesting fact that although the Arctic regions have a large population of polar bears, musk oxen, white foxes, reindeer and Arctic hares, there are no land animals whatever to be found within the *Antarctic* circle at the opposite pole of the earth. Seals there are in plenty, swimming in the water or lying on the ice; sea-leopards and sea-elephants also—but of true land animals there are none.

The handsome emperor penguin may be seen in vast multitudes, clothed from head to foot in deep black plumage and splashed as it were, with a vivid patch of orange on his neck. The lower half of his bill is decorated with a line of delicate rose-color. Although unable to fly, this matters little, as he has no enemies to escape from, and no need to travel in search of food, for the waves everywhere are alive with fish.

The emperor is never seen inland, nor does he even use the land-ice as a standing ground: when he wants to rest he simply sits down on the frozen sea. Even the eggs are hatched upon sea-ice and that in the coldest season of the year! The single egg which forms the family is laid in midwinter during the six months of darkness, when the sun lies hidden below the horizon. Thousands of the parent birds at this gloomy season sit under the ice cliffs and hatch their eggs in company. No nest is ever made, for the very good reason that there is nothing to make it of; but when the 'empress' lays her solitary egg, she places it upon her broad, webbed feet and thus it is protected from contact with the cold ice. A loose flap of skin

## LIFE AT THE POLES

and feathers falls over it like a curtain, and there it lies pressed against a bald spot on her breast, absorbing the heat which passes through her skin.

In stormy weather large cracks open in the ice and many eggs slip through, while others are crushed by pieces of ice falling from the steep cliffs. So few eggs are laid, and so many are destroyed, that as the season advances



CHRISTMAS-TIME IN SWEDEN

you can find only one egg to every twelve grown-up penguins. But this scarcity of eggs is on the whole perhaps an advantage as it gives rise to a good deal of pleasant excitement and competition which serves to pass the time away. The old birds are so fond of hatching and nursing that when they lose their own egg they try to get possession of another, and many a lively scuffle takes place to decide whether a stranger in want of an egg is stronger than the rightful owner or not. A young penguin is never in any danger of being left a friendless orphan, as there are always hundreds of would-be mothers wandering about eager for the chance to adopt a chick.

Although the penguin is unable to fly, some of the smaller kinds have been found cheerfully paddling about in the open sea two thousand miles from land. Some people have wondered how ever they manage to find their way home again. In the first place perhaps they are lost penguins who never do find their way home, and in the second place it really matters very little whether they are lost or not, because wherever they can find a wave-washed coast with plenty of fish is a good-enough home for a penguin. P.

## ROMFORD MARKET-PLACE



WE found that "noise and confusion" were rather mild words to use for Romford market-place. Almost before we arrived we were besieged by newsboys and flower-sellers. Everyone from everywhere seemed to be gathered there: bargaining housewives, farmers, oily mechanics, prim nurse-maids, merchants, all kinds of salesmen and buyers of all nationalities and of every age — and all of them there to make bargains or to get the advantage of everyone else.

First of all there was a fish stall. Fish of every kind, from tiny silver sardines to the immense cod that hung temptingly — row upon row. Next was a vegetable stall with stacks of cabbages, bundles of celery, and baskets of potatoes. Beside it was a fruit stall piled high with bright red apples (all carefully polished on the owner's apron, which was far from spotless white), nuts, and great bunches of bananas and grapes. "Horangees, three a penny, foine happles, verree cheep, loidy." This is what we were greeted with by a woman in a very soiled apron, with fat bare arms and a man's cap over curling-papers.

There was one stall which seemed to be the center of attraction to all the small sticky boys and girls with pennies or farthings and longing eyes, not to mention the numerous flies, bees, and wasps that liked sweet things too. A little farther on was another crowd of people watching an auction sale of buttons, shoe-blackening, or something of the sort.

Presently we came to what is really the most interesting part of a market. Ranged in rows and chained to an iron railing were patient cows and very impatient bulls and calves. These were being sold and as often being replaced by others. All day long farmers arrived with their herds of cows and flocks of sheep.

Farther along were hurdles of sheep with their thick wool and red brands. In another part of the market-place were enclosures of pigs, big and little, white and black, who squealed all the time. These poor creatures were constantly being worried by small boys — which was a pity.

Then we came to another interesting scene, and that was the poultry and game-keepers' store. There hens and ducks were crowded into crates piled one upon another. The poor birds were very frightened, and they craned their necks through the bars and squawked and cackled. There was such a noise here that we were only too glad to move on to the next stalls in the nursery department. Here there were displayed boxes and pots of all kinds of plants on exhibition and tables of packets of seeds and bright beans. Still farther on we came to the ironmongers and smiths who sold chains, nails, padlocks, and such things. By this time everything was quiet, and at the end of the market we came to the silent town. J. C.





*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

# OLD BUILDING, BERGEN, NORWAY



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*


# NORWEGIAN FIORD NEAR ODDA

A typical Norwegian fiord landscape. The green glacier, the white streams and patches of snow on the dark gray mountains, the many-colored lichens on the cliffs, and the dark blue-green ocean water,—seen in sunlight, it is a scene of wondrous beauty.

## NEVER ABOVE A DUTY

IT IS related of General Washington, that on one occasion he was passing a group of soldiers who were trying to lift some heavy timber from the ground. It proved to be beyond their strength and they were about to give up. A petty officer was standing by, but he did not offer to help them. General Washington (whom the men did not recognise, by the way) dismounted and went to the assistance of the men and after a few well-directed efforts the timber was up and in place. Then he turned to the officer standing by and said "Why did you not help these men?" "I am a corporal, sir," was the astonishing reply. This was almost too much for even the broad patience for which General Washington was noted. "You will report to me at headquarters," he said to the man. "*I am General Washington.*" O. N.

## PURITAN CUSTOMS IN OLD MASSACHUSETTS

 HE Puritans were very strict about the Sabbath. There was no noise, no singing, no play, no laughing allowed on that day — everyone must attend church for the greater part of the day, and between times must sit quietly reading the Bible. Even the little children and tiny babies were wrapped up and taken to church: if any one was absent he was severely punished.

There were no bells on the churches: a man stood at the door and beat his drum to call the people together. The colony was small and all would be ready to hurry to the church at the first rap.

All the children sat together in one part of the church, but they had to be very quiet, for there was an officer of the church called the 'tithing man,' who had a long rod with a soft squirrel tail on one end and a hard round ball on the other. If any adult was seen nodding the tithing man tickled his face with the squirrel tail, but if children were seen laughing or misbehaving he would strike them on the head with the hard knob.

All the children were sent to school when very young. The girls were taught to sew, cook, paint, embroider, and knit, but did not have very much from books. The very little girls would spin coarse string and knit socks and mittens. They learned to knit designs into these, sometimes using the alphabet or verses of poetry.

The boys were taught Latin when they first entered school. They did not do much in mathematics, but were drilled on the multiplication tables. There were no lead pencils and no steel pens — they wrote with quills, and kept their writing and their sums on large sheets of paper tied together

## PURITAN CUSTOMS IN OLD MASSACHUSETTS

like a book. They were very neat and careful about all their work.

The Puritans had no gas, electric lights, or lamps. When it was dark they used tallow candles, making these themselves. If they went out at night they carried curious candle lanterns.

Most of the cooking was done on big open fires. There were great iron hooks on which to hang kettles, pots, and even pieces of meat to be roasted. Sometimes they had big brick ovens built in the walls with a fire underneath — these were so large that enough for a week could be baked at one time.

There were no means of heating the churches, so the people took foot stoves with them: little square pans with hot coals in them.

The Puritans had no clocks but used hour glasses to tell the time when they could not see the sun. In church it was one man's duty to turn the hour-glass during the sermon, when it ran out — sometimes it would be turned three times during a sermon.

The Pilgrims did not dress as most other people of that time dressed. It was the usual fashion of that time to wear very bright and very fancy clothes, and for the gentlemen to wear their hair long. But the Puritans dressed in the very plainest clothes and the men had their hair cut short. The women wore dull-colored dresses, white aprons, and white caps. When out of doors they wore woolen hoods over the caps. The men wore queer-looking hats with round brims, and shoes made of very thick leather which were sometimes bound with iron — necessarily of ample size. E.

## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BY LONGFELLOW

*BETWEEN the dark and the daylight  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.*

*I hear in the chamber above me  
The paller of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.*

## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

*From my study I see in the lamplight  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith, with golden hair.*

*A whisper, and then a silence:  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.*

*A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall!*

*They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.*

*They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!*

*Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all?*

*I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.*

*And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away! — Selected*



## TROUBLE FROM THE SUGAR BOWL



WELL, well, Master Jack, how is this? Twice this month to be paying you a visit. What is at the root of all this trouble?" —queried big Dr. Johnson as he stood looking down at little Jack on the bed. "Don't know, eh? Well now, stomachs don't get upset unless there is a cause for it. I am willing to wager that the sugar bowl is at the bottom of your trouble; now, is it not?"

Jack opened his eyes and looked at the doctor in surprise. How did the doctor know that he sometimes took lumps of sugar from the bowl? He turned his aching head and looked at his mother, who stood near the bed. Did she know it too?

"No," the doctor said, noticing his glance in her direction, "Your mother has not told me, but I happen to know, by long experience with sick boys, that a boy with an upset stomach twice in one month usually is altogether too fond of the sugar bowl. It's a bad habit, my lad, and I advise you to quit it before it gets you into serious difficulty, which it is bound to do if you keep on."

"Mrs. Linton, we will give him this medicine," the doctor said, pouring out a large tablespoonful of a kind that Jack did not like at all, "and keep him on broth and toast for four meals. No, he need not go to bed; but just keep him in the house for a couple of days; he will soon be quite well. But remember to let that sugar bowl alone and stop eating so much candy, Jack my boy. Now heed what I say, for you certainly do not want to start your life with a bad digestion." Dr. Johnson shook his finger at Jack as he turned to go, looking still serious.

"Oh Mother," said Jack after the doctor had left and she had returned to his room, "Did you hear Doctor say that I must stay quiet in the house for two days? Did he mean that I must stay at home tomorrow when it is Archie's birthday picnic?" Poor little Jack looked at his mother piteously. How could he help but think of all the good things they were going to have at that picnic dinner! "Can't I go tomorrow, Mother?"

"Mother is sorry, dear, but you must remember that the doctor put you on a diet. You would not like to eat a picnic dinner of toast and broth. You are much better off at home, dear. Two nice quiet days in which to do some serious thinking — that is a fine opportunity, not to be lost" — and Mother turned over the hot pillow and lowered the window shades, leaving the room dark and cool.

What made that old sugar bowl keep coming into Jack's mind when he did not want to think about it? He certainly did not want any sugar now; it made him sick to think of it. Why did Mother and the doctor *want* him to think about it when he was so sick?

That night he dreamed that he had gone to the picnic, and that when they came to open the lunch baskets, they found them full of little bowls

of sugar. There was nothing else to eat; and when he wakened in the morning and remembered his dream, for a moment it made him feel quite ill.

"My!" said Jack to himself, "Can't seem to get that old sugar bowl out of my thoughts. Might just as well thrash it out and be done with it," and Jack, who was, after all, a boy with considerable moral courage, began to think seriously on the subject. Yes, it was a fact — he did take sugar very often, and he noticed that the oftener he took it, the oftener he wanted to take it; and sometimes there seemed to be something inside him which drove him to take it even after he had made up his mind that he *would not*! It was a fact, also, that he did think about things to eat a good deal, and surely that must be a part of the sugar-bowl habit!

He remembered just the day before the sick spell that when Aunt Jennie had sent the basket of plums for brother Archie's birthday picnic, that Mother had said each might have *just one* — and how he had asked to pass the basket so that he might manage to get two. He remembered how he had visited the cooky jar that day, and the number of pieces of 'fudge' he had 'swiped' and the great piece of frosting he had taken from the birthday cake, and — Jack's face flushed at these thoughts, and he felt very much ashamed. "Well, the plain truth is that I have been a *p-i-g* and nothing less, and I deserve to be sick and miss the picnic, I do!" and Jack pounded his pillow hard for a minute.

"The doctor was right, it did start in the sugar bowl, just as he said," continued Jack. "I know what Mother will say: she will ask me who is going to be the boss, the sugar-bowl habit or — *Jack*. Why, I do believe I can almost make a game out of it between the fellow who wants the sugar and the one who wants to do the way he ought and use 'self-control,' as Mother would say." So all the quiet day Jack planned how to get the best of the 'fellow of the sugar bowl,' as he called his bad habit, and keep him in his place, and the long day went more quickly than he thought it possible.

In the evening when the family came home from the picnic they came trooping into his room with spoils from the woodland for him: beautiful autumn leaves, a last spring's humming bird's nest, a string of brown shining buckeyes, and a bunch of orange-colored bitter-sweet berries. How pleased he was to be remembered, and how pretty the woodsy things looked after the two long days indoors!

But a little later, when Mother came to say 'good night' and he told her about his troubles and how he had resolved to cure himself, Jack was happiest of all. He went to sleep feeling that the battle was partly won already, with Mother to help him through.

E. A.

to Gray Rocks while Grandmother is resting. Maybe you'll find Santa Claus there."

Romp was a faithful old collie, and Betty's constant companion while at the farm. His romping puppy-days were long forgotten, and he was now a pattern of watchful dignity and protectiveness. With Romp, Betty was safe, and when she was off on a tramp under his care, wearing the warm scarlet cape with its Eskimo hood that Grandmother had made her for especially cold days, she would have passed for 'Little Red Riding Hood' anywhere, and Romp for the wolf — though a very kind and much improved one! At the word Romp was up and ready, and in a few minutes they were off.

'Gray Rocks' was a giant pile of boulders that had given the farm its name. It humped its massive granite shoulders up above the surrounding land to an astonishing height. On the windward side the rocks were covered deeper and deeper with every snowfall, but on the lee side, no matter how the storm might drift or swirl about it, the rocks, piled and shaped like a huge archway or door, were always clear of snow. Snow fairies might drift in there, but they did not stay, and the lichen clumps that grew upon them had their winter with open eyes. Gray Rocks was an institution in itself, a splendid picnic-place in summer and in winter fine tobogganing for small sleds.

On trudged Betty Maud, her hand on Romp's shaggy neck, past the barn and Mill Oak and the beeches before Gray Rocks loomed into view. Soon she heard a fine silvery tinkle in the air, like distant bells, and then, — "Oh," she exclaimed, clinging a little more closely to Romp.

There on a ledge on the warm lee side was a little furry pixie, perplexedly looking over at his cap which had fallen to the ground.

"Well," he said in a voice as tiny as the bell-sounds. "I may as well leave it off, now that you have spied me! Did you come to call on Santa Claus? He'll be here at once. Don't you hear him?" as the bells came nearer and nearer.

Betty was too astonished to reply.

"Oh, I say, I know you — you're Betty Maud. Rin Tinkle of the Mushrooms told me all about you. My name's Trille Pat and I'm a pixie too, — bigger than he was *then*, but we change our sizes when we need to, you know. We can do *ever* so many things humans can't do," and the elf rattled on like a boastful but very lovable little boy.

The sleigh-bells came closer and then stopped, while a musical, grandfatherly voice rang out close by.

"Whoa! Whoa there — Trumpet and Midge, and you Snap and Tinkle — whoa I say! You'll be willing enough to rest on the day *after* Christmas!"

## SANTA CLAUS AND THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

A sound of hurrying and scurrying, as though a dozen pixies had hastened up; the same grandfatherly voice giving orders and little bright voices crying "Ay, ay, sir!" "Ready!" "At once!" and the big rock under the crest of the nature-arch began to move.

"Trille Pat, where are you, and where's your cap? Put it on at once!"

In an instant Trille Pat was invisible and Betty Maud felt wonderfully lonesome in the midst of that fairy bustling, which she could hear but of which she could see not a thing. Trille Pat was whispering to someone — she could understand that — and then, all of a sudden again, there he stood as before, cap in hand.

"Betty Maud" — as slowly, slowly, the big rock continued to move and a large open way into the heart of the granite mass began to appear — "Betty Maud, I say; how would you like to see Santa Claus — our fairyland Santa Claus? He says you may — I asked him."

Betty Maud's heart gave a leap. "Oh, Trille Pat, more than anything else in the world!"

"Well, bend down now, lower, lower; shut eyes; shut lips . . . *now!*" Trille Pat rubbed something soft and sweet on Betty Maud's eyes, something he dipped out of a wee rosebud-cup he carried, and then touched her lightly three times with a long, glistening rose stem. "*Now!*" he said, "you've got two new eyes, and. . ."

"Why, I'm as little as a pixie, Trille Pat, and so is Romp, and" — but Betty Maud could say no more. Before the rock entrance, now opened wide, was an elfin Santa Claus sleigh and four elfin reindeer, champing and pawing and playfully nipping each other, and beside the sleigh a white-bearded, elfin Santa Claus, laughing heartily at Betty Maud's surprise and holding out a friendly hand.

"Come into our fairyland, my dear, if you wish, and Romp, too. Here, Trille Pat, you be escort. I must attend to the Christmas boxes, and you," — he motioned to a dozen brown-coated pixies standing near — "you take care of the sleigh and these restless little steeds." And in went Santa, followed by the whole odd retinue.

Betty Maud was surprised at the orderliness of it all. Some were making dolls, others painting and dressing them — tiny dolls they were, like the miniature models that inventors sometimes make for their big engines or ships. Others were making toys — every kind you can imagine, from tiny 'choo-choo cars' and automobiles and airships to simple pinwheels and toy balloons. Still others were making books: — such tiny books, though they did not seem so tiny to Betty Maud, who was no larger than a pixie herself just now, you know.

Such a lot of pixies! More than you could count if you began in the morning and did not stop until night and then began the next morning



again! Pixies from many nations, too, filling the rooms that extended out on all sides as if nobody could hope to find an end to them. There were scores of baskets filled with Christmas goodies like those Grandmother always prepared for the poor — only teeny-weeny little ones; and there were Christmas puddings and Christmas wreaths and — letters!

Yes, *letters!* The senders never called them that, but they were letters, nevertheless. It is this way: you know that in fairyland thoughts and wishes are really *things*, and when little boys and girls all over the world wish and *wish* that Santa would bring them some special thing for Christmas, why, what could happen but just that these wishes go floating and flying to fairyland? And when they get there they are letters, of course, all addressed to Santa Claus. What else could they be? "It's just as natural, isn't it Romp?" said Betty, one hand on the dog's big neck and the other clasping Trille Pat's.

Of course they are not all alike, these letters, for some wishes are good and unselfish like lovely flowers, while others are ugly and mean. Everybody knows that. But Santa Claus knows his business. The selfish and ugly ones are sifted out and dumped into waste-bins and carted off and burned up! That's the end of *them*, so far as Santa is concerned. Ugly wishes often *do* come true, we know, but that is another story. The Christmas ones never do if the fairies can prevent it — not at Christmas time, anyway.

Well, they went on: from one room to another, from one gallery to another, up long stairways and down others just as long; from one craft-shop to another, from one happy, bustling pixie group to another — for this was the whole world's Christmas fairyland, you see, and 'Gray Rocks' was only one of many, many entrances to it in many nations — for those who know the way. Betty couldn't see it all on this first visit, of course, for Santa well knew that she must be home before Grandfather arrived from the city, or there would be a great alarm. So he called to Trille Pat from one of the turret-places in which he was adjusting some tiny lenses and telescopes, "Never mind the rest, Trille Pat. Take her to the Christmas Rose and then I'll come."

"The Christmas Rose!" exclaimed Trille Pat. "My word, but you're favored, Betty Maud! We've had visitors before, but not *one* ever saw the Christmas Rose — not in my time. Lots of us pixies never have seen it! I didn't dare even tell you about it, for you see, *I didn't know*" — and his roguish face was radiant.

They stopped at an archway beyond which was a wonderful door which had — Betty Maud couldn't guess what, shimmering and misting before it. "It's the 'Door of a Thousand Veils'" said Trille Pat, seriously.

Now that door too has another story, for it leads to many things besides the Christmas Rose, and it also shuts away from things. But this time

## SANTA CLAUS AND THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

the veils were lifting — veils of a thousand tints and hues, and so misty-fine that you could not be sure you were seeing them at all till you found that you couldn't look behind. They lifted and swung, and floated away and floated back, and lifted again to show other veils, and these lifted too — but not all of them. A few still hung close before the high, rich door, but they were transparent and filmy, and Betty Maud could see beyond them into what seemed to be a large temple-room that was filled with a soft, cool light and with fairy music that came and went like fragrance. In the room was the Christmas Rose. There was no going through the door that led to it, but that it really was the Christmas Rose she had been believing in, there was no manner of doubt.

It was very large and of a delicate pearly tint, like sunset-color and shell-pink and mother-of-pearl-glisten all blended together, only more delicate and more beautiful than the most beautiful of these. And it was opening. It was growing larger and larger, till it seemed to Betty Maud as if it must end by pushing out the sides of the temple-room and the granite sides of 'Gray Rocks' and dropping its soft warm petals all over the world!

A great many birds were flying above and over the Rose, some of them carrying sprays to which pearls and diamonds of sparkling dew were clinging. These poised above the center and shook the dew-pearls off, to fall right into the Rose's heart. And Betty Maud could see that whenever a drop fell it clasped hands with other drops and that fairy-magic turned these drop-clusters into petals — rosy, satiny petals, springing from the heart of the great flower and curving and growing into fairylike, petal-shapes. With every one, of course, the Rose grew larger.

"Fairy-dew, that is, from the 'Tree of Time,'" said Santa Claus. "They gather it on rose-sprays at Christmas time and bring it here. Oh, I see" — he paused as Betty Maud's questioning eyes met his kindly, twinkling ones. "I see. You don't know what the 'Tree of Time' is like, perhaps. Well, it's very simple. It's been growing forever and ever,— human eyes can't see it but fairy ones can — and it has two kinds of fruit, good and bad. There is the poisonous fruit and then there is the kind that is beautiful and wholesome. And how does the fruit come? Well, that's simple, too. It's this way: every thought in your human world turns into a blossom when it reaches this tree — for everything reaches it sometime, even fairies — and it hangs there, a beautiful flower if the thought is good, but poisonous and ugly if it's bad. And every *act* in your human world is one of these blossoms ripened into fruit. Now, could anything be plainer than that? And these fruits, and the flowers as well, distil their dew: golden dew of happiness and healing if they are flowers of happiness, or if not, then black drops of misery and pain.

"But the Christmas Rose, Betty Maud," he went on, "that never dies.

## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

It never can die, for its roots are deep in every heart. It lives always and always, though it cannot always blossom, for try as we may, we fairy-people simply can't get enough golden dew of happiness to make its petals of. If we could, you would find it blossoming every day in the year — not just at Christmas. But since it cannot, why, the fairies make it their business to see that it blossoms at least once a year, and that's what makes the 'Christmas feel' in the air and why it comes so 'all at once.' We have to, you see, or you wouldn't have any pattern to fashion your human Christmas by — I mean the joy-and-happiness part of it, the part you cannot see or measure or touch, even though it's the best and the biggest part. Just as our little pixie dolls and toys and books have to be worked out first, for you of the human world to model your own toys upon. That's simple, too. Everything is, in fairyland. Don't you see: when a fine new picture slips into your mind — humans call it an 'idea' — what is that but a glimpse of one of our pixie models? You see *that*, and then you know what to do."

"It's just as natural, Romp," said Betty Maud again, but she looked at the Rose and then at Santa with a question in her eyes.

"I know, Betty Maud; but not this time. You want to go through 'The Veils,' don't you? Well, let me see. Suppose next Christmas that you come again, and if you go through the whole year *as you should*" — the grandfatherly old eyes were very serious for just a moment — "we'll see, we'll see. Perhaps then you can really go through 'The Door.' There's more beyond it than the Rose. But now I must go. The sifting-gallery needs my care and the pixies of the petal-group. Good-bye, my dear, and good luck. Trille Pat will see you safely out"; and before Betty Maud could see just what was happening, Santa Claus and the Christmas Rose and the 'Door of a Thousand Veils' and all the myriad busy pixies had been left far behind and she was out in front of Gray Rocks, her big human self again, and Trille Pat was beside her. With a merry twinkle in his eye he bowed three times, each time lower than the other; then he lifted the scarlet cap to his head and — disappeared!

"Come Romp," said Betty, "they'll be needing us." And just as the sun was going down they reached the farmhouse door. AUNT ESTHER





## The Thread from Above

It was a beautiful September morning; all the meadows glimmered with dew, and through the air sailed silvery, shining threads. They came from far off, and they drifted far away.

One of these threads landed at the top of a tree, and the air-sailor (a little yellow-and-black brindled spider) left her airy boat and stepped on to the firmer ground of a leaf.

But the place did not please her at all, and with quick determination she spun herself a new thread and lowered herself right down to a big thorn-hedge.

Here there were plenty of sprouting shoots and twigs, among which she could spin a web. And the spider set to work, while the thread from above, on which she had come down, held the upper corner of the web.

It became a big beautiful web. And there was something unique about it, because it went straight up as it were into empty space, without anyone being able to perceive what held its topmost edge. For it would need very keen eyes to detect such a fine little thread.

Days came and went. The fly-catching began to diminish and the spider had to spin her web bigger, so that it could cover a larger space and catch more. And thanks to the thread from above, this enlargement passed all expectation. The spider built her nest higher and higher up in the air and more and more out at the sides. The web spread over the whole border of the hedge, and when in the wet mornings it hung full of sparkling drops, it was like a veil embroidered with pearls.

The spider was proud of her work. She was no longer the unimportant being that had come sailing through the air without a shilling in her pocket — so to speak — and without any fortune but



## THE THREAD FROM ABOVE

her spinning-glands. She was now a large well-to-do spider and had the biggest web along the whole hedge.

One morning she awoke in an unusually bad humor. There had been a frost during the night; there was not a sunbeam to be seen and not a fly buzzed through the air. The spider sat hungry and idle the whole long gray autumn day.

To pass the time she began to move around the circles of her web to see if there was any need to improve it here or there, pulling all the threads to find if they were well fastened. But although she found nothing wrong, she still continued in a very fretful mood.

Then in the outmost edge of the web she came across a thread which she knew at once was unfamiliar to her. All the others went either here or there. The spider knew each twig which they were fastened to. But this wholly incomprehensible thread went NOWHERE — that is to say, it ran right up into the air.

The spider rose on her hind legs and peered up with all her many eyes, but she could not see where the thread went to. It looked as if it led right up to the stars.

She became more and more annoyed the longer she sat and stared at it. She did not remember at all that once she herself had come down on this thread on the clear September morning. Neither did she remember what a great service this particular thread had rendered when the web was built and extended.

The spider had forgotten this altogether — she saw only that here was a silly useless thread, which went nowhere but up into the empty air.

"Away with you," said the spider, and with a single bite broke the thread.

At the same time the web gave way — all the skilful network tumbled down, and when the spider came to herself she sat between the thorn-leaves, with the web like a little wet rag over her head. In the twinkling of an eye had she destroyed all its loveliness — for she did not understand the use of the THREAD FROM ABOVE.

—*Translated from the Danish of Johannes Jorgensen by J. T.*

## A LETTER FROM SPORT



DEAR CHILDREN: I am a little Lomaland dog, and I have three brothers—Hector, Pompon and Thirteen. First of all comes Hector, who is about nine years old. He is smaller than I and is very nice and very friendly, although sometimes he snaps at people who bother him. Pompon is also nine, and is the smallest of us four. He has very short legs and knows how to carry mail and his master's lunch without eating it. Youngest of us all is Thirteen, a little white dog with black ears and black spots who is only six and is very smart in his actions.

While I am the biggest I am not the eldest. I am eight years old, and have been here in Lomaland ever since I was a month old.

My mistress is a very kind lady who takes exceedingly good care of me. She combs and brushes me every day and most every week I get a good bath. I often used to go and hide in the closet when I heard my bath being made ready, but now I am more grown-up, and know what is good for me.

My master is very good to me, and has taught me several tricks. Shall I tell you some of them? I think I shall—one of them is to shake hands. I love to show my tricks off, and when people come to see my mistress I often do my special trick of shaking hands. Another is begging to go out and play in the garden. If I want to go I find my mistress and stand on my hind feet and beg with my front paws. She always knows then that I want her to go and open the door for me.

I like to look out of the windows, but the curtains are always in the way. People use their hands, but I have no hands, so finally I found a way, and that is—to push the curtains aside with my nose. When my mistress found out that I did that, she had to stop me because I got the curtains so soiled.

I will tell you my newest trick, and then no more in this letter. My master has just taught me how to sit up for a cookie. When he asks me if I want a cookie, and tells me to sit up for it, I always get up on a chair and lean up against the back, begging quietly

## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

with my front paws for the cookie. I always want the cookie, so I do my part well.

I heard that many animals are taught to do cute tricks by very harsh means, but my kind people have taught me very quickly by



A LITTLE GENTLEMAN

just being kind and gentle. They never talk crossly when I don't do it right away, but keep on teaching me patiently. They always give me a gentle pat or a little attention when I do what they want.

I am indeed one of the happiest dogs that are. I have to say good bye now, and help my mistress get dinner ready.

Your faithful little friend,

SPORT, *per Frances W.*

## A RIDDLE

*I'VE a dear little playmate;  
I'll tell you a lot  
About what she does —  
And cares not a jot —  
And what she is like,  
And then, you must try  
To guess what it is  
That I play at.*



*Her dress — it is white,  
Her nose — it is pink,  
And she has some pins  
In her paws, too, I think:  
She drinks milk for breakfast,  
And is very neat,  
But oh, dear! — she washes  
Her face with her feet!*

## THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN

**T**AKE your meals, my little man,  
Always like a gentleman;  
Wash your face and hands with care,  
Change your shoes, and brush your hair;  
Then so fresh, and clean and neat,  
Come and take your proper seat;  
Do not loiter and be late,  
Making other people wait;  
Do not rudely point or touch;  
Do not eat and drink too much;  
Finish what you have, before  
You even ask, or send for more;  
Never crumble or destroy  
Food that others might enjoy;  
They who idly crumbs will waste  
Often want a loaf to taste!  
Never spill your milk or tea,  
Never rude or noisy be;  
Never choose the daintiest food,  
Be content with what is good:  
Seek in all things that you can  
To be a little gentleman.

—Selected, from 'The Home Book'

## ROCK-A-BYE BABY

ALL cradles do not rock, though many people seem to think so. In Ireland of early days a curious kind of hammock or bag was used, with a narrow opening on one side for the baby to look out of. It was not unlike the little cradle-basket of an Indian pappoose. There is a little drawing of the baby Prince Edmund, son of Henry III of England, which shows him lying in a cradle much like an ordinary bed, which has no rockers at all — still, he looks comfortable. S.



## WHAT HAPPENED IN A NIGHT



Pixies and sprites in a mad, merry whirl  
Thistledown airy are winging  
Their way out of elfland to set things to rights,  
Roguishly, elfishly singing:  
"We'll just make it over, this stupid old world!  
We'll just make it over, we will!"—E. S.

NE fine day in autumn Tom Merryman, of the land of the fairies, was flying about in a clover-field in search of adventure, when suddenly his wings struck against something hard and rough and ugly. It was covered with glaring red and white letters. Now as Tom was only a wee elf, he took out his minifying-glasses so as to bring these gigantic characters within the scope of his diminutive eyes. Having adjusted them nicely, what did he manage to spell out but — "*Use Elfin Baking Powder!*"

At sight of this his little cheeks flushed with anger, and his wings flapped with indignation. "How dare these mortals profane our dainty dancing ground with these ugly signs of their greed for riches? And as if we elfin folk used their ugly foods! Why cannot they at least keep within their own precincts, and out of ours? But I won't have it! I'll put a stop to it at once."

He seized a foxglove bell and rang it, and soon myriads of little elf-men, as tiny as himself, came flying through the air. Like a gay crowd of flitting dragon-flies they buzzed and circled about.

Tom told them his grievance, whereupon they all gave forth a mighty shout, like the chirping of an army of crickets: "No, we won't have it!" So they borrowed the stings from all the honey-bees they knew, and thus armed, they flew in a crowd up to the objectionable sign, and pricked it to pieces, splinter by splinter. Then they built a huge bonfire and burnt the splinters up, until at last all that was left of the disfiguring sign was a light column of fairy smoke.

A few moments afterwards, when the sun appeared to make his morning call on the blue mountain-tops, he caught a whiff of this fairy smoke, and it made his old eyes water; but he only smiled

## THE DUTY OF CHILDREN

an indulgent smile, and said to himself: "There are those 'little folk' at their mischief again. But I let them have their own way once in a while, for it's a good thing for them, and it serves those greedy mortals right."

Now it happened that Farmer Diggs was on his way to market, and passed by the fairy precinct just at the very same moment. He looked for the big, garish sign, and then rubbed his eyes. How astonishing! The sign was gone — not a trace of it was left anywhere.

Hurrying to the village, Farmer Diggs told everyone he met, and in a short time the news had spread like wild-fire: the old sign had been taken down in the night, but no one knew how and no one knew where it had gone.

Some of the older villagers nodded their heads sagely over the strange affair. They made up their minds that it must be the work of the 'good people' or 'little folk,' as they are called. "The field," they said, "must belong to them: it must be their dancing-space," and from that time forth no one ventured to cross it. For no one would be so selfish as to disturb the elves, who had already given up so much of their nature-world to thankless humans.

And Tom Merryman and his fellow pixies chuckled in high glee, for they knew at last that their dancing-ground was free from intruding mortals — at least for many a year. F. S.

## THE DUTY OF CHILDREN

*A CHILD should always say what's true  
And speak when he is spoken to,  
And behave mannerly at table;  
At least as far as he is able.— Robert Louis Stevenson*



### YESTERDAY ON THE BEACH

*THE ocean was so gentle, yesterday.  
The little lapping waves invited play,  
Seemed wishing us to chase them as they swept  
Backward and then forward while we crept  
From one rock to another, out of reach  
Of the small waves that rolled along the beach.*

*Such treasures as it gave us yesterday!  
Making us linger longer there and stay  
Turning the sand and pebbles o'er and o'er,  
Gathering sea moss, shells and many more.  
Gay-colored pebbles, all so shining bright  
As one and still another came in sight!*

*The water in the rock-pools yesterday  
Was clear as crystal, and within it lay  
Curious little creatures of the sea —  
Snails, limpets, crabs and bright anemone;  
Small spotted fish were also swimming there,  
Hiding within the seaweed's tangled hair.*

Ernestine Arnold

## DAPHNE TAKES A WALK

**D**ON'T you want to come out? Come on out." This is what polly Daphne keeps saying when she wants to go out of her cage and take a walk about the garden. So the door is unfastened and she is ready at once to step out onto the hand of her mistress and then she is carried out of doors and put down on the ground.

Off she goes along the path, her funny claws "toeing in" as she walks, making the oddest sort of tracks in the sand as she waddles along.

How she does enjoy getting out of doors! She generally goes along talking and laughing. If she happens to see one of the ladies in the garden she asks, "Say 'how do' to the lady?" and then if the lady happens to notice her, she usually has much to say — "Are you happy? Do you like pepper? Good morning" — and so forth, over and over, interspersed with much laughing on her part.



SEE IF YOU CAN FIND HER

If asked to show her pretty tail, she says, "Oh, O-o-o-h," and spreads it out like a fan and walks along very proudly saying, "Pretty bird, yes."

Sometimes she says and does unexpected things while walking about. When her mistress called her to come back one evening, Daphne remarked, "Oh, do you know — aren't you funny?" and traveled away just a little faster. She is trying to escape from her mistress in one of the pictures. Can you find her?

One day however, her mistress ran away from Daphne when she was some little distance off and came into the house leaving the door open. From the window, Daphne could be seen hurrying along



## RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

the walk and she came up the steps and into the house in a surprisingly short time. Since then, she seems able to find her way home whenever she feels inclined.

She has shown no inclination to use her wings to fly. The only time she attempted to do so was when something frightened her and she came flopping over the ground to her mistress in a hurry,



A FINE DAY FOR A WALK

with her wings spread. Her mistress is generally on the lookout and is never far away when Daphne goes for a walk.

Sometimes Daphne enjoys climbing about the small trees but not so much as walking about the ground. She doesn't want her mistress out of her sight. Often when stooping down busy among her flowers, her mistress has felt a pull at her skirts and in a minute Daphne has climbed to her favorite perch on her mistress' shoulder.

She can walk once and a half around the bungalow — then she is tired and holds up her claw to be taken up, saying: "Want to go to bed. Put her to bed." This she keeps calling out all the way back to the house; but when she is safe in her cage again she always says "Thank you."

Many people would like to take her in their hands and smooth her pretty feathers, but she will allow no one to touch her in this way but her mistress. She will, however, go to those she knows and let them carry her to her cage if her mistress is not there,

## THE SECRET OF IT

because she seems to know these people will take care of her.

Most parrots will allow no one to handle them except the one who cares for them, and sometimes even the caretaker cannot touch them; but Daphne has been trained in this way since she was a very young bird, so she has gained confidence, and being of a very affectionate nature, loves to be petted by her mistress.

Dear little bird! — Although she will allow no liberties, she is of such a sweet and friendly disposition that she wins her way into the liking of all who get to know her. There is nothing quite so dear to her mistress as this pretty, plump, yellow-headed Polly.

She is sitting quietly on the arm of the chair while this is being written, looking very wise and knowing. What do you suppose is going on in that little noddle of hers? DAPHNE'S MISTRESS

## THE SECRET OF IT

*"WHERE does the clerk of the weather store  
The days that are sunny and fair?"*

*"In your soul is a room with a shining door,  
And all those days are there."*

*"Where does the clerk of the weather keep  
The days that are dreary and blue?"*

*"In a second room in your soul they sleep,  
And you have the keys of the two."*

*"And why are my days so often, I pray,  
Filled full of clouds and of gloom?"*

*"Because you forget at the break of day,  
And open the dreary room." — St. Nicholas*

## EFFIE'S SURPRISE



HAVE a big surprise for you," said Daddy one evening. Effie climbed happily on to his knee.

"Is it black or white, soft or hard, big or little?" she asked, playing the guessing game.

"Yes, it's soft and white, and alive and small," Daddy answered, smiling.

"It's a kitty then,"— Effie clapped her hands.

"No— wrong again, little daughter. Besides it isn't "IT" at all—it is a whole family."

"Well, then it's too hard to guess."

"Suppose you come and see," said Daddy, and he led the way to the garden, where Effie saw five little white bunnies sitting on the roof of their house—which in bunny-talk is called a hutch— nibbling fresh, green lettuce-leaves. They were all so much alike that nobody but their mother could tell which was which, but then, you know, mothers always can. They had pink eyes and ears and little, quivering pink noses, which looked as if they wanted to ask hundreds of questions.

"Oh, you dear creatures," cried Effie, and began to hug them.

"Be careful, dear," said her Daddy, "you will hurt them and then they will be afraid to come near you. They are to be your very own, just as long as you look after them well yourself."

"Oh yes, Daddy, I will brush and comb them, and wash and feed them, and play with them each day: how happy we'll be!"



## EFFIE'S SURPRISE

"I'm afraid you may hurt them with kindness then. . Still you must never forget that they are living creatures, and if you neglect them they will starve. Every day you must clean out the hutch and put in fresh straw for them to lie on, and fresh lettuce to nibble."

"Yes, Daddy," answered Effie eagerly, "I promise you I will never forget them. And I will never touch a teeny mouthful of my own breakfast until I have fed my pets. Oh, it was so good of you to give me a family all my very own!" M.



'THE LAST MOVE': HENRIETTE RONNER

You have all seen little kittens at play, so you know how they love to romp and tumble. But surely you have never seen them at so serious a game as chess! Old Mother Cat is watching carefully to be sure that they play it rightly, as they are doing in the picture. Do you think Mother Cat can tell who won? See if you can.



## TOMMY BEING USEFUL

TOMMY got a nice new set of blocks for Christmas. It was left for him by Santa Claus. Tommy is a busy little builder now. Every day he makes tall towers, and then pretends he is the wind and blows them down.



What a noise they make when they fall! But Tommy only laughs at that!

He says when he is big he is going to build a real Râja-Yoga school for little children. He thinks it will have to be a very big one to take care of all the children who will want to come.



Tommy has been in Lomaland a year now, so that when new little children come he sets them a good example. He is full of fun, too, and that always makes his playmates feel just as happy as he. A.

# The Râja-Yoga College

(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress



The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

## *The Building of Character*

One of the most important features of this system is the development of character, the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood, that each pupil may become prepared to take an honorable, self-reliant position in life.

In the younger as in the older pupils, the sense of individual responsibility and personal honor is aroused.

## *The Pupils*

The Râja-Yoga College comprises two general departments of instruction: (1) The Râja-Yoga Preparatory School and Academy, for boys and girls respectively (separate buildings). (2) The College proper, for students following the collegiate courses.

## *The Studies*

The studies range from the elementary to those of a university course, including the following: Literature, Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Mechanical Electrical and Civil Engineering, Law, the fine Arts, Music, Industrial Arts, Practical Forestry and Horticulture, Domestic Economy, etc.

## *The Teachers*

The staff of teachers is formed of men and women specially trained for their duties by long experience in scholastic work, and is composed of graduates of European and American Universities, and of specialists in other lines.

### *Directress*

GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT, M. D.

### *Assistant Directors*

PROFESSOR W. A. DUNN

MRS. W. A. DUNN

*Headmaster of the Boys' Department*

H. T. EDGE, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.

*Head Teacher of the Girls' Department*

MRS. W. A. DUNN

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